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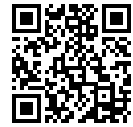

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Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands. Book III. page 80.

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LUSIAD;

OR

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

AN EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM

CAMOENS.

LONDON,

Published by W. Miller;

for Cadell & Davies, and Scatcherd & Letterman,

Stationers Court.

1809.

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THE LUSIAD,

OR

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA:

An Epic Poem,

TRANSLATED FROM

Camoens.

BY

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Drawn by R. Westall, R.A. Engraved by H. Merke

Here as the Monarch fix'd his wond'ring Eyes,
Two hoary fathers from the streams arise;
Book V. page 101.

LONDON,

Published by W. Stockdale;

B. Crosby & Co. and Scatcherd & Letterman,

Stationers Court.

1809.

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INTRODUCTION.

If a concatenation of events centered in one great action, events which gave birth to the present commercial system of the world; if these be of the first importance in the civil history of mankind, the Lusiad, of all other poems, challenges the attention of the philosopher, the politician, and the gentleman.

In contradistinction to the Iliad and Æneid, the Paradise Lost has been called the Epic Poem of Religion. In the same manner may the Lusiad be named the Epic Poem of Commerce. The happy completion of the most important designs of Henry Duke of Viseo, Prince of Portugal, to whom Europe owes both Gama and Columbus, both the eastern and the western worlds, constitutes the subject of this celebrated poem. But before we proceed to the historical introduction necessary to elucidate a poem founded on such an important period of history, some attention is due to the opinion of those theorists in political philosophy, who lament that either India was ever discovered, and who assert that the increase of trade is big with the real misery of mankind, and that commerce is only the parent of degeneracy, and the nurse of every vice.

Much indeed may be urged on this side of the question, but much also may be urged against every institution relative to man. Imperfection, if not necessary to humanity, is at least the certain attendant on every thing human. Though some part of the traffic with many countries resemble Solomon's importation of apes and peacocks; though the super-

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fluities of life, the baubles of the opulent, and even the luxuries which enervate the irresolute and administer disease, are introduced by the intercourse of navigation; the extent of the benefits which attend it are also to be considered, ere the man of cool reason will venture to pronounce that the world is injured, and rendered less virtuous and less happy by the increase of commerce.

If a view of the state of mankind, where commerce opens no intercourse between nation and nation, be neglected, unjust conclusions will certainly follow. Where the state of barbarians and of countries under the different degrees of civilization are candidly weighed, we may reasonably expect a just decision. As evidently as the appointment of nature gives pasture to the herds, so evidently is man born for society. As every other animal is in its natural state when in the situation which its instinct requires; so man, when his reason is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the state proper to his nature. The life of the naked savage, who feeds on acorns, and sleeps like a beast in his den, is commonly called the natural state of man; but if there be any propriety in this assertion, his rational faculties compose no part of his nature, and were given not to be used. If the savage therefore live in a state contrary to the appointment of nature, it must follow that he is not so happy as nature intended him to be. And a view of his true character will confirm this conclusion. The reveries, the fairy dreams of a Rousseau, may figure the paradisiacal life of a Hottentot, but it is only in such dreams that the superior happiness of the barbarian exists. The savage, it is true, is reluctant to leave his manner of life; but unless we allow that he is a proper judge of the modes of living, his attachment to his own by no means proves that he is happier than he might otherwise have been. His attachment only exemplifies the amazing power of habit in reconciling

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the human breast to the most uncomfortable situations. If the intercourse of mankind in some instances be introductive of vice, the want of it as certainly excludes the exertion of the noblest virtues: and if the seeds of virtue are indeed in the heart, they often lie dormant, and even unknown to the savage possessor. The most beautiful description of a tribe of savages, which we may be assured is from real life, occurs in these words: and the five spies of Dan "*came to* Laish, *and saw the people that were there, how they dwelt careless after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure, and there was no magistrate in the land that might put them to shame in any thing.*"...And the spies said to their brethren, "*Arise, that we may go up against them, for we have seen the land, and behold it is very good .... and they came unto* Laish, *unto a people that were quiet and secure, and they smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire; and there was no deliverer, because it was far from Zidon, and they had no business with any man.*" However the happy simplicity of this society may please the man of fine imagination, the true philosopher will view the men of Laish with other eyes. However virtuous he may suppose one generation, it requires an alteration in human nature, to preserve the children of the next in the same generous estrangement from the selfish passions, from those passions which are the parents of the acts of injustice. When his wants are easily supplied, the manners of the savage will be simple, and often humane, for the human heart is not vicious without objects of temptation. But these will soon occur; he that gathers the greatest quantity of fruit will be envied by the less industrious: the uninformed mind seems insensible of the idea of the right of possession which the labour of acquirement gives. When want is pressing, and the supply at hand, the

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only consideration with such minds is the danger of seizing it; and where there is *no magistrate to put to shame in any thing*, depredation will soon display all its horrors. Let it be even admitted that the innocence of the men of Laish could secure them from the consequences of their own unrestrained desires; could even this impossibility be surmounted, still they are a wretched prey to the first invaders; and because they have no business with any man, they will find no deliverer. While human nature is the same, the fate of Laish will always be the fate of the weak and defenceless; and thus the most amiable description of savage life raises in our minds the strongest imagery of the misery and impossible continuance of such a state. But if the view of these innocent people terminate in horror, with what contemplation shall we behold the wilds of Africa and America? The tribes of America, it is true, have degrees of policy greatly superior to any thing understood by the men of Laish. Great masters of martial oratory, their popular assemblies are schools open to all their youth. In these they not only learn the history of their nation, and what they have to fear from the strength and designs of their enemies, but they also imbibe the most ardent spirit of war. The arts of stratagem are their study, and the most athletic exercises of the field their employment and delight. And what is their greatest praise, they have *magistrates to put to shame.* They inflict no corporeal punishment on their countrymen, it is true; but a reprimand from an elder, delivered in the assembly, is esteemed by them a deeper degradation, and severer punishment, than any of those, too often most impolitickly adopted by civilized nations. Yet, though possessed of this advantage, an advantage impossible to exist in a large commercial empire, and though masters of great martial policy, their condition, upon the whole, is big with the most striking demonstra-

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tion of the misery and UNNATURAL state of such very imperfect civilization. *Multiply, and replenish the earth*, is an injunction of the best political philosophy ever given to man. Nature has appointed man to cultivate the earth, to increase in number by the food which its culture gives, and by this increase of brethren to remove some, and to mitigate all the natural miseries of human life. But in direct opposition to this is the political state of the wild Americans. Their lands, luxuriant in climate, are often desolate wastes, where thousands of miles hardly support a few hundreds of savage hunters. Attachment to their own tribe constitutes their highest idea of virtue; but this virtue includes the most brutal depravity, makes them esteem the man of every other tribe as an enemy, as one with whom nature had placed him in a state of war, and had commanded to destroy. And to this principle, their customs and ideas of honour serve as rituals and ministers. The cruelties practised by the American savages on their prisoners of war (and war is their chief employment) convey every idea expressed by the word diabolical, and give a most shocking view of the degradation of human nature*. But what peculiarly completes the character of the savage is his horrible superstition. In the most distant nations the savage is in this the same. The terror of evil spirits continually haunts him; his God is beheld as a relentless tyrant, and is worshipped often with cruel rites, always with a heart full of horror and fear. In all the numerous accounts of savage worship, one trace of filial dependance is not to be found. The very reverse of that happy idea is the hell of the ignorant mind. Nor is this barbarism confined alone to those ignorant tribes, whom we call savages. The vulgar of every country possess it in

* Unless when compelled by European troops, the exchange of prisoners is never practised by the American savages.

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certain degrees, proportionated to their opportunities of conversation with the more enlightened. All the virtues and charities, which either dignify human nature or render it amiable, are cultivated and called forth into action by society. The savage life, on the contrary, if we may be allowed the expression, instinctively narrows the mind; and thus, by the exclusion of the nobler feelings, prepares it, as a soil, ready for every vice. Sordid disposition and base ferocity, together with the most unhappy superstition, are every where the proportionate attendants of ignorance and severe want. And ignorance and want are only removed by intercourse and the offices of society. So self-evident are these positions, that it requires an apology for insisting upon them; but the apology is at hand. He who has read knows how many eminent writers, and he who has conversed knows how many respectable names, connect the idea of innocence and happiness with the life of the savage and the unimproved rustic. To fix the character of the savage is therefore necessary, ere we examine the assertion, that "it had been happy for both the old and the new worlds, if the East and West Indies had never been discovered." The bloodshed and the attendant miseries which the unparalleled rapine and cruelties of the Spaniards spread over the new world, indeed disgrace human nature. The great and flourishing empires of Mexico and Peru, steeped in the blood of forty millions of their sons, present a melancholy prospect, which must excite the indignation of every good heart. Yet such desolation is not the certain consequence of discovery. And even should we allow that the depravity of human nature is so great, that the avarice of the merchant and rapacity of the soldier will overwhelm with misery every new-discovered country, still are there other, more comprehensive, views, to be taken, ere we decide against the intercourse introduced by naviga-

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tion. When we weigh the happiness of Europe in the scale of political philosophy, we are not to confine our eye to the dreadful ravages of Attila the Hun, or of Alaric the Goth. If the waters of a stagnated lake are disturbed by the spade when led into new channels, we ought not to inveigh against the alteration because the waters are fouled at the first; we are to wait to see the streamlets refine, and spread beauty and utility through a thousand vales which they never visited before. Such were the conquests of Alexander; temporary evils, but civilization and happiness followed in the bloody track. And though disgraced with every barbarity, happiness has also followed the conquests of the Spaniards in the other hemisphere. Though the villany of the Jesuits defeated their schemes of civilization in many countries, the labours of that society have been crowned with a success in Paraguay and in Canada, which reflects upon their industry the greatest honour. The customs and cruelties of many American tribes still disgrace human nature; but in Paraguay and Canada the natives have been brought to relish the blessings of society and the arts of virtuous and civil life. If Mexico is not so populous as it once was, neither is it so barbarous; the shrieks of the human victim do not now resound from temple to temple; nor does the human heart, held up reeking to the sun, imprecate the vengeance of heaven on the guilty empire. And, however impolitically despotic the Spanish governments may be, still do these colonies enjoy the opportunities of improvement, which in every age arise from the knowledge of commerce and of letters; opportunities which were never enjoyed under the dominion of Montezuma and Atabalipa. But if we turn our eyes from this disgusting view of the barbarous superstitions of the primitive inhabitants of South America, to the present improved state of society in the North, what a glorious prospect opens to our sight. Here formerly on the wild lawn,

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perhaps twice in the year, a few savage hunters kindled their evening fire, kindled it more to protect them from evil spirits and beasts of prey, than from the cold; and with their feet pointed to it, slept on the ground. Here now population spreads her thousands, and society appears in all its blessings of mutual help, and the mutual lights of intellectual improvement.

Stubborn indeed must be the theorist, who will deny the improvement, virtue, and happiness, which, in the result, the voyage of Columbus has spread over the western world. The happiness which Europe and Asia have received from the intercourse with each other, cannot hitherto, it must be owned, be compared either with the possession of it, or the source of its increase established in America. Yet let the man of the most melancholy views estimate all the wars and depredations which are charged upon the Portuguese and other European nations, still will the eastern world appear considerably advantaged by the voyage of Gama. If seas of blood have been shed by the Portuguese, nothing new was introduced into India. War and depredation were no unheard-of strangers on the banks of the Ganges; nor could the nature of the civil establishments of the eastern nations secure a lasting peace. The ambition of their native princes was only diverted into new channels; into channels, which, in the natural course of human affairs, will certainly lead to permanent governments, established on improved laws and just dominion. Yet even ere such governments are formed, is Asia no loser by the arrival of Europeans. The horrid massacres and unbounded rapine which, according to their own annals, followed the victories of their Asian conquerors, were never equalled by the worst of their European vanquishers. Nor is the establishment of improved governments in the east the dream of theory. The superiority of the civil and military arts of the British, notwithstanding the hateful character of some individuals, is

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at this day beheld in India with all the astonishment of *admiration*; and admiration is always followed, though often with retarded steps, by the strong desire of similar improvement. Long after the fall of the Roman empire, the Roman laws were adopted by nations which ancient Rome esteemed as barbarous. And thus, in the course of ages, the British laws, according to every test of probability, will, in India, have a most important effect, will fulfil the prophecy of Camoens, and transfer to the British the high compliment he pays to his countrymen;

Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,
Proud of her victor's laws, thrice happier India smiled.

In former ages, and within these few years, the fertile empire of India has exhibited every scene of human misery, under the undistinguishing ravages of their Mohammedan and native princes; ravages only equalled in European history by those committed under Attila, surnamed the scourge of God, and the destroyer of nations. The ideas of patriotism and of honour were seldom known in the cabinets of the eastern princes till the arrival of the Europeans. Every species of assassination was the policy of their courts, and every act of unrestrained rapine and massacre followed the path of victory. But some of the Portuguese governors, and many of the English officers, have taught them, that humanity to the conquered is the best, the truest policy. The brutal ferocity of their own conquerors is now the object of their greatest dread; and the superiority of the British in war has convinced their princes *, that an alliance with the British is the surest guarantee of their national peace and prosperity.

* Mohammed Ali Khan, Nabob of the Carnatic, declared, "I met the British with that freedom of openness which they love, and I esteem it my honour, as well as security, to be the ally of such a nation of princes."

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While the English East India Company are possessed of their present greatness, it is in their power to diffuse over the East every blessing which flows from the wisest and most humane policy. Long ere the Europeans arrived, a failure of the crop of rice, the principal food of India, has spread the devastations of famine over the populous plains of Bengal. And never, from the seven years famine of ancient Egypt to the present day, was there a natural scarcity in any country which did not enrich the proprietors of the granaries. The Mohammedan princes and Moorish traders have often added all the horrors of an artificial to a natural famine. But however some Portuguese or other governors may stand accused, much was left for the humanity of the more exalted policy of an Albuquerque or a Castro. And under such European governors as these, the distresses of the East have often been alleviated by a generosity of conduct, and a train of resources formerly unknown in Asia. Absurd and impracticable were that scheme, which would introduce the British laws into India, without the deepest regard to the manners and circumstances peculiar to the people. But that spirit of liberty upon which they are founded, and that security of property which is their leading principle, must, in time, have a wide and stupendous effect. The abject spirit of Asiatic submission will be taught to see, and to claim those rights of nature, of which the dispirited and passive Gentoos could, till lately, hardly form an idea. From this, as naturally as the noon succeeds the dawn, must the other blessings of civilization arise. For though the four great tribes of India are almost inaccessible to the introduction of other manners and of other literature than their own, happily there is in human nature a propensity to change. Nor may the political philosopher be deemed an enthusiast, who would boldly prophesy, that unless the British be driven from India, the general superiority which they bear will, ere many generations shall have passed, induce the most intelligent

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of India to break the shackles of their absurd superstitions, and lead them to partake of those advantages which arise from the free scope and due cultivation of the rational powers. In almost every instance the Indian institutions are contrary to the feelings and wishes of nature*. And ignorance and bigotry, their two chief pillars, can never secure unalterable duration. We have certain proof, that the horrid custom of burning the wives along with the body of the deceased husband, has continued for upwards of 1500 years; we are also certain, that within these twenty years it has begun to fall into disuse. Together with the alteration of this most striking feature of Indian manners, other assimilations to European sentiments have already taken place. Nor can the obstinacy even of the conceited Chinese always resist the desire of imitating the Europeans, a people who in arts and in arms are so greatly superior to themselves. The use of the twenty-four letters, by which we can express every language, appeared at first as miraculous to the Chinese. Prejudice cannot always deprive that people, who are not deficient in selfish cunning, of the ease and expedition of an alphabet; and it is easy to foresee, that, in the course of a few centuries, some alphabet will certainly take place of the 60,000 arbitrary marks, which now render the cultivation of the Chinese literature not only a labour of the utmost difficulty, but even the attainment of it impossible beyond a very limited degree. And from the introduction of an alphabet, what improvements may not be expected from the laborious industry of the Chinese! Though most obstinately attached to their old customs, yet there is a tide in the manners of nations which is sudden and rapid, and which acts with a kind of instinctive fury against ancient prejudice

* Every man must follow his father's trade, and must marry a daughter of the same occupation. Innumerable are their other barbarous restrictions of genius and inclination.

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and absurdity. It was that nation of merchants, the Phœnicians, which diffused the use of letters through the ancient, and commerce will undoubtedly diffuse the same blessings through the modern world.

To this view of the political happiness, which is sure to be introduced in proportion to civilization, let the divine add, what may be reasonably expected, from such opportunity of the increase of religion. A factory of merchants, indeed, has seldom been found to be the school of piety; yet, when the general manners of a people become assimilated to those of a more rational worship, something more than ever was produced by an infant mission, or the neighbourhood of an infant colony, may then be reasonably expected, and even foretold.

In estimating the political happiness of a people, nothing is of greater importance than their capacity of, and tendency to, improvement. As a dead lake, to continue our former allusion, will remain in the same state for ages and ages, so would the bigotry and superstitions of the East continue the same. But if the lake is begun to be opened into a thousand rivulets, who knows over what unnumbered fields, barren before, they may diffuse the blessings of fertility, and turn a dreary wilderness into a land of society and joy?

In contrast to this, let the Golden Coast and other immense regions of Africa be contemplated:

> Afric behold, alas, what altered view!
> Her lands uncultured, and her sons untrue;
> Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,
> Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife;
> Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields;
> Yet naked roam their own neglected fields .....
> Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,
> By laws unform'd, unform'd by Reason's sway.
> Far inward stretch the mournful steril dales,
> Where on the parch'd hill-side pale famine wails.
>
> LUSIAD X.

Let us view what millions of these unhappy savages are dragged from their native fields, and cut off for

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ever from all the hopes and all the rights to which human birth entitled them. And who would hesitate to pronounce that negro the greatest of patriots, who, by teaching his countrymen the arts of society, should teach them to defend themselves in the possession of their fields, their families, and their own personal liberties?

Evident however as it is, that the voyages of Gama and Columbus have already carried a superior degree of happiness, and the promise of infinitely more, to the eastern and western worlds; yet the advantages derived from the discovery of these regions to Europe may perhaps be denied. But let us view what Europe was, ere the genius of Don Henry gave birth to the spirit of modern discovery.

Several ages before this period the feudal system had degenerated into the most absolute tyranny. The barons exercised the most despotic authority over their vassals, and every scheme of public utility was rendered impracticable by their continual petty wars with each other; and to which they led their dependants as dogs to the chase. Unable to read, or to write his own name, the chieftain was entirely possessed by the most romantic opinion of military glory, and the song of his domestic minstrel constituted his highest idea of fame. The classics slept on the shelves of the monasteries, their dark, but happy asylum; while the life of the monks resembled that of the fattened beeves which loaded their tables. Real abilities were indeed possessed by a Duns Scotus, and a few others; but these were lost in the most trifling subtleties of a sophistry, which they dignified with the name of casuistical divinity. Whether Adam and Eve were created with navels, and how many thousand angels might at the same instant dance upon the point of the finest needle without jostling one another, were two of the several topics of like importance which excited the acumen and engaged the controversies of the learned. While every branch of philosophical, of rational investigation, was thus un-

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pursued and unknown, commerce, incompatible in itself with the feudal system, was equally neglected and unimproved. Where the mind is enlarged and enlightened by learning, plans of commerce will rise into action; and these, in return, will, from every part of the world, bring new acquirements to philosophy and science. The birth of learning and commerce may be different, but their growth is mutual and dependent upon each other. They not only assist each other, but the same enlargement of mind which is necessary for perfection in the one, is also necessary for perfection in the other; and the same causes impede, and are alike destructive of both. The INTERCOURSE of mankind is the parent of each. According to the confinement or extent of intercourse, barbarity or civilization proportionably prevail. In the dark monkish ages, the intercourse of the learned was as much impeded and confined as that of the merchant. A few unwieldy vessels coasted the shores of Europe; and mendicant friars and ignorant pilgrims carried a miserable account of what was passing in the world from monastery to monastery. What doctor had last disputed on the Peripatetic philosophy at some university, or what new heresy had last appeared, not only comprised the whole of their literary intelligence, but was delivered with little accuracy, and received with as little attention. While this thick cloud of mental darkness overspread the western world, was Don Henry, Prince of Portugal, born; born to set mankind free from the feudal system, and to give to the whole world every advantage, every light that may possibly be diffused by the intercourse of unlimited commerce:

—— For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of Trade: the Genius, then,
Of Navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian Prince, who, heaven-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

THOM.

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In contrast to the melancholy view of human nature, sunk in barbarism and benighted with ignorance, let the present state of Europe be impartially estimated. Yet though the great increase of opulence and learning cannot be denied, there are some who assert, that virtue and happiness have as greatly declined. And the immense overflow of riches, from the East in particular, has been pronounced big with destruction to the British empire. Every thing human, it is true, has its dark as well as its bright side; but let these popular complaints be examined, and it will be found, that modern Europe, and the British empire in a very particular manner, have received the greatest and most solid advantages from the modern enlarged system of commerce. The magic of the old romances, which could make the most withered, deformed hag appear as the most beautiful virgin, is every day verified in popular declamation. Ancient days are there painted in the most amiable simplicity, and the modern in the most odious colours. Yet what man of fortune in England now lives in that stupendous gross luxury which every day was exhibited in the Gothic castles of the old chieftains? Four or five hundred knights and 'squires in the domestic retinue of a warlike Earl was not uncommon, nor was the pomp of embroidery inferior to the profuse waste of their tables; in both instances unequalled by all the mad excesses of the present age.

While the Baron thus lived in all the wild glare of Gothic luxury, agriculture was almost totally neglected, and his meaner vassals fared harder, infinitely less comfortably, than the meanest industrious labourers of England do now. Where the lands are uncultivated, the peasants, ill-clothed, ill-lodged, and poorly fed, pass their miserable days in sloth and filth, totally ignorant of every advantage, of every comfort which nature lays at their feet. He who passes from the trading towns and cultured fields of England, to those remote villages of Scotland or Ireland, which claim

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this description, is astonished at the comparative wretchedness of their destitute inhabitants; but few consider, that these villages only exhibit a view of what all Europe was, ere the spirit of commerce diffused the blessings which naturally flow from her improvements. In the Hebrides the failure of a harvest almost depopulates an island. Having little or no traffic to purchase grain, numbers of the young and hale betake themselves to the continent in quest of employment and food, leaving a few, less adventurous, behind, to beget a new race, the heirs of the same fortune. Yet, from the same cause, from the want of traffic, the kingdom of England has often felt more dreadful effects than these. Even in the days when her Henries and Edwards plumed themselves with the trophies of France, how often has famine spread all her horrors over city and village? Our modern histories neglect this characteristical feature of ancient days; but the rude chronicles of these ages inform us, that three or four times, in almost every reign of continuance, was England thus visited. The failure of one crop was then severely felt, and two bad harvests together were almost insupportable. But commerce has now opened another scene, and prevents in a great measure the extremities which were formerly experienced under bad harvests; extremities which were esteemed more dreadful visitations of the wrath of heaven than the pestilence itself. Yet modern London is not so certainly defended against the latter, its ancient visitor in almost every reign, as the commonwealth by the means of commerce, under a just and humane government, is secured against the ravages of the former. If, from these great outlines of the happiness enjoyed by a commercial over an uncommercial nation, we turn our eyes to the manners, the advantages will be found no less in favour of the civilized.

Whoever is inclined to declaim on the vices of the present age, let him read, and be convinced, that the

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Gothic ages were less virtuous. If the spirit of chivalry prevented effeminacy, it was the foster-father of a ferocity of manners, now happily unknown. Rapacity, avarice, and effeminacy are the vices ascribed to the increase of commerce; and in some degree, it must be confessed, they follow her steps. Yet infinitely more dreadful, as every palatinate in Europe often felt, were the effects of the two first under the feudal lords, than possibly can be experienced under any system of trade. The virtues and vices of human nature are the same in every age: they only receive different modifications, and lie dormant or are awaked into action under different circumstances. The feudal lord had it infinitely more in his power to be rapacious than the merchant. And whatever avarice may attend the trader, his intercourse with the rest of mankind lifts him greatly above that brutish ferocity which actuates the savage, often the rustic, and in general characterises the ignorant part of mankind. The abolition of the feudal system, a system of absolute slavery, and that equality of mankind which affords the protection of property, and every other incitement to industry, are the glorious gifts which the spirit of commerce, called forth by Prince Henry of Portugal, has bestowed upon Europe in general; and, as if directed by the manes of his mother, a daughter of England, upon the British empire in particular. In the vice of effeminacy alone, perhaps, do we exceed our ancestors; yet even here we have infinitely the advantage over them. The brutal ferocity of former ages is now lost, and the general mind is humanised. The savage breast is the native soil of revenge; a vice, of all others, ingratitude excepted, peculiarly stamped with the character of hell. But the mention of this was reserved for the character of the savages of Europe. The savage of every country is implacable when injured, but among some, revenge has its measure. When an American Indian is murdered, his kindred pursue the murderer, and as soon as blood has atoned for blood, the wilds of America hear

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the hostile parties join in their mutual lamentations over the dead; and as an oblivion of malice, the murdered and the murderer are buried together. But the measure of revenge, never to be full, was left for the demi-savages of Europe. The vassals of the feudal lord entered into his quarrels with the most inexorable rage. Just or unjust was no consideration of theirs. It was a family feud; no further inquiry was made; and from age to age, the parties, who never injured each other, breathed nothing but mutual rancour and revenge. And actions, suitable to this horrid spirit, every where confessed its virulent influence. Such were the late days of Europe, admired by the ignorant for the innocence of manners. Resentment of injury indeed is natural; and there is a degree which is honest, and though warm, far from inhuman. But if it is the hard task of humanised virtue to preserve the feeling of an injury unmixed with the slightest criminal wish of revenge, how impossible is it for the savage to attain the dignity of forgiveness, the greatest ornament of human nature! As in individuals, a virtue will rise into a vice, generosity into blind profusion, and even mercy into criminal lenity, so civilized manners will lead the opulent into effeminacy. But let it be considered, this consequence is by no means the certain result of civilization. Civilization, on the contrary, provides the most effectual barrier against this evil. Where classical literature prevails, the manly spirit which it breathes must be diffused. Whenever frivolousness predominates, when refinement degenerates into whatever enervates the mind, literary ignorance is sure to complete the effeminate character. A mediocrity of virtues and of talents is the lot of the great majority of mankind; and even this mediocrity, if cultivated by a liberal education, will infallibly secure its possessor against those excesses of effeminacy which are really culpable. To be of plain manners it is not necessary to be a clown, or to wear coarse clothes; nor is it necessary to lie on the ground and feed like the savage,

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to be truly manly. The beggar, who, behind the hedge, divides his offals with his dog, has often more of the real sensualist than he who dines at an elegant table. Nor need we hesitate to assert, that he who, unable to preserve a manly elegance of manners, degenerates into the *petit maitre*, would have been, in any age or condition, equally insignificant and worthless. Some, when they talk of the debauchery of the present age, seem to think that the former were all innocence. But this is ignorance of human nature. The debauchery of a barbarous age is gross and brutal; that of a gloomy superstitious one, secret, excessive, and murderous; that of a more polished one, not to make an apology, much happier for the fair sex*, and certainly in no circumstance so big with political unhappiness. If one disease has been imported from Spanish America, the most valuable medicines have likewise been brought from these regions; and distempers, which were thought invincible by our forefathers, are now cured. If the luxuries of the Indies usher disease to our tables, the consequence is not unknown; the wise and the temperate receive no injury; and intemperance has been the destroyer of mankind in every age. The opulence of ancient Rome produced a luxury of manners which proved fatal to that mighty empire. But the effeminate sensualists of those ages were men of no intellectual cultivation. The enlarged ideas, the generous and manly feelings inspired by liberal study, were utterly unknown to them. Unformed by that wisdom which arises from science and true philosophy, they were gross barbarians, dressed in the mere outward tinsel of civilization. Where the enthusiasm of military honour characterises the rank of gentlemen, that nation will

* A tender remembrance of the first endearments, a generous participation of care and hope, the compassionate sentiments of honour, all those delicate feelings which arise into affection and blind attachment, are indeed incompatible with the ferocious and gross sensations of the barbarian of any country.

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rise into empire. But no sooner does conquest give a continued security, than the mere soldier degenerates; and the old veterans are soon succeeded by a new generation, illiterate as their fathers, but destitute of their virtues and experience. Polite literature not only humanises the heart, but also wonderfully strengthens and enlarges the mind. Moral and political philosophy are its peculiar provinces, and are never happily cultivated without its assistance. But where ignorance characterises the body of the nobility, the most insipid dissipation, and the very idleness and effeminacy of luxury, are sure to follow. Titles and family are then the only merit; and the few men of business who surround the throne, have it then in their power to aggrandise themselves by rivetting the chains of slavery. A stately grandeur is preserved, but it is only outward; all is decayed within, and on the first storm the weak fabric falls to the dust. Thus rose and thus fell the empire of Rome, and the much wider one of Portugal. Though the increase of wealth did indeed contribute to that corruption of manners which unnerved the Portuguese, certain it is, the wisdom of legislature might have prevented every evil which Spain and Portugal have experienced from their acquisitions in the two Indies. Every evil which they have suffered from their acquirements arose from their general ignorance, an ignorance which rendered them unable to investigate or apprehend, even the first principles of civil and commercial philosophy. And what other than the total eclipse of their glory could be expected from a nobility, rude and unlettered as those of Portugal are described by the author of the Lusiad, a court and nobility, who sealed the truth of all his complaints against them, by suffering that great man, the light of their age, to die in an alms-house! What but the fall of their state could be expected from barbarians like these! Nor can the annals of mankind produce one instance of the fall of empire, where the character of the grandees was other than that ascribed to his countrymen by Camoens.

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THE.

HISTORY

OF THE

DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

No lesson can be of greater national importance than the history of the rise and the fall of a commercial empire. The view of what advantages were acquired, and of what might have been still added; the means by which such empire might have been continued, and the errors by which it was lost, are as particularly conspicuous in the naval and commercial history of Portugal, as if Providence had intended to give a lasting example to mankind; a chart, where the course of the safe voyage is pointed out; and where the shelves and rocks, and the seasons of tempest, are discovered and foretold.

The history of Portugal, as a naval and commercial power, begins with the enterprises of Prince Henry. But as the improvements introduced by this great man, and the completion of his designs, are intimately connected with the political state of his age and country, a concise view of the progress of the power, and of the character of that kingdom, will be necessary to elucidate the history of the revival of commerce, and the subject of the Lusiad.

During the centuries, when the effeminated Roman provinces of Europe were desolated by the irruptions

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of northern or Scythian barbarians, the Saracens, originally of the same race, a wandering banditti of Asiatic Scythia, spread the same horrors of brutal conquest over the finest countries of the eastern world. The northern conquerors of the finer provinces of Europe embraced the Christian religion as professed by the monks, and, contented with the luxuries of their new settlements, their military spirit soon declined. Their ancient brothers, the Saracens, on the other hand, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, their rage of war received every addition which may possibly be inspired by religious enthusiasm. Not only the spoils of the vanquished, but their beloved paradise itself, were to be obtained by their sabres, by extending the faith of their prophet by force of arms and usurpation of dominion. Strengthened and inspired by a commission which they esteemed divine, the rapidity of their conquests far exceeded those of the Goths and Vandals. A great majority of the inhabitants of every country which they subdued embraced their religion, imbibed their principles, united in their views; and the professors of Mohammedism became the most formidable combination that ever was leagued together against the rest of mankind. Morocco and the adjacent countries, at this time amazingly populous, had now received the doctrines of the Koran, and incorporated with the Saracens. And the Infidel arms spread slaughter and desolation from the south of Spain to Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. All the rapine and carnage committed by the Gothic conquerors were now amply returned on their less warlike posterity. In Spain, and the province now called Portugal, the Mahommedans erected powerful kingdoms, and their lust of conquest threatened destruction to every Christian power. But a romantic military spirit revived in Europe, under the auspices of Charlemagne. Several religious military orders were established.

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Celibacy, the study of religion, and the exercise of arms, were the conditions of their vow, and the defence of their country and of the faith, their ambition and sole purpose. He who fell in battle was honoured and envied as a martyr. And most wonderful victories crowned the ardour of these religious warriors. The Mohammedans, during the reign of Charlemagne, made a most formidable irruption into Europe, and France in particular felt the weight of their fury; but the honour which was paid to the knights who wore the badge of the cross, drew the adventurous youth of every Christian power to the standards of that political monarch, and in fact (a circumstance however neglected by historians) gave birth to the crusades, the beginning of which, in propriety, ought to be dated from his reign. Few indeed are the historians of this age, but enough remain to prove, that though the writers of the old romance have greatly disguised it, though they have given full room to the wildest flights of imagination, and have added the inexhaustible machinery of magic to the adventures of their heroes, yet the origin of their fictions was founded on historical facts. And, however this period may thus resemble the fabulous ages of Greece, certain it is, that an Orlando, a Rinaldo, a Rugero, and other celebrated names in romance, acquired great honour in the wars which were waged against the Saracens, the invaders of Europe. In these romantic wars, by which the power of the Mohammedans was checked, several centuries elapsed, when Alonzo, King of Castile, apprehensive that the whole force of the Mohammedans of Spain and Morocco was ready to fall upon him, prudently imitated the conduct of Charlemagne. He availed himself of the spirit of chivalry, and demanded leave of Philip I. of France, and of other princes, that volunteers from their dominions might be allowed to distinguish themselves under his banners against the infidels. His de-

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sire was no sooner known, than a brave romantic army thronged to his standards, and Alonzo was victorious. Honours and endowments were liberally distributed among the champions, and to one of the bravest of them, to Henry, a younger son of the Duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries south of Galicia in dowry, commissioning him to extend his dominions by the expulsion of the Moors. Henry, who reigned by the title of Count, improved every advantage which offered. The two rich provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Tra los Montes*, yielded to his arms; great part of Beira was also subdued; and the Moorish King of Lamego became his tributary. Many thousands of Christians, who had lived in miserable subjection to the Moors, or in desolate independency on the mountains, took shelter under the generous protection of Count Henry. Great numbers also of the Moors changed their religion, and chose rather to continue in the land where they were born, under a mild government, than be exposed to the severities and injustice of their native governors. And thus, on one of the most beautiful and fertile spots of the world, and in the finest climate, in consequence of a crusade * against the Mohammedans, was established the sovereignty of Portugal, a sovereignty which in time spread its influence over the world, and gave a new face to the manners of nations.

Count Henry, after a successful reign, was succeeded by his infant son Don Alonzo-Henry, who, having surmounted several dangers which threatened his youth, became the first of the Portuguese kings. In 1139 the Moors of Spain and Barbary united their forces to recover the dominions from which they had been driven by the Christians. According to the

* In propriety most certainly a crusade, though that term has never before been applied to this war.

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lowest accounts of the Portuguese writers, the army of the Moors amounted to 400,000; nor is this number incredible, when we consider what great armies they at other times brought to the field; and that at this time they came to take possession of the lands which they expected to conquer. Don Alonzo, however, with a very small army, gave them battle on the plains of Ourique, and after a struggle of six hours, obtained a most glorious and complete victory, and which was crowned with an event of the utmost importance. On the field of battle Don Alonzo was proclaimed King of Portugal by his victorious soldiers, and he in return conferred the rank of nobility on the whole army. But the constitution of the monarchy was not settled, nor was Alonzo invested with the *regalia* till six years after this memorable day. The government the Portuguese had experienced under the Spaniards and Moors, and the advantages which they saw were derived from their own valour, had taught them a love of liberty, which was not to be complimented away in the joy of victory, or by the shouts of tumult. Alonzo himself understood their spirit too well to venture the least attempt to make himself a despotic monarch; nor did he discover the least inclination to destroy that bold consciousness of freedom which had enabled his army to conquer, and to elect him their sovereign. After six years spent in further victories, in extending and securing his dominions, he called an assembly of the prelates, nobility, and commons, to meet at Lamego. When the assembly opened, Alonzo appeared seated on the throne, but without any other mark of regal dignity. And ere he was crowned, the constitution of the state was settled, and eighteen statutes were solemnly confirmed by oath, as the charter of king and people; statutes diametrically opposite to the *jus divinum* of kings, to the principles which inculcate and demand the unlimited passive obedience of the subject.

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Conscious of what they owed to their own valour, the founders of the Portuguese monarchy transmitted to their heirs those generous principles of liberty which complete and adorn the martial character. The ardour of the volunteer, an ardour unknown to the slave and the mercenary, added to the most romantic ideas of military glory, characterised the Portuguese under the reigns of their first monarchs. In almost continual wars with the Moors, this spirit, on which the existence of their kingdom depended, rose higher and higher; and the desire to extirpate Mohammedism, the principle which animated the wish of victory in every battle, seemed to take deeper root in every age. Such were the manners, and such the principles of the people who were governed by the successors of Alonzo the First; a succession of great men, who proved themselves worthy to reign over so military and enterprising a nation.

By a continued train of victories Portugal increased considerably in strength, and the Portuguese had the honour to drive the Moors from Europe. The invasions of these people were now requited by successful expeditions into Africa. And such was the manly spirit of these ages, that the statutes of Lamego received additional articles in favour of liberty; a convincing proof that the general heroism of a people depends upon the principles of freedom. Alonzo IV. though not an amiable character, was perhaps the greatest warrior, politician, and monarch of his age. After a reign of military splendour, he left his throne to his son Pedro, who from his inflexible justice was surnamed the Just, or, the Lover of Justice. The ideas of equity and literature were now diffused by this great prince, who was himself a polite scholar, and most accomplished gentleman. And Portugal began to perceive the advantages of cultivated talents, and to feel its superiority over the barbarous politics of the ignorant Moors. The great Pedro, however,

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was succeeded by a weak prince, and the heroic spirit of the Portuguese seemed to exist no more under his son Fernando, surnamed the Careless.

But the general character of the people was too deeply impressed, to be obliterated by one inglorious reign; and under John I. all the virtues of the Portuguese shone forth with redoubled lustre. Happy for Portugal, his father bestowed a most excellent education upon this prince, which added to, and improving his great natural talents, rendered him one of the greatest of monarchs. Conscious of the superiority which his own liberal education gave him, he was assiduous to bestow the same advantages upon his children; and he himself often became their preceptor in the branches of science and useful knowledge. Fortunate in all his affairs, he was most of all fortunate in his family. He had many sons, and he lived to see them men, men of parts and of action, whose only emulation was to show affection to his person, and to support his administration by their great abilities.

There is something exceedingly pleasing in the history of a family which shows human nature in its most exalted virtues and most amiable colours; and the tribute of veneration is spontaneously paid to the father who distinguishes the different talents of his children, and places them in the proper lines of action. All the sons of John excelled in military exercises, and in the literature of their age; Don Edward and Don Pedro were particularly educated for the cabinet, and the mathematical genius of Don Henry, one of his youngest sons, received every encouragement which a king and a father could give, to ripen it into perfection and public utility.

History was well known to Prince Henry, and his turn of mind peculiarly enabled him to make political observations upon it. The wealth and power of ancient Tyre and Carthage showed him what a maritime

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nation might hope; and the flourishing colonies of the Greeks were the frequent topic of his conversation. Where the Grecian commerce, confined as it was, extended its influence, the deserts became cultivated fields, cities rose, and men were drawn from the woods and caverns to unite in society. The Romans, on the other hand, when they destroyed Carthage, buried, in her ruins, the fountain of civilization, of improvement, and opulence. They extinguished the spirit of commerce; the agriculture of the conquered nations, Britannia alone *, perhaps, excepted, was totally neglected. And thus, while the luxury of Rome consumed the wealth of her provinces, her uncommercial policy dried up the sources of its continuance. The egregious errors of the Romans, who perceived not the true use of their distant conquests, and the inexhaustible fountains of opulence which Phœnicia had established in her colonies, instructed Prince Henry what gifts to bestow upon his country, and, in the result, upon the whole world. Nor were the inestimable advantages of commerce the sole motives of Henry. All the ardour which the love of his country could awake, conspired to stimulate the natural turn of his genius for the improvement of navigation.

As the kingdom of Portugal had been wrested from the Moors and established by conquest, so its existence still depended on the superiority of the force of arms; and ere the birth of Henry, the superiority of the Portuguese navies had been of the utmost consequence to the protection of the state. Such were the circumstances which united to inspire the designs of Henry, all which were powerfully enforced and invigorated by the religion of that prince. The desire to extirpate

* The honour of this is due to Agricola. He employed his legions in cutting down forests and in clearing marshes. And for several ages after his time, the Romans drew immense quantities of wheat from their British province.

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Mohammedism was patriotism in Portugal. It was the principle which gave birth to, and supported their monarchy: their kings avowed it, and Prince Henry, the piety of whose heart cannot be questioned, always professed, that to propagate the gospel was the great purpose of his designs and enterprises. And however this, in the event, was neglected, certain it is, that the same principles inspired, and were always professed by King Emmanuel, under whom the eastern world was discovered by Gama.

The crusades, to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels, which had already been, however unregarded by historians, of the greatest political service to Spain and Portugal, began now to have some effect upon the commerce of Europe. The Hans Towns had received charters of liberty, and had united together for the protection of their trade against the numerous pirates of the Baltic. A people of Italy, known by the name of the Lombards, had opened a lucrative traffic with the ports of Egypt, from whence they imported into Europe the riches of the East; and Bruges in Flanders, the mart between them and the Hans Towns, was, in consequence, surrounded with the best agriculture of these ages*: a certain proof of the dependance of agriculture upon the extent of commerce. Yet though these gleams of light, as morning stars, began to appear; it was not the gross multitude, it was only the eye of a Henry which could perceive what they prognosticated, and it was only a genius like his which could prevent them from again setting in the depths of night. The Hans Towns were liable to be buried in the victories of a tyrant, and the trade with Egypt was exceedingly insecure and precarious. Eu-

* Flanders has been the school-mistress of husbandry to Europe. Sir Charles Lisle, a royalist, resided in this country several years during the usurpation of the regicides; and after the Restoration, rendered England the greatest service, by introducing the present system of agriculture.

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rope was still enveloped in the dark mists of ignorance, and though the mariner's compass was invented before the birth of Henry, it was improved to no naval advantage. Traffic still crept, in an infant state, along the coasts, nor were the construction of ships adapted for other voyages. One successful tyrant might have overwhelmed the system and extinguished the spirit of commerce, for it stood on a much narrower and much feebler basis, than in the days of Phœnician and Grecian colonization. Yet these mighty fabrics, many centuries before, had been swallowed up in the desolations of unpolitical conquest. A broader and more permanent foundation of commerce than the world had yet seen, an universal basis, was yet wanting to bless mankind, and Henry Duke of Viseo was born to give it.

On purpose to promote his designs, Prince Henry was by his father stationed the commander in chief of the Portuguese forces in Africa. He had already, in 1412, three years before the reduction of Ceuta, sent a ship to make discoveries on the Barbary coast. Cape Nam*, as its name intimates, was then the *ne plus ultra* of European navigation; the ship sent by Henry however passed it sixty leagues, and reached Cape Bojador. Encouraged by this beginning, the Prince, while he was in Africa, acquired whatever information the most intelligent of the Moors of Fez and Morocco could give. About a league and one half from the Cape of St. Vincent in the kingdom of Algarve, Don Henry had observed a small, but commodious situation for a sea-port town. On this spot, supposed the *Promontorium Sacrum* of the Romans, he built his town of Sagrez, by much the best planned and fortified of any in Portugal. Here, where the view of the ocean, says Faria, inspired his hopes and endeavours, he erected his arsenals, and built and harboured his ships. And here, leaving the temporary bustle and cares of the

* *Nam*, in Portuguese, a negative.

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state to his father and brothers, he retired like a philosopher from the world, on purpose to render his studies of the utmost importance to its happiness. Having received all the light which could be discovered in Africa, he continued unwearied in his mathematical and geographical studies; the art of ship-building received very great improvement under his direction, and the truth of his ideas of the structure of the terraqueous globe are now confirmed. He it was who first suggested the use of the compass, and of longitude and latitude in navigation, and how these might be ascertained by astronomical observations; suggestions and discoveries which would have held no second place among the conjectures of a Bacon, or the improvements of a Newton. Naval adventurers were now invited from all parts to the town of Sagrez, and in 1418 Juan Gonsalez Zarco and Tristan Vaz set sail on an expedition of discovery, the circumstances of which give us a striking picture of the state of navigation, ere it was new-modelled by the genius of Henry.

Cape Bojador, so named from its extent*, runs about forty leagues to the westward, and for about six leagues off land there is a most violent current, which dashing upon the shelves, makes a tempestuous sea. This was deemed impassible, for it was not considered, that by standing out to the ocean the current might be avoided. To pass this formidable cape was the commission of Zarco and Vaz, who were also ordered to proceed as far as they could to discover the African coast, which, according to the information given to Henry by the Moors and Arabs, extended at least to the equinoctial line†. Zarco and Vaz, however, lost

* Forty leagues appeared as a vast distance to the sailors of that age, who named this Cape Bojador, from the Spanish, *bojar*, to compass or go about.

† It was known that the Arabian sea washed the eastern side of Africa: it was surmised therefore that a southern promontory bounded that continent. And certain it is, from the concurrent testimony of all the writers who treat of Don Henry's discoveries,

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their course in a storm, and were driven to a little island, which, in the joy of their deliverance, they named Puerto Santo, or the Holy Haven. Nor was Prince Henry, on their return, less joyful of their discovery, than they had been of their escape: a striking proof of the miserable state of navigation; for this island is only about 160 leagues, the voyage now of three or four days in moderate weather, from the promontory of Sagrez.

The discoverers of Puerto Santo, accompanied by Bartholomew Perestrello, were with three ships sent out on further trial. Perestrello, having sowed some seeds, and left some cattle on Holy Haven, returned to Portugal. But Zarco and Vaz directing their course southward, in 1419, perceived something like a cloud on the water, and sailing towards it, discovered an island covered with wood, which from thence they named Madeira. And this rich and beautiful island, which soon yielded a considerable revenue, was the first reward of the enterprises of Prince Henry.

If the Duke of Viseo's liberal ideas of establishing colonies, those sinews of a commercial state, or his views of African and Indian commerce, were too refined to strike the gross multitude; yet other advantages resulting from his designs, one would conclude, were self-evident. Nature calls upon Portugal to be a maritime power, and her naval superiority over the Moors, was, in the time of Henry, the surest defence of her existence as a kingdom. Yet though all his labours tended to establish that naval superiority on the surest basis, though even the religion of the age added its authority to the clearest political principles in favour of Henry; yet were his enterprises and his expected discoveries derided with all the insolence of

that Africa was supposed to terminate near to the equinoctial line. The account of Marco Paolo's map, which, it is said, placed the Southern Cape in its proper latitude, seems to have been propagated on purpose to discredit Prince Henry's reputation.

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ignorance, and all the bitterness of popular clamour. Barren deserts like Lybia, it was said, were all that could be found, and a thousand disadvantages, drawn from these data, were foreseen and foretold. The great mind and better knowledge of Henry, however, were not thus to be shaken. Though twelve years from the discovery of Madeira had elapsed in unsuccessful endeavours to carry his navigation further, he was now more happy; for one of his captains, named Galianez, in 1434, passed the Cape of Bojador, till then invincible; an action, says Faria, in the common opinion, not inferior to the labours of Hercules.

Galianez, the next year, accompanied by Gonsalez Baldaya, carried his discoveries many leagues further. Having put two horsemen on shore, to discover the face of the country, the adventurers, after riding several hours, saw nineteen men armed with javelins. The natives fled, and the two horsemen pursued, till one of the Portuguese, being wounded, lost the first blood that was sacrificed to the new system of commerce. A small beginning, a very small streamlet, some perhaps may exclaim, but which soon swelled into oceans, and deluged the eastern and western worlds. Let such philosophers, however, be desired to point out the design of public utility, which has been unpolluted by the depravity of the human passions. To suppose that heaven itself could give an institution which could not be perverted, and to suppose no previous alteration in human nature, is contradictory in proposition; for as human nature now exists, power cannot be equally possessed by all, and whenever the selfish or vicious passions predominate, that power will certainly be abused. The cruelties therefore of Cortez, and that more horrid barbarian Pizarro*, are no more

* Pizarro is a character completely detestable, destitute of every spark of generosity. He massacred the Peruvians, he said, because they were barbarians, and he himself could not read. Atabalipa, amazed

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to be charged upon Don Henry and Columbus, than the villanies of the Jesuits and the horrors of the Inquisition are to be ascribed to him, whose precepts are summed up in the great command, To do to your neighbour as you would wish your neighbour to do to you. But if it is still alleged that he who plans a discovery ought to foresee the miseries which the vicious will engraft upon his enterprise, let the objector be told, that the miseries are uncertain, while the advantages are real and sure; and that the true philosopher will not confine his eye to the Spanish campaigns in Mexico and Peru, but will extend his prospect to all the inestimable benefits, all the improvements of laws, opinions, and of manners, which have been introduced by the intercourse of universal commerce.

In 1440, Anthony Gonsalez brought some Moors prisoners to Lisbon. These he took two and forty leagues beyond Cape Bojador, and in 1442 he returned to Africa with his captives. One Moor escaped from him, but ten blacks of Guinea and a considerable quantity of gold dust were given in ransom for two others. A rivulet at the place of landing was named by Gonsalez, Rio del Oro, or the River of Gold. And the islands of Adeget, Arguim, and *de las Garças*, were now discovered.

These Guinea blacks, the first ever seen in Portugal, and the gold dust, excited other passions beside admiration. A company was formed at Lagos, under the auspices of Prince Henry, to carry on a traffic with the new-discovered countries; and as the Portu-

at the art of reading, got a Spaniard to write the word Dios (the Spanish for God) on his finger. On trying if the Spaniards agreed in what it signified, he discovered that Pizarro could not read. And Pizarro, in revenge for the contempt he perceived in the face of Atabalipa, ordered that prince to be tried for his life, for having concubines, and being an idolater. Atabalipa was condemned to be burned; but on submitting to baptism, he was only hanged.

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guese considered themselves in a state of continual hostility with the Moors, about two hundred of these people, inhabitants of the islands of Nar and Tider, in 1444, were brought prisoners to Portugal. This was soon revenged. Gonzalo de Cintra was the next year attacked by the Moors, fourteen leagues beyond Rio del Oro, where with seven of his men he was killed.

These hostile proceedings displeased Prince Henry, and in 1446 Anthony Gonsalez and two other captains were sent to enter into a treaty of peace and traffic with the natives of Rio del Oro, and also to attempt their conversion. But these proposals were rejected by the barbarians, one of whom, however, came voluntarily to Portugal; and Juan Fernandez remained with the natives, to observe their manners and the products of the country. In the year following Fernandez was found in good health, and brought home to Portugal. The account he gave of the country and people affords a striking instance of the misery of barbarians. The land, an open, barren, sandy plain, where the wandering natives were guided in their journeys by the stars and flights of birds; their food, milk, lizards, locusts, and such herbs as the soil produced without culture; and their only defence from the scorching heat of the sun some miserable tents which they pitched, as occasion required, on the burning sands.

In 1447 upwards of thirty ships followed the route of traffic which was now opened; and John de Castilla obtained the infamy to stand the first on the list of those names whose villanies have disgraced the spirit of commerce, and afforded the loudest complaints against the progress of navigation. Dissatisfied with the value of his cargo, he ungratefully seized twenty of the natives of Gomera, (one of the Canaries) who had assisted him, and with whom he was in friendly alliance, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. But Prince Henry resented this outrage, and having given them some valuable presents of clothes, restored the captives to freedom and their native country.

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The conversion and reduction of the Canaries was also this year attempted; but Spain having claimed a right to these islands*, the expedition was discontinued. In the Canary islands was found a feudal custom; the chief man or governor was gratified with the first night of every bride in his district.

In 1448 Fernando Alonzo was sent ambassador to the King of Cabo Verde with a treaty of trade and conversion, which was defeated at that time by the treachery of the natives. In 1449 the Azores were discovered by Gonsalo Vello, and the coast sixty leagues beyond Cape Verde was visited by the fleets of Henry. It is also certain that some of his commanders passed the equinoctial line. It was the custom of his sailors to leave his motto, TALENT DE BIEN FAIRE, wherever they came; and in 1525 Loaya, a Spanish captain, found that device carved on the bark of a tree in the isle of St. Matthew, in the second degree of south latitude.

Prince Henry had now with the most inflexible perseverance prosecuted his discoveries for upwards of forty years. His father, John I. concurred with him in his views, and gave him every assistance; his brother, King Edward, during his short reign, was the same as his father had been; nor was the eleven years regency of his brother Don Pedro less auspicious to him. But the misunderstanding between Pedro and his nephew Alonzo V. who took upon him the reigns of government in his seventeenth year, retarded the designs of Henry, and gave him much unhappiness†.

* Sometime before this period, *Jon de Betancour*, a Frenchman, under the King of Castile, had made a settlement in the Canaries, which had been discovered, it is said, about 1340, by some Biscayneers.

† Don Pedro was villanously accused of treacherous designs by his bastard brother, the first Duke of Braganza. Henry left his town of Sagrez, to defend his brother at court, but in vain. Pedro, finding the young king in the power of Braganza, fled, and soon after was killed in defending himself against a party

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At his town of Sagrez, from whence he had not moved for many years, except when called to court on some emergency of state, Don Henry, now in his sixty-seventh year, yielded to the stroke of fate, in the year of our Lord 1463, gratified with the certain prospect, that the route to the eastern world would one day crown the enterprises to which he had given birth. He had the happiness to see the naval superiority of his country over the Moors established on the most solid basis, its trade greatly upon the increase, and what he esteemed his greatest happiness, he flattered himself that he had given a mortal wound to Mohammedism, and had opened the door to an universal propagation of Christianity, and the civilization of mankind. And to him, as to their primary author, are due all the inestimable advantages which ever have flowed, or will flow, from the discovery of the greatest part of Africa, of the East and West Indies. Every improvement in the state and manners of these countries, or whatever country may be yet discovered, is strictly due to him; nor is the difference between the present state of Europe and the monkish age in which he was born, less the result of his genius and toils. What is an Alexander crowned with trophies at the head of his army, compared with a Henry contemplating the ocean from his window on the rock of Sagrez! The one suggests the idea of the evil demon, the other of a tutelary angel.

From the year 1448, when Alonzo V. assumed the power of government, till the end of his reign in 1471, little progress was made in maritime affairs, and Cape Catharine was only added to the former discoveries. But under his son John II. the designs of Prince Henry were prosecuted with renewed vigour. In 1481 the Portuguese built a fort on the Golden Coast, and the King of Portugal took the title of Lord of Guinea.

who were sent to seize him. His innocence, after his death, was fully proved, and his nephew Alonzo V. gave him an honourable burial.

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Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, reached the river, which he named del Infante, on the eastern side of Africa; but deterred by the storms of that region from proceeding further, on his return he had the happiness to be the discoverer of the promontory, unknown for many ages, which bounds the south of Afric. This, from the storms he there encountered, he named the *Cape of Tempests;* but John, elated with the promise of India, which this discovery, as he justly deemed, included, gave it the name of the *Cape of Good Hope.* The arts and valour of the Portuguese had now made a great impression on the minds of the Africans. The King of Congo, a dominion of great extent, sent the sons of some of his principal officers to be instructed in arts and religion; and ambassadors from the King of Benin requested teachers to be sent to his kingdom. On the return of these his subjects, the King and Queen of Congo, with 100,000 of their people, were baptized. An ambassador also arrived from the Christian Emperor of Abyssinia, and Pedro de Covillam and Alonzo de Payva were sent by land to penetrate into the East, that they might acquire whatever intelligence might facilitate the desired navigation to India. Covillam and Payva parted at Toro in Arabia, and took different routes. The former having visited Conanor, Calicut, and Goa in India, returned to Grand Cairo, where he heard of the death of his companion. Here also he met the Rabbi Abraham of Beja, who was employed for the same purpose by King John. Covillam sent the Rabbi home with an account of what countries he had seen, and he himself proceeded to Ormuz and Ethiopia, but as Camoens expresses it,

——————— to *his* native shore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, *he* return'd no more.

Men, whose genius led them to maritime affairs, began now to be possessed by an ardent ambition to distinguish themselves; and the famous Columbus offered his service to the King of Portugal. Every one

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knows the discoveries of this great adventurer, but his history is generally misunderstood. It is by some believed, that his ideas of the sphere of the earth gave birth to his opinion, that there must be an immense unknown continent in the west, such as America is now known to be; and that his proposals were to go in search of it. But the simple truth is, Columbus, who, as we have certain evidence, acquired his skill in navigation among the Portuguese, could be no stranger to the design long meditated in that kingdom, of discovering a naval route to India, which they endeavoured to find by compassing the coast of Africa. According to ancient geographers and the opinion of that age, India was supposed to be the next land to the west of Spain. And the idea of discovering a western passage to the East, is due to the genius of Columbus; but no more: to discover India and the adjacent islands of spices, already famous over all Europe, was every where the avowed and sole idea of Columbus *. A proposal of this kind to the King of Portugal, whose fleets had already passed the Cape of Good Hope, and who esteemed the route to India as almost discovered, and in the power of his own subjects, could at the court of Lisbon expect no success. And the offered services of the foreigner were rejected, even with some degree of contempt. Columbus, however, met a more favourable reception from Ferdinand and Isabella, the King and Queen of Castile. To interfere with the route or discoveries, opened and enjoyed by another power, was at this time esteemed contrary to the laws of nations. Columbus, therefore, though the object was one, proposed, as Magalhaens afterwards did for the

* And so deeply had ancient geography fixed this idea, that Sebastian Cabot's proposal to Henry VII. 1497, was to discover Cathay, and thence India, by the north-west. See Hakluit, tom. iii. p. 7. And Ramusius, Prefat. tom. iii.—Columbus endeavoured, first, to discover India directly by the west, and afterward by the south-west.

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same reason, to steer the westward course, and having in 1492 discovered some western islands, in 1493, on his return to Spain, he put into the Tagus with great tokens of the riches of his discovery. Some of the Portuguese courtiers, the same ungenerous minds perhaps who advised the rejection of Columbus because he was a foreigner, proposed the assassination of that great man, thereby to conceal from Spain the advantages of his navigation. But John, though Columbus rather roughly upbraided him, looked upon him now with a generous regret, and dismissed him with honour. The King of Portugal, however, was alarmed, lest the discoveries of Columbus should interfere with those of his crown, and gave orders to equip a war fleet to protect his rights. But matters were adjusted by embassies, and that celebrated treaty by which Spain and Portugal divided the western and eastern worlds between themselves. The eastern half of the world was allotted for the Portuguese, and the western for the Spanish navigation. A line from pole to pole, drawn an hundred leagues to the west of the Azores, was their boundary: and thus each nation had one hundred and eighty degrees, within which they might establish settlements and extend their discoveries. And a Papal Bull, which, for obvious reasons, prohibited the propagation of the gospel in these bounds by the subjects of any other state, confirmed this amicable and extraordinary treaty.

Soon after this, while the thoughts of King John were intent on the discovery of India, his preparations were interrupted by his death. But his earnest desires and great designs were inherited, together with his crown, by his cousin Emmanuel. And in 1497, the year before Columbus made the voyage which discovered the mouth of the river Oronoko, Vasco de Gama sailed from the Tagus on the discovery of India.

Of this voyage, the subject of the Lusiad, many particulars are necessarily mentioned in the notes; we

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shall therefore only allude to these, but be more explicit on the others, which are omitted by Camoens, in obedience to the rules of the Epopœia.

Notwithstanding the full torrent of popular clamour against the undertaking, Emmanuel was determined to prosecute the views of Prince Henry and John II. Three sloops of war and a store-ship, manned with only 160 men, were fitted out; for hostility was not the purpose of this humane expedition. Vasco de Gama, a gentleman of good family, who, in a war with the French, had given signal proofs of his naval skill, was commissioned admiral and general, and his brother Paul, for whom he bore the sincerest affection, with his friend Nicholas Coello, were at his request appointed to command under him. All the enthusiasm of desire to accomplish his end, joined with the greatest heroism, the quickest penetration, and coolest prudence, united to form the character of Gama. On his appointment to the command, he declared to the king that his mind had long aspired to this expedition. The king expressed great confidence in his prudence and honour, and gave him, with his own hand, the colours which he was to carry. On this banner, which bore the cross of the military order of Christ, Gama, with great enthusiasm to merit the honours bestowed upon him, took the oath of fidelity.

About four miles from Lisbon there is a chapel on the sea side. To this, the day before their departure, Gama conducted the companions of his expedition. He was to encounter an ocean untried, and dreaded as unnavigable; and he knew the force of the ties of religion on minds which are not inclined to dispute its authority. The whole night was spent in the chapel, in prayers for success, and in the rites of their devotion. On the next day, when the adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem * presented one of the most

* Or Bethlehem, so named from the chapel.

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solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems, and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death; and the vast multitude caught the fire of devotion, and joined aloud in the prayers for success. The relations, friends, and acquaintance of the voyagers wept; all were affected; the sigh was general; Gama himself shed some manly tears on parting with his friends; but he hurried over the tender scene, and hastened aboard with all the alacrity of hope. Immediately he gave his sails to the wind, and so much affected were the many thousands who beheld his departure, that they remained immoveable on the shore till the fleet, under full sail, evanished from their sight.

It was on the 8th of July when Gama left the Tagus. The flag-ship was commanded by himself, the second by his brother, the third by Coello, and the store-ship by Gonsalo Nunio. Several interpreters, skilled in the Ethiopian, Arabic, and other oriental languages, went along with them. Ten malefactors, men of abilities, whose sentences of death were reversed, on condition of their obedience to Gama in whatever embassies or dangers among the barbarians he might think proper to employ them, were also on board. The fleet, favoured by the weather, passed the Canary and Cape de Verde islands; but had now to encounter other fortune. Sometimes stopped by dead calms, but for the most part tost by tempests, which increased their violence and horrors as they proceeded to the south. Thus driven far to sea, they laboured through that wide ocean which surrounds St. Helena, in seas, says Faria, unknown to the Portuguese discoverers, none of whom had sailed so far to the west. From the 28th of July, the day they passed the isle of St. James, they had seen no shore; and now on November the 4th they were

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happily relieved by the sight of land. The fleet anchored in a large bay*, and Coello was sent in search of a river, where they might take in wood and fresh water. Having found one convenient for their purpose, the fleet made toward it, and Gama, whose orders were to acquaint himself with the manners of the people wherever he touched, ordered a party of his men to bring him some of the natives by force or stratagem. One they caught as he was gathering honey on the side of a mountain, and brought him to the ships. He expressed the greatest indifference for the gold and fine clothes which they showed him, but was greatly delighted with some glasses and little brass bells. These with great joy he accepted, and was set on shore; and soon after many of the blacks came for, and were gratified with the like trifles; and for which in return they gave great plenty of their best provisions. None of Gama's interpreters, however, could understand a word of their language, or receive any information of India. And the friendly intercourse between the fleet and the natives was soon interrupted by the imprudence of Veloso, a young Portuguese, which occasioned a scuffle, wherein Gama's life was endangered. Gama and some others were on shore taking the altitude of the sun, when in consequence of Veloso's rashness they were attacked by the blacks with great fury. Gama defended himself with an oar, and received a dart in his foot. Several others were likewise wounded, and they found their safety in retreat. The shot from the ships facilitated their escape, and Gama esteeming it imprudent to waste his strength in attempts entirely foreign to the design of his voyage, weighed anchor, and steered in search of the extremity of Afric.

In this part of the voyage, says Osorius, the heroism of Gama was greatly displayed. The waves swelled like mountains in height, the ships seemed

* Now called St. Helens.

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now heaved up to the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by gulfy whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and so boisterous, that the pilot's voice could seldom be heard, and a dismal, almost continual darkness, which at that tempestuous season involves these seas, added all its horrors. Sometimes the storm drove them southward, at other times they were obliged to stand on the tack, and yield to its fury, preserving what they had gained with the greatest difficulty.

> With such mad seas the daring Gama fought
> For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
> Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape,
> By bold ambition led—— THOMSON.

During any gloomy interval of the storm, the sailors, wearied out with fatigue, and abandoned to despair, surrounded Gama, and implored him not to suffer himself, and those committed to his care, to perish by so dreadful a death. The impossibility that men so weakened should stand it much longer, and the opinion that this ocean was torn by eternal tempests, and therefore had hitherto been and was impassable, were urged. But Gama's resolution to proceed was unalterable. A formidable conspiracy was then formed against his life; but his brother discovered it, and the courage and prudence of Gama defeated its design. He put the chief conspirators, and all the pilots, in irons, and he himself, his brother, Coello, and some others, stood night and day to the helms, and directed the course. At last, after having many days with unconquered mind, withstood the tempest and an enraged mutiny, *(molem perfidiæ)* the storm suddenly ceased, and they beheld the Cape of Good Hope.

On November the 20th, all the fleet doubled that promontory, and steering northward, coasted along a rich and beautiful shore, adorned with large forests and numberless herds of cattle. All was now alacrity;

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the hope that they had surmounted every danger revived their spirits, and the admiral was beloved and admired. Here, and at the bay, which they named St. Blas, they took in provisions, and beheld those beautiful rural scenes, described by Camoens. And here the store sloop, now of no further service, was burnt by order of the admiral. On December the 8th, a violent storm drove the fleet from the sight of land, and carried them to that dreadful current * which made the Moors deem it impossible to double the Cape. Gama, however, though unhappy in the time of navigating these seas, was safely carried over the current by the violence of a tempest; and having recovered the sight of land, as his safest course, he steered northward along the coast. On the 10th of January they descried, about 230 miles from their last watering place, some beautiful islands, with herds of cattle frisking in the meadows. It was a profound calm, and Gama stood near to land. The natives of this place, which he named Terra de Natal, were better dressed and more civilized than those they had hitherto seen. An exchange of presents was made, and the black king was so pleased with the politeness of Gama, that he came aboard his ship to see him. On the 15th of January, in the dusk of the evening, they came to the mouth of a large river, whose banks were shaded with trees loaded with fruit. On the return of day they saw several little boats with palm-tree leaves making towards them, and the natives came aboard without hesitation or fear. Game received them kindly, gave them an entertainment, and some silken garments, which they received with visible joy. Only one of them however could speak a little broken Arabic. From him Fernan Martinho learned, that not far distant was a country where ships, in shape and

* This current runs between the Cape from thence named Corrientes, and the south-west extremity of Madagascar.

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size like Gama's, frequently resorted. Hitherto Gama had found only the rudest barbarians on the coasts of Africa, alike ignorant of India and of the naval art. The information he here received, that he was drawing near to civilized countries, gave the adventurers great spirits, and the admiral named this place The River of Good Signs.

Here, while Gama careened and refitted his ships, the crews were attacked with a violent scurvy, which carried off several of his men. Having taken in fresh provisions, on the 24th of February he set sail, and on the 1st of March they descried four islands on the coast of Mozambic. From one of these they perceived seven vessels in full sail bearing towards them. These knew Gama's ship by the admiral's ensign, and made up to her, saluting her with loud huzzas and their instruments of music. Gama received them aboard, and entertained them with great kindness. The interpreters talked with them in Arabic. The island, in which was the principal harbour and trading town, they said, was governed by a deputy of the King of Quiloa; and many Saracen merchants, they added, were settled here, who traded with Arabia, India, and other parts of the world. Gama was overjoyed, and the crew with uplifted hands returned thanks to heaven.

Pleased with the presents which Gama sent him, and imagining that the Portuguese were Mohammedans from Morocco, Zacocia the governor, dressed in rich embroidery, came to congratulate the admiral on his arrival in the east. As he approached the ships in great pomp, Gama removed the sick out of sight, and ordered all those in health to attend above deck, armed in the Portuguese manner; for he foresaw what would happen when the Mohammedans should discover their mistake. During the entertainment provided for them, Zacocia seemed highly pleased, and asked several questions about the arms and religion of

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the strangers. Gama showed them his arms, and explained the force of his cannon, but he did not affect to know much about religion; however he frankly promised to show him his books of devotion whenever a few days refreshment should give him a more convenient time. In the meanwhile he intreated Zacocia to send him some pilots, who might conduct him to India. Two pilots were next day brought by the governor, a treaty of peace was solemnly concluded, and every office of mutual friendship seemed to promise a lasting harmony. But it was soon interrupted. Zacocia, as soon as he found the Portuguese were Christians, used every endeavour to destroy them. The life of Gama was attempted. One of the Moorish pilots deserted, and some of the Portuguese, who were on shore to get fresh water, were attacked by seven barks of the natives, but were rescued by a timely assistance from the ships.

Besides the hatred of the Christian name, inspired by their religion, these Mohammedan Arabs had other reasons to wish the destruction of Gama. Before this period, they were almost the only merchants of the East. Though without any empire in a mother country, they were bound together by language and religion, and, like the modern Jews, were united together, though scattered over various countries. Though they esteemed the current off Cape Corrientes, and the tempestuous seas around the Cape of Good Hope, as impassable, they were the sole masters of the Ethiopian, Arabian, and Indian seas: and had colonies in every place convenient for trade on these coasts. This crafty mercantile people clearly foresaw the consequences of the arrival of Europeans, and every art was soon exerted to prevent such formidable rivals from effecting any settlement in the East. To these Mohammedan traders, the Portuguese, on account of their religion, gave the name of Moors.

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Immediately after the skirmish at the watering-place, Gama, having one Moorish pilot, set sail, but was soon driven back to the same island by tempestuous weather. He now resolved to take in fresh water by force. The Moors perceived his intention, about two thousand of whom rising from ambush, attacked the Portuguese detachment. But the prudence of Gama had not been asleep. His ships were stationed with art, and his artillery not only dispersed the hostile Moors, but reduced their town, which was built of wood, into a heap of ashes. Among some prisoners taken by Paulus de Gama was a pilot, and Zacocia begging forgiveness for his treachery, sent another, whose skill in navigation he greatly commended.

A war with the Moors was now begun. Gama perceived that their jealousy of European rivals gave them nothing to expect but secret treachery and open hostility; and he knew what numerous colonies they had on every trading coast of the East. To impress them therefore with the terror of his arms on their first act of treachery was worthy of a great commander. Nor was he remiss in his attention to the chief pilot, who had been last sent. He perceived in him a kind of anxious endeavour to bear near some little islands, and suspecting there were unseen rocks in that course, he confidently charged the pilot with guilt, and ordered him to be severely whipped. The punishment produced a confession, and promises of fidelity. And he now advised Gama to stand for Quiloa, which he assured him was inhabited by Christians. Three Ethiopian Christians had come aboard while at Zacocia's island, and the current opinions of Prester John's country inclined Gama to try if he could find a port, where he might expect the assistance of a people of his own religion. A violent storm, however, drove the fleet from Quiloa, and being now

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near Mombaza, the pilot advised him to enter that harbour, where, he said, there were also many Christians.

The city of Mombaza is agreeably situated on an island, formed by a river which empties itself into the sea by two mouths. The buildings are lofty and of firm stone, and the country abounds with fruit-trees and cattle. Gama, happy to find a harbour where every thing wore the appearance of civilization, ordered the ships to cast anchor, which was scarcely done, when a galley, in which were 100 men in Turkish habit, armed with bucklers and sabres, rowed up to the flag ship. All of these seemed desirous to come aboard, but only four, who by their dress seemed officers, were admitted; nor were these allowed, till stript of their arms. As soon as on board, they extolled the prudence of Gama in refusing admittance to armed strangers; and by their behaviour seemed desirous to gain the good opinion of the adventurers. Their country, they boasted, contained all the riches of India, and their king, they professed, was ambitious of entering into a friendly treaty with the Portuguese, with whose renown he was well acquainted. And that a conference with his majesty and the offices of friendship might be rendered more convenient, Gama was requested and advised to enter the harbour. As no place could be more commodious for the recovery of the sick, and the whole fleet was sickly, Gama resolved to enter the port; and in the meanwhile sent two of the pardoned criminals as an embassy to the king. These the king treated with the greatest kindness, ordered his officers to show them the strength and opulence of his city; and on their return to the navy, he sent a present to Gama of the most valuable spices, of which he boasted such abundance, that the Portuguese, he said, if they regarded their own interest, would seek for no other India.

To make treaties of commerce was the business of

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Gama; one so advantageous, and so desired by the natives, was therefore not to be refused. Fully satisfied by the report of his spies, he ordered to weigh anchor, and enter the harbour. His own ship led the way, when a sudden violence of the tide made Gama apprehensive of running aground. He therefore ordered his sails to be furled and the anchors to be dropt, and gave a signal for the others to follow his example. This manœuvre, and the cries of the sailors in executing it, alarmed the Mozambic pilots. Conscious of their treachery, they thought their design was discovered, and leapt into the sea. Some boats of Mombaza took them up, and refusing to put them on board, set them safely on shore, though the admiral repeatedly demanded the restoration of the pilots. These circumstances, evident proofs of treachery, were further confirmed by the behaviour of the King of Mombaza. In the middle of the night Gama thought he heard some noise, and on examination found his ships surrounded by a great number of Moors, who, in the utmost privacy, endeavoured to cut his cables. But their scheme was defeated; and some Arabs, who remained on board, confessed that no Christians were resident either at Quiloa or Mombaza. The storm which drove them from the one place, and their late escape at the other, were now beheld as manifestations of the divine favour; and Gama, holding up his hands to heaven, ascribed his safety to the care of Providence *. Two days, however, elapsed, before they could get clear of the rocky bay of Mombaze; and having now ventured to hoist their sails, they steered for Melinda, a port, they had been told, where many merchants from India resorted. In their way thither they took a Moorish vessel, out of which Gama selected

* It afterwards appeared, that the Moorish King of Mombaza had been informed of what happened at Mozambic, and intended to revenge it by the total destruction of the fleet.

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fourteen prisoners, one of whom he perceived by his mien to be a person of distinction. By this Saracen Gama was informed, that he was near Melinda, that the king was hospitable and celebrated for his faith, and that four ships from India, commanded by Christian masters, were in that harbour. The Saracen also offered to go as Gama's messenger to the king, and promised to procure him an able pilot to conduct him to Calicut, the chief port of India.

As the coast of Melinda appeared to be dangerous, Gama anchored at some distance from the city, and unwilling to hazard any of his men, he landed the Saracen on an island opposite to the town. This was observed, and the stranger was brought before the king, to whom he gave so favourable an account of the politeness and humanity of Gama, that a present of several sheep, and fruit of all sorts, was sent by his majesty to the admiral, who had the happiness to find the truth of what the prisoner had told him confirmed by the masters of the four ships from India. They were Christians from Cambaya. They were transported with joy on the arrival of the Portuguese, and gave several useful instructions to the admiral.

The city of Melinda was situated in a fertile plain, surrounded with gardens and groves of orange-trees, whose flowers diffused a most grateful odour. The pastures were covered with herds, and the houses, built of square stones, were both elegant and magnificent. Desirous to make an alliance with such a state, Gama requited the civility of the king with the most grateful acknowledgments. He drew nearer the shore, and urged his instructions as apology for not landing to wait upon his majesty in person. The apology was accepted; and the king, whose age and infirmities prevented himself, sent his son to congratulate Gama, and enter into a treaty of friendship. The prince, who had sometime governed under the direction of his father, came in great pomp. His

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dress was royally magnificent, the nobles who attended him displayed all the riches of silk and embroidery, and the music of Melinda resounded all over the bay. Gama, to express his regard, met him in the admiral's barge. The prince, as soon as he came up, leapt into it, and distinguishing the admiral by his habit, embraced him with all the intimacy of old friendship. In their conversation, which was long and sprightly, he discovered nothing of the barbarian, says Osorius, but in every thing showed an intelligence and politeness worthy of his high rank. He accepted the fourteen Moors, whom Gama gave to him, with great pleasure. He seemed to view Gama with enthusiasm, and confessed that the make of the Portuguese ships, so much superior to what he had seen, convinced him of the greatness of that people. He gave Gama an able pilot, named Melemo Cana, to conduct him to Calicut; and requested, that on his return to Europe, he would carry an ambassador with him to the court of Lisbon. During the few days the fleet stayed at Melinda, the mutual friendship increased, and a treaty of alliance was concluded. And now, on April 22, resigning the helm to his skilful and honest pilot, Gama hoisted sail and steered to the north. In a few days they passed the line, and the Portuguese with ecstasy beheld the appearance of their native sky. Orion, Ursa Major and Minor, and the other stars about the northern pole, were now a more joyful discovery than the south pole had formerly been to them. Having passed the meridian, the pilot now stood directly to the east through the Indian ocean; and after sailing about three weeks, he had the happiness to congratulate Gama on the view of the mountains of India. Gama, transported with ecstasy, returned thanks to heaven, and ordered all his prisoners to be set at liberty, that every heart might taste of the joy of his successful voyage.

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About two leagues from Calicut Gama ordered the ships to anchor, and was soon surrounded by a number of boats. By one of these he sent one of the pardoned criminals to the city. The appearance of unknown vessels on their coast brought immense crowds around the stranger, who no sooner entered Calicut, than he was lifted from his feet, and carried hither and thither by the concourse. Though the populace and the stranger were alike earnest to be understood, their language was unintelligible to each other, till, happy for Gama in the event, a Moorish merchant accosted his messenger in the Spanish tongue. The next day this Moor, who was named Monzaida, waited upon Gama on board his ship. He was a native of Tunis, and the chief person, he said, with whom John II. had at that port contracted for military stores. He was a man of abilities and great intelligence of the world, and an admirer of the Portuguese valour and honour. The engaging behaviour of Gama heightened his esteem into the sincerest attachment. He offered to be interpreter for the admiral, and to serve him in whatever besides he could possibly befriend him. And thus, by one of those unforeseen circumstances which often decide the greatest events, Gama received a friend, who soon rendered him the most critical and important service.

At the first interview, Monzaida gave Gama the fullest information of the clime, extent, customs, religions, and various riches of India, the commerce of the Moors, and the character of the sovereign. Calicut was not only the imperial city, but the greatest port. The king or Zamorim, who resided here, was acknowledged as emperor by the neighbouring princes; and as his revenue consisted chiefly of duties on merchandise, he had always encouraged the resort of foreigners to his harbours.

Pleased with this promising prospect, Gama sent

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two of his officers with Monzaida to wait on the Zamorim at his palace of Pandarene, a few miles from the city. They were admitted to the royal apartment, and delivered their embassy; to which the Zamorim replied, that the arrival of the admiral of so great a prince as Emmanuel, gave him inexpressible pleasure, and that he would willingly embrace the offered alliance. In the meanwhile, as their present station was extremely dangerous, he advised them to bring the ships nearer to Pandarene, and for this purpose he sent a pilot to the fleet.

A few days after, the Zamorim sent his first minister, or Catual, attended by several of the Nayres, or nobility, to conduct Gama to the royal palace. As an interview with the Zamorim was absolutely necessary to complete the purpose of his voyage, Gama immediately agreed to it, though the treachery he had already experienced, since his arrival in the eastern seas, showed him the personal danger which he thus hazarded. He gave the command of the ships during his absence to his brother Paulus and his friend Coello; and in the orders he left them he displayed a heroism, superior to that of Alexander when he crossed the Granicus. That of the Macedonian was ferocious and frantic, the offspring of vicious ambition; that of Gama was the child of the strongest reason, and the most valorous mental dignity: it was the high pride of honour, a pride, which the man, who in the fury of battle may be able to rush on to the mouth of a cannon, may be utterly incapable of, even in idea.

The revenue of the Zamorim arose chiefly from the traffic of the Moors; the various colonies of these people were combined in one interest, and the jealousy and consternation which his arrival in the eastern seas had spread among them, were circumstances well known to Gama: and he knew also what he had to expect both from their force and

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their fraud. But duty and honour required him to complete the purpose of his voyage. He left peremptory command, that if he was detained a prisoner, or any attempt made upon his life, they should take no step to save him, to give ear to no message which might come in his name for such purpose, and to enter into no negotiation on his behalf. Though they were to keep some boats near the shore, to favour his escape if he perceived treachery ere detained by force; yet the moment that force rendered his escape impracticable, they were to set sail, and to carry the tidings of the discovery of India to the King of Portugal. For as this was his only concern, he would suffer no risk that might lose a man, or endanger the homeward voyage. Having left these unalterable orders, he went on shore with the Catual, attended only by twelve of his own men, for he would not weaken their naval force, though he knew that the pomp of attendance would have been greatly in his favour at the court of India.

As soon as he landed, he and the Catual were carried in great pomp, in sofas, upon men's shoulders, to the chief temple; and from thence, amid immense crowds, to the royal palace. The apartment and dress of the Zamorim were such as might be expected from the luxury and wealth of India. The emperor lay reclined on a magnificent couch, surrounded with his nobility and ministers of state. Gama was introduced to him by a venerable old man, the chief Bramin. His Majesty, by a gentle nod, appointed the admiral to sit on one of the steps of his sofa, and then demanded his embassy. It was against the custom of his country, Gama replied, to deliver his instructions in a public assembly, he therefore desired that the king and a few of his ministers would grant them a private audience. This was complied with, and Gama, in a manly speech, set forth the greatness of his sovereign Emmanuel, the fame he had heard of

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the Zamorim, and the desire he had to enter into an alliance with so great a prince; nor were the mutual advantages of such a treaty omitted by the admiral. The Zamorim, in reply, professed great esteem for the friendship of the King of Portugal, and declared his readiness to enter into a friendly alliance. He then ordered the Catual to provide proper apartments for Gama in his house; and having promised another conference, dismissed the admiral with all the appearance of sincerity.

Avarice was the ruling passion of this monarch; he was haughty or mean, bold or timorous, as his interest rose or fell in the balance of his judgment; wavering and irresolute whenever the scales seemed doubtful which to preponderate. He was pleased with the prospect of bringing the commerce of Europe to his harbours, but he was also influenced by the threats of the Moors.

Three days elapsed ere Gama was again permitted to see the Zamorim. At the second audience he presented the letter and presents of Emmanuel. The letter was received with politeness, but the presents were viewed with an eye of contempt. Gama beheld it, and said he only came to discover the route to India, and therefore was not charged with valuable gifts, ere the friendship of the state, where they might choose to traffic, was known. Yet that indeed he brought the most valuable of all gifts, the offer of the friendship of his sovereign, and the commerce of his country. He then entreated the king not to reveal the contents of Emmanuel's letter to the Moors, and the king with great seeming friendship desired Gama to guard against the perfidy of that people. And at this time, it is highly probable, the Zamorim was sincere.

Every hour since the arrival of Gama, the Moors had held secret conferences. That one man might not return was their purpose; and every method to accomplish this was meditated. To influence the king

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against the Portuguese, to assassinate Gama, to raise a general insurrection, to destroy the foreign navy, and to bribe the Catual, were determined. And the Catual, in whose house Gama was lodged, accepted the bribe, and entered into their interest. Gama, however, was apprised of all these circumstances, by his faithful interpreter Monzaida, whose affection to the foreign admiral the Moors hitherto had not suspected. Thus informed, and having obtained the faith of an alliance from the sovereign of the first port of India, Gama resolved to elude the plots of the Moors; and accordingly, before the dawn, he set out for the sea shore, in hope to escape by some of the boats which he had ordered to hover about the coast.

But the Moors were vigilant. His absence was immediately known; and the Catual, by the king's order, pursued and brought him back by force. The Catual, however, for it was necessary for their schemes to have the ships in their power, behaved with great politeness to the admiral, though now detained as a prisoner, and still continued his specious promises to use all his interest in his behalf.

The eagerness of the Moors now contributed to the safety of Gama. Their principal merchants were admitted to a formal audience, when one of their orators accused the Portuguese as a nation of faithless plunderers: Gama, he said, was an exiled pirate, who had marked his course with depredation and blood. If he were not a pirate, still there was no excuse for giving such warlike foreigners any footing in a country already supplied with all that nature and commerce could give. He expatiated on the great services which the Moorish traders had rendered to Calicut, or wherever they settled; and ended with a threat, that all the Moors would leave the Zamorim's ports, and find some other settlement, if he permitted these foreigners to have any share in the commerce of his dominions.

However staggered with these arguments and threats,

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the Zamorim was not blind to the self-interest and malice of the Moors. He therefore ordered, that the admiral should once more be brought before him. In the meanwhile the Catual tried many stratagems to get the ships into the harbour; and at last, in the name of his master, made an absolute demand that the sails and rudders should be delivered up, as the pledge of Gama's honesty. But these demands were as absolutely refused by Gama, who sent a letter to his brother by Monzaida, enforcing his former orders in the strongest manner, declaring that his fate gave him no concern, that he was only unhappy lest the fruits of all their labours and dangers should be lost. After two days spent in vain altercation with the Catual, Gama was brought as a prisoner before the king. The king repeated his accusation, upbraided him with non-compliance to the requests of his minister; yet urged him, if he were an exile or pirate, to confess freely, in which case he promised to take him into his service, and highly promote him on account of his abilities. But Gama, who with great spirit had baffled all the stratagems of the Catual, behaved with the same undaunted bravery before the king. He asserted his innocence, pointed out the malice of the Moors, and the improbability of his piracy; boasted of the safety of his fleet, offered his life rather than his sails and rudders, and concluded with threats in the name of his sovereign. The Zamorim, during the whole conference, eyed Gama with the keenest attention, and clearly perceived in his unfaltering mien the dignity of truth, and the consciousness that he was the admiral of a great monarch. In their late address, the Moors had treated the Zamorim as somewhat dependent upon them, and he saw that a commerce with other nations would certainly lessen their dangerous importance. His avarice strongly desired the commerce of Portugal; and his pride was flattered in humbling the Moors. After many proposals, it was at last agreed, that of Gama's twelve attendants,

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he should leave seven as hostages; that what goods were aboard his vessels should be landed, and that Gama should be safely conducted to his ship; after which the treaty of commerce and alliance was to be finally settled. And thus, when the assassination of Gama seemed inevitable, the Zamorim suddenly dropt the demand of the sails and the rudders, rescued him from his determined enemies, and restored him to liberty and the command of his ships.

As soon as he was aboard * the goods were landed, accompanied by a letter from Gama to the Zamorim, wherein he boldly complained of the treachery of the Catual. The Zamorim, in answer, promised to make inquiry; and to punish him if guilty; but did nothing in the affair. Gama, who had now anchored nearer to the city, every day sent two or three different persons on some business to Calicut, that as many of his men as possible might be able to give some account of India. The Moors, in the meanwhile, every day assaulted the ears of the king, who now began to waver; when Gama, who had given every proof of his desire of peace and friendship, sent another letter, in which he requested the Zamorim to permit him to leave a consul at Calicut, to manage the affairs of King Emmanuel. But to this request, the most reasonable result of a commercial treaty, the Zamorim returned a refusal full of rage and indignation. Gama, now fully master of the character of the Zamorim, resolved to treat a man of such an inconstant dishonourable disposition with a contemptuous silence. This contempt was felt by the king, who, yielding to the advice of the Catual and the entreaties of the Moors, seized the Portuguese goods, and ordered two of the seven hostages, the two who had the charge of the cargo, to be put in irons. The admiral remonstrated by the means of Monzaida, but the king still persisted in his

* Faria y Sousa.

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treacherous breach of royal faith. Repeated solicitations made him more haughty; and it was now the duty and interest of Gama to use force. He took a vessel in which were six Nayres, or noblemen, and nineteen of their servants. The servants he set ashore to relate the tidings; the noblemen he detained. As soon as the news had time to spread through the city, he hoisted his sails, and, though with a slow motion, seemed to proceed on his homeward voyage. The city was now in an uproar; the friends of the captive noblemen surrounded the palace, and loudly accused the policy of the Moors. The king, in all the perplexed distress of a haughty, avaricious, weak prince, sent after Gama, delivered up all the hostages, and submitted to his proposals; nay, solicited that an agent should be left, and even descended to the meanness of a palpable lie. The two factors, he said, he had put in irons, only to detain them till he might write letters to his brother Emmanuel, and the goods he had kept on shore that an agent might be sent to dispose of them. Gama, however, perceived a mysterious trifling, and, previous to any treaty, insisted upon the restoration of the goods.

The day after this altercation, Monzaida came aboard the admiral's ship in great perturbation: the Moors, he said, had raised great commotions, and had enraged the king against the Portuguese. The king's ships were getting ready, and a numerous Moorish fleet from Mecca was daily expected. To delay Gama till this force arrived, was the purpose of the court and of the Moors, who were now confident of success. To this information Monzaida added, that the Moors, suspecting his attachment to Gama, had determined to assassinate him. That he had narrowly escaped from them; that it was impossible for him to recover his effects, and that his only hope was in the protection of Gama. Gama rewarded him with the friendship he merited, took him with him, as he desired, to Lisbon, and procured him a recompense for his services.

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Almost immediately after Monzaida, seven boats arrived, loaded with the goods, and demanded the restoration of the captive nobleman. Gama took the goods on board, but refused to examine if they were entire, and also refused to deliver the prisoners. He had been promised an ambassador to his sovereign, he said, but had been so often deluded, he could trust such a faithless people no longer, and would therefore carry the captives in his power, to convince the King of Portugal what insults and injustice his ambassador and admiral had suffered from the Zamorim of Calicut. Having thus dismissed the Indians, he fired his cannon and hoisted his sails. A calm, however, detained him on the coast some days, and the Zamorim seizing the opportunity, sent what vessels he could fit out, twenty of a larger size, sixty in all, full of armed men, to attack him. Though Gama's cannon were well played, confident of their numbers, they pressed on to board him, when a sudden tempest, which Gama's ships rode out in safety, miserably dispersed the Indian fleet, and completed their ruin.

After this victory, the admiral made a halt at a little island near the shore, where he erected a cross *, bearing the name and arms of his Portuguese majesty. And from this place, by the hand of Monzaida, he wrote a letter to the Zamorim, wherein he gave a full and circumstantial account of all the plots of the Catual and the Moors. Still, however, he professed his desire of a commercial treaty, and promised to represent the Zamorim in the best light to Emmanuel. The prisoners, he said, should be kindly used, were

* It was the custom of the first discoverers to erect crosses on places remarkable in their voyage. Gama erected six; one, dedicated to St. Raphael, at the river of Good Signs; one to St. George, at Mozambic; one to St. Stephen, at Melinda; one to St. Gabriel, at Calicut; and one to St. Mary, at the island thence named, near Anchediva.

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only kept as ambassadors to his sovereign, and should be returned to India when they were enabled from experience to give an account of Portugal. The letter he sent by one of the captives, who by this means obtained his liberty.

The fame of Gama had now spread over the Indian seas, and the Moors were every where intent on his destruction. As he was near the shore of Anchediva, he beheld the appearance of a floating isle, covered with trees, advance towards him. But his prudence was not to be thus deceived. A bold pirate, named Timoja, by linking together eight vessels full of men, and covered with green boughs, thought to board him by surprise. But Gama's cannon made seven of them fly; the eighth, loaded with fruits and provisions, he took. The beautiful island of Anchediva now offered a convenient place to careen his ships and refresh his men. While he staid here, the first minister of Zabajo, King of Goa, one of the most powerful princes of India, came on board, and in the name of his master congratulated the admiral in the Italian tongue. Provisions, arms, and money were offered to Gama, and he was entreated to accept the friendship of Zabajo. The admiral was struck with admiration, the address and abilities of the minister appeared so conspicuous. He said he was an Italian by birth, but in sailing to Greece had been taken by pirates, and after various misfortunes had been necessitated to enter into the service of a Mohammedan prince, the nobleness of whose disposition he commended in the highest terms. Yet, with all his abilities, Gama perceived an artful inquisitiveness, that nameless something which does not accompany simple honesty. After a long conference, Gama abruptly upbraided him as a spy, and ordered him to be put to the torture—and this soon brought a confession, that he was a Polonian Jew by birth, and was sent to examine the strength of the Portuguese by Zabajo, who was mustering all his

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power to attack them. Gama on this immediately set sail, and took the spy along with him, who soon after was baptized, and named Jasper de Gama, the admiral being his godfather. He afterwards became of great service to Emmanuel.

Gama now stood westward through the Indian ocean, and after being long delayed by calms, arrived off Magadoxa, on the coast of Africa. This place was a principal port of the Moors; he therefore levelled the walls of the city with his cannon, and burned and destroyed all the ships in the harbour. Soon after this he descried eight Moorish vessels bearing down upon him; his artillery, however, soon made them use their oars in flight, nor could Gama overtake any of them for want of wind. He now reached the hospitable harbour of Melinda. His men, almost worn out with fatigue and sickness, here received, a second time, every assistance which an accomplished and generous prince could bestow. And having taken an ambassador on board, he again gave his sails to the wind, in trust that he might pass the Cape of Good Hope while the favourable weather continued, for his acquaintance with the eastern seas now suggested to him, that the tempestuous season was periodical. Soon after he set sail, his brother's ship struck on a sand bank, and was burnt by order of the admiral. His brother and part of the crew he took into his own ship, the rest he sent on board of Coello; nor were more hands now alive than were necessary to man the two vessels which remained. Having taken in provisions at the island of Zanzibar, where they were kindly entertained by a Mohammedan prince of the same sect with the King of Melinda, they safely doubled the Cape of Good Hope on April 26, 1499, and continued till they reached the island of St. Iago in favourable weather. But a tempest here separated the two ships, and gave Gama and Coello an oppor-

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tunity to show the goodness of their hearts, in a manner which does honour to human nature.

The admiral was now near the Azores, when Paulus de Gama, long worn with fatigue and sickness, was unable to endure the motion of the ship. Vasco, therefore, put into the island of Tercera, in hope of his brother's recovery. And such was his affection, that rather than leave him, he gave the command of his ship to one of his officers. But the hope of recovery was vain. John de Sa proceeded to Lisbon with the flag ship, while the admiral remained behind to sooth the death-bed of his brother, and perform his funeral rites. Coello, in the meanwhile, landed at Lisbon, and hearing that Gama was not arrived, imagined he might either be shipwrecked, or beating about in distress. Without seeing one of his family, he immediately set sail, on purpose to bring relief to his friend and admiral. But this generous design, more the effect of friendship than of just consideration, was prevented by an order from the king, ere his ship got out of the Tagus.

The particulars of the voyage were now diffused by Coello, and the joy of the king was only equalled by the admiration of the people. Yet while all the nation was fired with zeal to express their esteem of the happy admiral, he himself, the man who was such an enthusiast to the success of his voyage, that he would willingly have sacrificed his life in India to secure that success, was now, in the completion of it, a dejected mourner. The compliments of the court and the shouts of the street were irksome to him, for his brother, the companion of his toils and dangers, was not there to share the joy. As soon as he had waited on the king, he shut himself up in a lonely house near the sea side at Bethlehem, from whence it was some time ere he was drawn to mingle in public life.

During this important expedition, two years and

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almost two months elapsed. Of 160 men who went *out*, only 55 returned. These were all rewarded by the king. Coello was pensioned with 100 ducats a year, and made a fidalgo, or gentleman of the king's household, a degree of nobility in Portugal. The title of Don was annexed to the family of Vasco de Gama; he was appointed admiral of the eastern seas, with an annual salary of 3000 ducats, and a part of the king's arms was added to his. Public thanksgivings to heaven were celebrated throughout the churches of the kingdom, and feasts, interludes, and chivalrous entertainments, the taste of that age, demonstrated the joy of Portugal.

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THE

LIFE

OF

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

WHEN the glory of the arms of Portugal had reached its meridian splendour, nature, as if in pity of the literary rudeness of that nation, produced one great poet, to record the numberless actions of high spirit performed by his countrymen. Except Osorius, the historians of Portugal are little better than dry journalists. But it is not their inelegance which rendered the poet necessary. It is the peculiar nature of poetry to give a colouring to heroic actions, and to express an indignation against the breaches of honour, in a spirit which at once seizes the heart of the man of feeling, and carries with it an instantaneous conviction. The brilliant actions of the Portuguese form the great hinge which opened the door to the most important alteration in the civil history of mankind. And to place these actions in the light and enthusiasm of poetry, that enthusiasm which particularly assimilates the youthful breast to its own fires, was Luis de Camoens, the poet of Portugal, born.

Different cities have claimed the honour of his birth, and the time also of his nativity is involved in some obscurity. But frequent allusions in his poems infer

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Lisbon to have been his birth-place, and an entry in the register of the Portuguese India House, proves it to have occurred in 1524, or the year following *. His family was of considerable note, and originally Spanish. In 1370, Vasco Perez de Caamans, disgusted at the court of Castile, fled to that of Lisbon, where King Ferdinand immediately admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordships of Sardoal, Punnete, Marano, Amendo, and other considerable lands; a certain proof of the eminence of his rank and abilities. In the war for the succession, which broke out on the death of Ferdinand, Caamans sided with the King of Castile, and was killed in the battle of Aljabarrota. But though John I. the victor, seized a great part of his estate, his widow, the daughter of Gonsalo Tereyro, grand master of the order of Christ, and general of the Portuguese army, was not reduced beneath her rank. She had three sons, who took the name of Camoens. The family of the eldest intermarried with the first nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Castera, with the blood royal. But the family of the second brother, whose fortune was slender, had the superior honour to produce the author of the Lusiad.

Early in his life the misfortunes of the poet began. In his infancy, Simon Vaz de Camoens, his father, commander of a vessel, was shipwrecked at Goa, where, with his life, the greatest part of his fortune

* In assigning 1524-5 as the era of our poet's birth, the editor must not omit stating it to have been the opinion of the late Mr. Mickle, that he was born in the year 1517. As, however, this assertion rests upon the authority of N. Antonio and Manuel Correa, two friends of Camoens, without any reference to written documents, the editor hopes he shall not incur the charge of presumption in having followed Lord Strangford, who, in the memoirs prefixed to his Lordship's elegant version of the sonnets of Camoens, has, upon the authority of Faria, placed it in 1524.

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was lost. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo of Santarene, provided for the education of her son Luis at the university of Coimbra. What he acquired there, his works discover: an intimacy with the classics, equal to that of a Scaliger, but directed by the taste of a Milton or a Pope.

When he left the university, he appeared at court. He was a polished scholar, and very handsome, possessing a most engaging mien and address, with the finest complexion; which, added to the natural ardour and gay vivacity of his disposition, rendered him an accomplished gentleman. Courts are the scenes of intrigue, and intrigue was fashionable at Lisbon. But the particulars of the amours of Camoens rest unknown. This only appears: he had aspired above his rank, for he was banished from the court; and, in several of his sonnets, he ascribes this misfortune to love.

He now retired to his mother's friends at Santarene. Here he renewed his studies, and began his Poem on the Discovery of India. John III. at this time prepared an armament against Africa. Camoens, tired of his inactive obscure life, went to Ceuta in this expedition, and greatly distinguished his valour in several rencounters. In a naval engagement with the Moors, in the straits of Gibraltar, Camoens, in the conflict of boarding, where he was among the foremost, lost his right eye. Yet neither the hurry of actual service, nor the dissipation of the camp, could stifle his genius. He continued his *Lusiadas*, and several of his most beautiful sonnets were written in Africa, while, as he expresses it,

> One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.

The fame of his valour had now reached the court, and he obtained permission to return to Lisbon. But while he solicited an establishment which he had me-

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sited in the ranks of battle, the malignity of evil tongues, as he calls it in one of his letters, was injuriously poured upon him. Though the bloom of his early youth was effaced by several years residence under the scorching heavens of Africa, and though altered by the loss of an eye, his presence gave uneasiness to the gentlemen of some families of the first rank, where he had formerly visited. Jealousy is the characteristic of the Spanish and Portuguese; its resentment knows no bounds: and Camoens now found it prudent to banish himself from his native country. Accordingly, in 1553, he sailed for India, with a resolution never to return. As the ship left the Tagus, he exclaimed, in the words of the sepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, *Ingrata Patria, non possidebis ossa mea!* Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones! But he knew not what evils in the East would awake the remembrance of his native fields.

When Camoens arrived in India, an expedition was ready to sail to revenge the King of Cochin on the King of Pimenta. Without any rest on shore after his long voyage, he joined this armament, and in the conquest of the Alagada islands, displayed his usual bravery. But his modesty, perhaps, is his greatest praise. In a sonnet he mentions this expedition: we went to punish the King of Pimenta, says he, *e succedeones bem, and we succeeded well.* When it is considered that the poet bore no inconsiderable share in the victory, no ode can conclude more elegantly, more happily than this.

In the year following, he attended Manuel de Vasconcello in an expedition to the Red Sea. Here, says Faria, as Camoens had no use for his sword, he employed his pen. Nor was his activity confined in the fleet or camp. He visited Mount Felix, and the adjacent inhospitable regions of Africa, which he so strongly pictures in the Lusiad, and in one of his

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little pieces, where he laments the absence of his mistress.

When he returned to Goa, he enjoyed a tranquillity which enabled him to bestow his attention on his epic poem. But this serenity was interrupted, perhaps by his own imprudence. He wrote some satires which gave offence, and, by order of the viceroy, Francisco Barreto, he was banished to China.

Men of poor abilities are more conscious of their embarrassment and errors than is commonly believed. When men of this kind are in power, they affect great solemnity; and every expression of the most distant tendency to lessen their dignity, is held as the greatest of crimes. Conscious also how severely the man of genius can hurt their interest, they bear an instinctive antipathy against him, are uneasy even in his company, and, on the slightest pretence, are happy to drive him from them. Camoens was thus situated at Goa; and never was there a fairer field for satire than the rulers of India at this time afforded. Yet, whatever esteem the prudence of Camoens may lose in our idea, the nobleness of his disposition will doubly gain. And, so conscious was he of his real integrity and innocence, that in one of his sonnets he wishes no other revenge on Barreto, than that the cruelty of his exile should ever be remembered.

The accomplishments and manners of Camoens soon found him friends, though under the disgrace of banishment. He was appointed commissary of the estates of the defunct in the island of Macao, on the coast of China. Here he continued his Lusiad; and here also, after five years residence, he acquired a fortune, though small, yet equal to his wishes. Don Constantine de Braganza was now viceroy of India, and Camoens, desirous to return to Goa, resigned his charge. In a ship, freighted by himself, he set sail, but was shipwrecked in the gulf near the mouth of

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the river Mecon, in Cochin-China. All he had acquired was lost in the waves: his poems, which he held in one hand, while he saved himself with the other, were all he found himself possessed of, while he stood friendless on the unknown shore. But the natives gave him a most humane reception: this he has immortalized in the prophetic song in the tenth Lusiad; and in the seventh he tells us, that here he lost the wealth which satisfied his wishes:

Agora da esperanca ja adquirada, &c.

Now bless'd with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
For ever lost;———
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore,
By miracle prolong'd———

On the banks of the Mecon, he wrote his beautiful paraphrase of the psalm, where the Jews, in the finest strain of poetry, are represented as hanging their harps on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping their exile from their native country. Here Camoens continued some time, till an opportunity offered to carry him to Goa. When he arrived at that city, Don Constantine de Braganza, whose characteristic was politeness, admitted him into intimate friendship, and Camoens was happy till Count Redondo assumed the government. Those who had formerly procured the banishment of the satirist, were silent while Constantine was in power; but now they exerted all their arts against him. Redondo, when he entered on office, pretended to be the friend of Camoens; yet, with the most unfeeling indifference, he suffered the innocent man to be thrown into the common prison. After all the delay of bringing witnesses, Camoens, in a public trial, fully refuted every accusation of his conduct, while commissary at Macao, and his enemies were loaded with ignominy and reproach. But Camoens had some creditors; and these detained him in prison

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a considerable time, till the gentlemen of Goa began to be ashamed, that a man of his singular merit should experience such treatment among them. He was set at liberty; and again he assumed the profession of arms, and received the allowance of a gentleman volunteer, a character at that time common in Portuguese India. Soon after, Pedro Barreto, appointed governor of the fort at Sofala, by high promises, allured the poet to attend him thither. The governor of a distant fort, in a barbarous country, shares, in some measure, the fate of an exile. Yet, though the only motive of Barreto was, in this unpleasant situation, to retain the conversation of Camoens at his table, it was his least care to render the life of his guest agreeable. Chagrined with his treatment, and a considerable time having elapsed in vain dependance upon Barreto, Camoens resolved to return to his native country. A ship, on the homeward voyage, at this time touched at Sofala, and several gentlemen who were on board were desirous that Camoens should accompany them. But this the governor ungenerously endeavoured to prevent, and charged him with a debt for board. Anthony de Cabral, however, and Hector de Sylveyra, paid the demand; and Camoens, says Faria, and the honour of Barreto, were sold together.

After an absence of sixteen years, Camoens, in 1569, returned to Lisbon, unhappy even in his arrival, for the pestilence then raged in that city, and prevented his publication for three years. At last, in 1572, he printed his Lusiad, which, in the opening of the first book, in a most elegant turn of compliment, he addressed to his prince, King Sebastian, then in his eighteenth year. The king, says the French translator, was so pleased with his merit, that he gave the author a pension of 4000 reals, on condition that he should reside at court. But this salary, says the same writer, was withdrawn by Cardinal Henry, who succeeded to

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the crown of Portugal, lost by Sebastian at the battle *of Alcazar.*

But this story of the pension is very doubtful. Correa, and other cotemporary authors, do not mention it, though some late writers have given credit to it. If Camoens, however, had a pension, it is highly probable that Henry deprived him of it. When Sebastian was devoted to the chase, his grand uncle, the cardinal, presided at the council board, and Camoens, in his address to the king, which closes the Lusiad, advises him to exclude the clergy from state affairs. It was easy to see that the cardinal was here intended. And Henry, besides, was one of those statesmen who can perceive no benefit resulting to the public from elegant literature. But it ought also to be added in completion of his character, that under the narrow views and weak hands of this Henry, the kingdom of Portugal fell into utter ruin; and on his death, which closed a short inglorious reign, the crown of Lisbon, after a faint struggle, was annexed to that of Madrid. Such was the degeneracy of the Portuguese, a degeneracy lamented in vain by Camoens, and whose observation of it was imputed to him as a crime.

Though the great patron of theological literature, a species the reverse of that of Camoens, certain it is, that the author of the Lusiad was utterly neglected by Henry, under whose inglorious reign he died in all the misery of poverty. By some it is said he died in an alms-house. It appears, however, that he had not even the certainty of subsistence which these houses provide. He had a black servant, who had grown old with him, and who had long experienced his master's humanity. This grateful Indian, a native of Java, who, according to some writers, saved his master's life in the unhappy shipwreck where he lost his effects, begged in the streets of Lisbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had bestowed those talents, which have a tendency to erect the spirit of a down-

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ward age. To the eye of a careful observer, the fate of Camoens throws great light on that of his country, and will appear strictly connected with it. The same ignorance, the same degenerated spirit, which suffered Camoens to depend on his share of the alms begged in the streets by his old hoary servant, the same spirit which caused this, sunk the kingdom of Portugal into the most abject vassalage ever experienced by a conquered nation. While the grandees of Portugal were blind to the ruin which impended over them, Camoens beheld it with a pungency of grief which hastened his end. In one of his letters he has these remarkable words, "*Em fim accaberey à vida, e verrâm todos que fuy afeicoada a minho patria*," &c. "I am ending the course of my life; the world will witness how I have loved my country. I have returned, not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her." In another letter, written a little before his death, he thus, yet with dignity, complains, "Who has seen, on so small a theatre as my poor bed, such a representation of the disappointments of fortune? And I, as if she could not herself subdue me, I have yielded and become of her party; for it were wild audacity to hope to surmount such accumulated evils."

In this unhappy situation, in 1579, the year after the fatal defeat of Don Sebastian, died Luis de Camoens, the greatest literary genius ever produced by Portugal; in martial courage, and spirit of honour, nothing inferior to her greatest heroes. And in a manner suitable to the poverty in which he died was he buried. Soon after, however, many epitaphs honoured his memory; the greatness of his merit was universally confessed, and his Lusiad was translated into various languages *. Nor ought it to be omitted, that the man

* According to Gedron, a second edition of the Lusiad appeared in the same year with the first. There are two Italian and four Spanish translations of it. An hundred years before Castera's version, it

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so miserably neglected by the weak King Henry, was earnestly inquired after by Philip of Spain, when he assumed the crown of Lisbon. When Philip heard that Camoens was dead, both his words and his countenance expressed his disappointment and grief.

From the whole tenor of his life, and from that spirit which glows throughout the Lusiad, it evidently appears that the courage and manners of Camoens flowed from true greatness and dignity of soul. Though his polished conversation was often courted by the great, he appears so distant from servility, that his imprudence in this respect is by some highly blamed. Yet the instances of it by no means deserve that severity of censure with which some writers have condemned him. Unconscious of the feelings of a Camoens, they knew not that a carelessness in securing the smiles of fortune, and an open honesty of indignation, are almost inseparable from the enthusiasm of fine imagination. The truth is, the man possessed of true genius feels his greatest happiness in the pursuits and excursions of the mind, and therefore makes an estimate of things, very different from that of him whose unremitting attention is devoted to his external interest. The profusion of Camoens is also censured. Had he dissipated the wealth he acquired at Macao, his profusion indeed had been criminal; but it does not appear that he ever enjoyed any other opportunity of acquiring independence. But Camoens was unfortunate, and the unfortunate man is viewed

appeared in French. Thomas de Faria, bishop of Targa in Africa, translated it into Latin, and printed it without either his own or the name of Camoens: a mean, but vain, attempt to pass his version upon the public as an original. Le P. Niceron says, there were two other Latin translations. It is translated also into Hebrew, with great elegance and spirit, by one Luzzetto, a learned and ingenious Jew, author of several poems in that language, and who, about thirty years ago, died in the Holy Land.

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——— through the dim shade his fate casts o'er him:
A shade that spreads its evening darkness o'er
His brightest virtues, while it shows his foibles
Crowding and obvious as the midnight stars,
Which in the sunshine of prosperity
Never had been descried———

Yet, after the strictest discussion, when all the causes are weighed togther, the misfortunes of Camoens will appear the fault and disgrace of his age and country, and not of the man. His talents would have secured him an apartment in the palace of Augustus, but such talents are a curse to their possessor in an illiterate nation. In a beautiful digressive exclamation, at the end of the fifth Lusiad, he gives us a striking view of the neglect which he experienced. Having mentioned how the greatest heroes of antiquity revered and cherished the Muse, he thus characterises the nobility of his own age and country:

Alas! on Tago's hapless shore alone
The Muse is slighted, and her charms unknown.
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.

And what particularly seems to have touched him—

Even he whose veins the blood of Gama warms *
Walks by, unconscious of the Muse's charms:
For him no Muse shall leave her golden loom,
No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom.
Yet shall my labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal———

In such an age, and among such barbarous nobility, what but wretched neglect could be the fate of a Camoens! After all, however, if he was imprudent on his first appearance at the court of John III. if the

* Alluding to Don Francisco de Gama, Count de Vidigueyra, who had not one idea, that the elegant writer who immortalized his ancestor had the least title to his countenance.

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honesty of his indignation led him into great imprudence, as certainly it did, when at Goa he satirised the viceroy and the first Goths in power; yet let it also be remembered, that "The gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of reason; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet difficult as nature herself seems to have rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of dullness and of folly to point with Gothic triumph to those excesses which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconscious that they are indebted to their stupidity for the consistency of their conduct, they plume themselves on an imaginary virtue, which has its origin in what is really their disgrace. Let such, if such dare approach the shrine of Camoens, withdraw to a respectful distance; and should they behold the ruins of genius, or the weakness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament, that nature has left the noblest of her works imperfect *."

* This passage in inverted commas is cited, with the alteration of the name only, from Dr. Langhorne's account of the life of William Collins.

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DISSERTATION

ON THE

LUSIAD,

AND

OBSERVATIONS UPON EPIC POETRY.

VOLTAIRE, when he was in England, previous to the publication of his Henriade, published in English an Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European nations. In this he highly praised and severely attacked the Lusiad. Yet this criticism, though most superficial and erroneous, has been generally esteemed throughout Europe, as the true character of that poem. The great objections upon which he condemns it, are, an absurd mixture of Christian and Pagan mythology, and a want of unity in the action and conduct. For the mixture of mythology, a defence shall be offered, and the wild exaggerations of Voltaire exposed. And an examen of the conduct of the Lusiad will clearly evince, that the Eneid itself is not more perfect in that connection which is requisite to form one whole, according to the strictest rules of epic unity *.

* As whatever bears the sanction of Voltaire's celebrated name will be remembered, and hereafter appealed to as decisive in the controversies of literary merit, if not circumstantially refuted; it may not be

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The term Epopœia is derived from the Greek Ἔπος, *discourse*, and hence the epic, may be rendered the narrative poem. In the full latitude of this definition, some Italian critics have contended, that the poems of Dante and Ariosto were epic. But these consist of various detached actions, which do not constitute one whole. In this manner Telemachus and the Faerie Queene are also epic poems. A definition more restricted, however, a definition descriptive of the noblest species of poetry, has been given by Aristotle; and the greatest critics have followed him, in appropriating to this species the term of epopœia, or epic. The subject of the epopœia, according to that great father of criticism, must be one. One action must be invariably pursued, and heightened through different stages, till the catastrophe close it in so complete a manner, that any further addition would only inform the reader of what he already perceives. Yet in pursuing this one end, collateral episodes not only give that variety, so essential to good poetry, but, under judicious management, assist in the most pleasing manner to facilitate and produce the unravelment, or catastrophe. Thus the anger of Achilles is the subject

amiss to expose the very slight acquaintance that Voltaire possessed of this poem, which he has in the above-mentioned essay so unjustly condemned. It might reasonably be presumed, that a critic should not only possess a correct knowledge of the language of that author, whose production he essays to examine, but that he should also have studied the literature of the country, and more particularly that of the age, in which he lived; yet so totally destitute was Voltaire of both these requisites for forming a just conception of the merits of Camoens, that when his Essay on Epic Poetry was printing in London, he confessed to Col. Bladon, the translator of Cæsar, to whom he shewed a proof sheet of it whilst at press, that he had never seen the Lusiad, neither could he read Portuguese, upon which the Colonel put Fanshaw's translation of it into his hands, and in less than a fortnight Voltaire's critique made its appearance.

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of the Iliad. He withdraws his assistance from the Greeks. The efforts and distresses of the Grecian army in his absence, and the triumphs of Hector, are the consequences of his rage. In the utmost danger of the Greeks, he permits his friend Patroclus to go to battle. Patroclus is killed by Hector. Achilles, to revenge his fall, rushes to the field. Hector is killed, the Trojans defeated, and the rage of Achilles is soothed by the obsequies of his friend. And thus also the subject of the Eneid is one. The remains of the Trojan nation, to whom a seat of empire is promised by the oracle, are represented as endangered by a tempest at sea. They land at Carthage. Eneas, their leader, relates the fate of Troy to the hospitable queen; but is ordered by Jupiter to fulfil the prophecies, and go in search of the promised seat of that empire, which was one day to command the world. Eneas again sets sail; many adventures befal him. He at last lands in Italy, where prophecies of his arrival were acknowledged. His fated bride, however, is betrothed to Turnus. A war ensues, and the poem concludes with the death of the rival of Eneas. In both these great Poems, a machinery suitable to the allegorical religion of those times is preserved. Juno is the guardian of the Greeks, Venus of the Trojans. Narrative poetry without fiction can never please. Without fiction it must want the marvellous, which is the very soul of poesy; and hence a machinery is indispensible in the epic poem. The conduct and machinery of the Lusiad are as follow:—The poem opens with a view of the Portuguese fleet before a prosperous gale on the coast of Ethiopia. The crews, however, are worn with labour, and their safety depends upon their fortune in a friendly harbour. The gods of ancient or poetical mythology are represented as in council. The fate of the Eastern world depends upon the success of the fleet. But as we trace the machinery of the Lusiad, let us remember that, like the machinery of Homer

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and Virgil, it is also allegorical. Jupiter, or the Lord of Fate, pronounces that the Lusians shall be prosperous. Bacchus, the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammedism, who was worshipped in the East, foreseeing that his empire and altars would be overturned, opposes Jove, or Fate. The celestial Venus, or heavenly Love, pleads for the Lusians. Mars, or divine Fortitude, encourages the Lord of Fate to remain unaltered; and Maia's son, the Messenger of Heaven, is sent to lead the navy to a friendly harbour. The fleet arrives at Mozambic. Bacchus, like Juno in the Eneid, raises a commotion against the Lusians. A battle ensues, and the victorious fleet pursue their voyage, under the care of a Moorish pilot, who advises them to enter the harbour of Quiloa. According to history, they attempted this harbour, where their destruction would have been inevitable; but they were driven from it by the violence of a sudden tempest. The poet, in the true spirit of Homer and Virgil, ascribes this to the celestial Venus,

——— whose watchful care
Had ever been their guide———

They now arrive at Mombassa. The malice of the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammedism, still excites the arts of treachery against them. Hermes, the messenger of heaven, in a dream, in the spirit of Homer, warns the hero of the poem of his danger, and commands him to steer for Melinda. There he arrives, and is received by the prince in the most friendly manner. Here the hero receives the first certain intelligence or hope of India. The prince of Melinda's admiration of the fortitude and prowess of his guests, the first who had ever dared to pass the unknown ocean by Cape Corrientes, artfully prepares the reader for a long episode. The poem of Virgil contains the history of the Roman empire to his own time. Camoens perceived this, and trod in his steps.

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The history of Portugal, which Gama relates to the king of Melinda, is not only necessary to give their new ally an high idea of the Lusian prowess and spirit, but also naturally leads to, and accounts for the voyage of Gama: the event, which, in its consequences, sums up the Portuguese honours. It is also requisite for Gama to tell the rise of his nation to the king of Melinda, as it is for Eneas to relate to Dido the cause of his voyage, the destruction of Troy. Pleased with the fame of their nation, the king of Melinda vows lasting friendship with the Lusians, and gives them a faithful pilot. As they sail across the great Indian ocean, the machinery is again employed. The evil dæmon implores Neptune and the powers of the sea to raise a tempest to destroy the fleet. The sailors on the night watch fortify their courage by relating the valiant acts of their countrymen; and an episode, in the true poetical spirit of chivalry, is introduced. Thus Achilles in his tent is represented as singing to his lyre the praises of heroes. And in the epic conduct, this narrative and the tales told by Nestor, either to restrain or inflame the rage of the Grecian chiefs, are certainly the same.

The accumulation of the tempest in the meanwhile is finely described. It now descends. Celestial Venus perceives the danger of her fleet. She is introduced by the appearance of her star, a stroke of poetry which would have shined in the Eneid. The tempest is in its utmost rage,

> The sky and ocean blending, each on fire,
> Seem'd as all nature struggled to expire,
> When now the silver star of Love appear'd;
> Bright in her east her radiant front she rear'd;
> Fair through the horrid storm the gentle ray
> Announced the promise of the cheerful day.
> From her bright throne Celestial Love beheld
> The tempest burn ——

And in the true spirit of Homer's allegory, she calls her nymphs, and by their ministry stills the tempest.

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Gama now arrives in India. Every circumstance rises *from* the preceding one; and the conduct in every circumstance is as exactly Virgilian, as any two tragedies may possibly be alike in adherence to the rules of the drama. Gama, having accomplished his purpose in India, sets sails for Europe, and the machinery is for the last time employed. Venus, to reward her heroes, raises a paradisaical island in the sea. Voltaire, in his English essay, has said, that no nation but the Portuguese and Italians could be pleased with this fiction. In the French he has suppressed this sentence, but has compared it to a Dutch brothel allowed for the sailors. Yet this idea of it is as false as it is gross. Every thing in the island of Love resembles the statue of Venus de Medicis. The description is warm indeed, but it is chaste as the first loves of Adam and Eve in Milton; and entirely free from that grossness, (see the note, p. 142, vol. iii.) often to be found in Dante, Ariosto, Spenser, and in Milton himself. After the poet has explained the allegory of the island of Love, the goddess of the ocean gives her hand and commits her empire to Gama, whom she conducts to her palace, where, in a prophetic song, he hears the actions of the heroes who were to establish the Portuguese empire in the East. In Epic conduct nothing can be more masterly. The funeral games in honour of Patroclus, after the Iliad has turned upon its great hinge, the death of Hector, are here most happily imitated; after the Lusiad has also turned upon its great hinge, the discovery of India. The conduct is the same, though not one feature is borrowed. Ulysses and Eneas are sent to visit the regions of the dead; and Voltaire's hero must also be conveyed to hell and heaven. But how superior is the spirit of Camoens! He parallels these striking adventures by a new fiction of his own. Gama in the island of Bliss, and Eneas in hell, are in epic conduct exactly the same; and in this unborrowing sameness, he *art-*

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fully interweaves the history of Portugal: artfully, as Voltaire himself confesses. The episode with the king of Melinda, the description of the painted ensigns, and the prophetic song, are parallel in manner and purpose with the episode of Dido, the shield of Eneas, and the vision in Elysium. To appease the rage of Achilles, and to lay the foundation of the Roman empire, are the grand purposes of the Iliad and Eneid; the one effected by the death of Hector; the other by the alliance of Latinus and Eneas, rendered certain by the death of Turnus. In like manner, to establish the Portuguese Christian empire in the East, is the grand design of the Lusiad, rendered certain by the happy return of Gama. And thus, in the true spirit of the epopœia, ends the Lusiad, a poem where every circumstance rises in just gradation, till the whole is summed up in the most perfect unity of epic action.

The machinery of Homer, (see the note at the end of Book VI.) contains a most perfect and masterly allegory. To imitate the ancients was the prevailing taste when Camoens wrote; and their poetical manners were every where adopted. That he esteemed his own as allegorical, he assures us in the end of the ninth book, and in one of his letters. But a proof, even more determinate, occurs in the opening of the poem. Castera, the French translator, by his over refinement, has much misrepresented the allegory of the Lusiad. Mars, who never appears but once in the first book, he tells us, signifies Jesus Christ. This explanation, so open to ridicule, is every where unnecessary; and surely never entered the thought of Camoens. It is evident, however, that he intended the guardian powers of Christianity and Mohammedism under the two principal personages of his machinery. Words can be plainer:

> Where'er this people should their empire raise,
> She knew her altars should unnumber'd blaze;

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And barbarous nations at her holy shrine
Be humanis'd and taught her lore divine:
Her spreading honours thus the one inspir'd,
And one the dread to lose his worship fir'd.

And the same idea is on every opportunity repeated and enforced. Pagan mythology had its Celestial, as well as Terrestrial Venus*. The Celestial Venus is therefore the most proper personage of that mythology to figure Christianity. And Bacchus, the conqueror of the East, is, in the ancient poetical allegory, the most natural protector of the altars of India. Whatever may be said against the use of the ancient machinery in a modern poem, candour must confess, that the allegory of Camoens, which arms the genius of Mohammedism† against the expedition of his heroes, is both sublime and most happily interesting. Nor must his choice of the ancient poetical machinery be condemned without examination. It has been the language of poetry these three thousand years, and its allegory is perfectly understood. If not impossible, it will certainly be very difficult to find a new, or a better machinery for an epic poem. That of Tasso is condemned by Boileau‡, yet, that of Camoens may plead the authority of that celebrated critic, and is even vindicated, undesignedly, by Voltaire himself. In an essay prefixed to his Henriade, *Le mot d' Amphitrite*.

* The Celestial Venus, according to Plato, was the daughter of Ouranus, or Heaven, and thence called Urania. Xenophon says, she presided over the love of wisdom and virtue, which are the pleasures of the soul, as the Terrestrial Venus presided over the pleasures of the body.

† For several collateral proofs, see the note, p. 159, vol. ii. and text in Lusiad VIII. where Bacchus, the evil dæmon, takes the form of Mohammed, and appears in a dream to a priest of the Koran.

‡ On account of his magic. But magic was the popular belief of Tasso's age, and has afforded him a fine machinery, though his use of it is sometimes highly blameable.

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says he, *dans notre poesie, ne signifie que la Mer, et non l' Epouse de Neptune*—" the word Amphitrite in our poetry signifies only the sea, and not the wife of Neptune." And why may not the word Venus in Camoens signify divine love, and not the wife of Vulcan? " Love," says Voltaire, in the same essay, " has his arrows, and Justice a balance, in our most christian writings, in our paintings, in our tapestry, without being esteemed as the least mixture of Paganism." And if this criticism has justice in it, why not apply it to the Lusiad, as well as to the Henriade? Candour will not only apply it to the Lusiad, but it will also add the authority of Boileau. He is giving rules for an epic poem:

Dans le vaste recit d' une longue action,
Se soutient par la fable, et vit de fiction.
La pour nous enchanter tout est mis en usage :
Tout prend un corps, une ame, un esprit, un visage ;
Chaque vertu devient une divinite ;
Minerve est la prudence, et Venus la beaute.
Ce n'est plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnere,
C'est Jupiter arme pour effrayer la terre.
Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
C'est Neptune, en courroux, qui gourmande les flots.....
Sans tous ces ornemens le vers tombe en langueur ;
La poesie est morte, ou rampe sans vigueur :
La poete n'est plus qu'un orateur timide,
Qu'un froid historien d'une fable insipide.

Every idea of these lines strongly defends the Lusiad. Yet, it must not be concealed, a distinction follows which may appear against it. Boileau requires a profane subject for the epic muse. But his reason for it is not just:

De la foi d' un Chretien les mysteres terribles
D'ornemens egayes ne sont point susceptibles.
L'evangile a l'esprit n'offre de tous cotes
Que penitence a faire, et tourmens merites :
Et de vos fictions le melange coupable
Meme a ses verites donne l'air de la fable.

The *mysteres terribles* afford, indeed, no subject for poetry. But the Bible offers to the muse something

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besides *penitence* and *merited torments*. The Paradise Lost, and the works of the greatest painters, evince this. Nor does this criticism, false as it is, contain one argument which excludes the heroes of a Christian nation from being the subject of poetry. Modern subjects are indeed condemned by Boileau; and ancient fable, with its Ulysses, Agamemnon, &c.—— *noms heureux semblent nés pour les vers*—are recommended to the poet. But, happy for Camoens, his feelings directed him to another choice. For, in contradiction of a thousand Boileaus, no compositions are so miserably uninteresting as our modern poems, where the heroes of ancient fable are the personages of the action. Unless, therefore, the subject of Camoens may thus seem condemned by the celebrated French critic, every other rule he proposes is in favour of the machinery of the Lusiad. And his own example proves, that he thought the pagan machinery not improper in a poem where the heroes* are modern. But there is an essential distinction in the method of using it. And Camoens has strictly adhered to this essential difference. The conduct of the epic poem is twofold; the historical and allegorical. When paganism was the popular belief, Diomed might wound Mars or Venus; but when the names of these deities became merely allegorical, such also ought to be the actions ascribed to them. And Camoens has strictly adhered to this rule. His heroes are Christians; and *Santa Fe*, Holy Faith, is often mentioned in the historical parts where his heroes speak and act. But it is only in the allegorical parts where the pagan or the poetical mythology is introduced. And in his machinery, as in his historical parts, there is no mixture of pagan and Christian personages. The deliverance of the Lusian fleet, ascribed to the celestial Venus, so ridiculed by Voltaire,

* He uses the pagan mythology in his poem on the passage of the Rhine by the French army, in 1672.

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is exactly according to the precepts of Boileau. It is the historical opposition or concert of Christian and pagan ideas which forms the absurd, and disfigures a poem. But this absurd opposition or concert of personages has no place in the Lusiad, though it is found in the greatest of modern poets. From Milton both the allowable and blameable mixture of Christian and pagan ideas may be fully exemplified. With great judgment, he ranks the pagan deities among the fallen angels. When he alludes to pagan mythology, he sometimes says, " as fables feign;" and sometimes he mentions these deities in the allegory of poetical style; as thus,

——— When Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city ———

And thus, when Adam smiles on Eve;

——— as Jupiter
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers ——

Here the personages are mentioned expressly in their allegorical capacity, the use recommended by Boileau. In the following the blameable mixture occurs. He is describing paradise ——

——— Universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered: which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world ———
——— might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive ———

The mention of Pan, the Graces and Hours, is here in the pure allegorical style of poetry. But the story of Proserpine is not in allegory; it is mentioned in the same manner of authenticity as the many Scripture

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histories introduced into the Paradise Lost. When the angel brings Eve to Adam, she appears

> —— in naked beauty more adorn'd
> More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
> Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
> In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
> Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnar'd
> Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
> On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Here we have the heathen gods, another origin of evil, and a whole string of fables, alluded to as real events, on a level with his subject.

Nor is poetical use the only defence of our injured author. In the age of Camoens, Bacchus was esteemed a real dæmon: and celestial Venus was considered as the name by which the Ethnics expressed the divine Love. But if the cold hyper-critic will still blame our author for his allegory, let it be repeated, that of all Christian poets, Camoens is in this the least reprehensible. The hell, purgatory, and paradise of Dante, form one continued unallegorical texture of pagan and scriptural names, descriptions, and ideas. Ariosto is continually in the same fault. And, if it is a fault to use the ancient poetical machinery in a poem where the heroes are Christians, Voltaire himself has infinitely more of the *melange coupable* than Camoens. The machinery of his Henriade is, as confessed by himself, upon the idea of the pagan mythology: he cites Boileau,

> *C'est d'un scrupule vain s'allarmer sottement,*
> *Et vouloir aux lecteurs plaire sans agrement,*
> *Bien-tot ils defendront de peindre la prudence,*
> *De donner a Themis ni bandeau, ni balance.....*
> *Et par-tout les discours, comme un idolatrie,*
> *Dans leur faux zele iront chasser l'allegorie.*

But he suppresses the verses which immediately follow, where the introduction of the true God is prohibited by the critic,

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Et fabuleux Chretiens, n'allons point dans nos songes,
Du Dieu de verite faire un Dieu de mensonges.

Yet, the God of truth, according to the Christian idea, in direct violation of this precept, is a considerable personage in the pagan allegorical machinery of the Henriade. But the couplet last cited, though as direct against the Henriade as if it had been written to condemn it, is not in the least degree applicable to the machinery of the Lusiad; a machinery infinitely superior in every respect to that of Voltaire, though Camoens wrote at the revival of learning, ere criticism had given her best rules to the modern Muse.

The poem of Camoens, indeed, so fully vindicates itself, that this defence of it perhaps may seem unnecessary. Yet one consideration will vindicate this defence. The poem is written in a language unknown in polite literature. Few are able to judge of the original, and the unjust clamour raised against it by Rapin * and Voltaire, has been received in Europe as its true character. Lord Kaimes, and other authors, have censured its mixture of pagan and Christian mythology in such terms, as if the Lusiad, the poe which of all other modern ones is the most unexc tionable in this, were in this mixture the most eg giously unsufferable.

Other views of the conduct of the Lusiad now offe themselves. Besides the above remarks, many observations on the machinery and poetical conduct are, in their proper places, scattered throughout the notes.

* Rapin condemns Camoens for his want of pe spicuity, which charge he advances against him as hi greatest blemish; but perspicuity, elegant simplicit and the most natural unstrained harmony, are the characteristics of his style.

We shall only add the suffrage of the great M tesquieu, who observes, "Camoens recals to minds the charms of the Odyssey, and the magnific of the Eneid."—Spirit of Laws, b. xxi. c. 21.

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The exuberant exclamations of Camoens are there defended. Here let it only be added, that the unity of action is not interrupted by these parentheses, and that if Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness be not an imitation of them, it is in the same manner and spirit. Nor will we scruple to pronounce, that such addresses to the Muse would have been admired in Homer, are an interesting improvement on the epopœia, and will certainly be imitated, if ever the world shall behold another real epic poem.

The Lusiad, says Voltaire, contains *a sort of epic poetry unheard of before. No heroes are wounded a thousand different ways; no woman enticed away, and the world overturned for her cause.*— But the very want of these, in place of supporting the objection intended by Voltaire, points out the happy judgment and peculiar excellence of Camoens. If Homer has given us all the fire and hurry of battles, he has also given us all the uninteresting tiresome detail. What reader but must be tired with the deaths of a thousand heroes, who are never mentioned before nor afterward in the poem. Yet in every battle are wearied out with such *Gazette* returns of the in and wounded——

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν;
Ἀσσαῖον μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ Αὐτόνοον, καὶ Ὀπίτην,
Καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην, καὶ Ὀφέλτιον, ἦδ' Ἀγέλαον,
Αἴσυμνόν τ' Ὄρον τε, καὶ Ἱππόνοον μενεχάρμην·
Τὰς ἄρ' ὄγ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἔλεν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Πληθύν· ὡς ὁπότε, &c.

Il. Lib. XI. lin. 299.

Thus imitated by Virgil,

Edicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspem:
Rtheniumque Rapo, et prædurum viribus Orsen:
Assapus Cloniumque, Lycaoniumque Ericetem:
Im, infrænis equi lapsu tellure jacentem;
Nec, peditem pedes. Et Lycius processerat Agis,
Im tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitæ
Rit: Atronium Salius; Saliumque Nealces——

Æn. l. x. 747.

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With such catalogues is every battle extended; and what can be more tiresome than such uninteresting descriptions and their imitations! If the idea of the battle be raised by such enumeration, still the copy and original are so near each other, that they can never please in two separate poems. Nor are the greater parts of the battles of the Eneid much more distant from those of the Iliad. Though Virgil with great art has introduced a Camilla, a Pallas, and a Lausus, still in many particulars, and in the fights there is, upon the whole, such a sameness with the Iliad, that the learned reader of the Eneid is deprived of the pleasure inspired by originality. If the man of taste, however, will be pleased to mark how the genius of a Virgil has managed a war after a Homer, he will certainly be tired with a dozen of epic poems in the same style. Where the siege of a town and battles are the subject of an epic, there will of necessity, in the characters and circumstances, be a resemblance to Homer; and such poem must therefore want originality. Happy for Tasso, the variation of manners, and his masterly superiority over Homer in describing his duels, have given his Jerusalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Christian and pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, an Achilles, &c. armies slaughtered, and a city besieged. In a word, we have a handsome copy of the Iliad in the Jerusalem Delivered. If some imitations, however, have been successful, how many other epics of ancient and modern times have hurried down the stream of oblivion! Some of their authors had poetical merit, but the fault was in the choice of their subjects. So fully is the strife of war exhausted by Homer, that Virgil and Tasso could add to it but little novelty; no wonder, therefore, that so many epics on battles and sieges have been suffered to sink into utter neglect. Camoens, perhaps, did not weigh these circumstances; but the strength of his poetical genius directed him. He could not but feel what it was to read Virgil after

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Homer; and the original turn and force of his mind led him from the beaten track of Helens and Lavinias, Achilleses and Hectors, sieges and slaughters, where the hero hews down and drives to flight whole armies with his own sword. To constitute a poem worthy of the name of epic in the highest and strictest sense, some grand characteristics of subject and conduct, peculiarly its own, are absolutely necessary. Of all the moderns, Camoens and Milton have alone attained this grand peculiarity in an eminent degree. Camoens was the first genuine and successful poet who wooed the modern epic muse, and she gave him the wreath of a first Lover: *A sort of epic poetry unheard of before;* or, as Voltaire calls it in his last edition, *une nouvelle espéce d' epopée.* And the grandest subject it is (of profane history) which the world has ever beheld *. A voyage esteemed too great for man to dare; the adventures of this voyage, through unknown oceans, deemed unnavigable; the Eastern World happily discovered, and for ever indissolubly joined and given to the Western; the grand Portuguese empire in the East founded; the humanization of mankind, and universal commerce the consequence! What are the adventures of an old fabulous hero's arrival in Britain, what are Greece and Latium in arms for a woman, compared to this? Troy is in ashes, and even the Roman empire is no more. But the effects of the voyage, adventures, and bravery of the hero of the Lusiad, will be felt and beheld, and perhaps increase in importance, while the world shall remain.

Happy in his choice, happy also was the genius of Camoens in the method of pursuing his subject. He has not, like Tasso, given it a total appearance of fiction; nor has he, like Lucan, excluded allegory and

* The drama and the epopœia are in nothing so different as in this: the subjects of the drama are inexhaustible, those of the epopœia are perhaps exhausted.

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poetical machinery. Whether he intended it or not, for his genius was sufficient to suggest its propriety, the judicious precept of Petronius is the model of the Lusiad. That elegant writer proposes a poem on the civil war; *Ecce belli civilis*, says he, *ingens opus* ——*Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, et fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potiùs furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides* ——No poem, ancient or modern, merits this character in any degree comparative to the Lusiad. A truth of history is preserved, yet, what is improper for the historian, the ministry of heaven is employed, and the free spirit of poetry throws itself into fictions, which make the whole appear as an effusion of prophetic fury, and not like a rigid detail of facts given under the sanction of witnesses. Contrary to Lucan, who, in the above rules drawn from the nature of poetry, is severely condemned by Petronius, Camoens conducts his poems *per ambages Deorumque ministeria*. The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandest fiction in human composition; the invention of his own! In the Island of Venus, the use of which fiction in an epic poem is also his own, he has given the completest assemblage of all the flowers which have ever adorned the bowers of love. And never was the *furentis animi vaticinatio* more conspicuously displayed than in the prophetic song, the view of the spheres, and of the globe of the earth. Tasso's imitation of the Island of Venus is not equal to the original; and though "Virgil's myrtles * dropping blood are nothing to Tasso's inchanted forest," what are all Ismeno's inchantments to the grandeur and horror of the appearance, prophecy, and evanishment

* See Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

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of the spectre of Camoens *!—It has been long agreed among the critics, that the solemnity of religious observances gives great dignity to the historical narrative of the epopœia. Camoens, in the embarkation of the fleet, and in several other places, is peculiarly happy in the dignity of religious allusions. Manners and character are also required in the epic poem. But all the epics which have appeared, are, except two, mere copies of the Iliad in these. Every one has its Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulysses; its calm, furious, gross, and intelligent hero. Camoens and Milton happily left this beaten track, this exhausted field, and have given us pictures of manners unknown in the Iliad, the Eneid, and all those poems which may be classed with the Thebaid. The Lusiad abounds with pictures of manners, from those of the highest chivalry to those of the rudest, fiercest, and most innocent barbarism. In the fifth, sixth, and ninth books, Leonardo and Veloso are painted in stronger colours than any of the inferior characters in Virgil. But striking character, indeed, is not the excellence of the Eneid. That of Monzaida, the friend of Gama, is much superior to that of Achates. The base, selfish, perfidious, and cruel character of the Zamorim and the Moors, are painted in the strongest colours; and the character of Gama himself is that of the finished hero. His cool command of his passions, his deep sagacity, his fixed intrepidity, his tenderness of heart, his manly piety, and his high enthusiasm in the love of his country, are all displayed in the superlative degree.——And to the novelty of the manners of the Lusiad, let the novelty of fire-arms

* The Lusiad is also rendered poetical by other fictions. The elegant satire on king Sebastian, under the name of Acteon; and the prosopopœia of the populace of Portugal venting their murmurs upon the beach when Gama sets sail, display the richness of our author's poetical genius, and are not inferior to any thing of the kind in the classics.

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also be added. It has been said, that the buckler, the bow, and the spear, must ever continue the arms of poetry. Yet, however unsuccessful others may have been, Camoens has proved that fire-arms may be introduced with the greatest dignity and finest effect in the epic poem.

As the grand interest of commerce and of mankind forms the subject of the Lusiad, so with great propriety, as necessary accompaniments to the voyage of his hero, the author has given poetical pictures of the four parts of the world. In the third book a view of Europe; in the fifth a view of Africa: and in the tenth, a picture of Asia and America. Homer and Virgil have been highly praised for their judgment in their selection of subjects which interested their countrymen; and Statius has been as severely condemned for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of Camoens be particularly interesting to his countrymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be the poem of every trading nation. It is the epic poem of the birth of commerce; and in a particular manner the epic poem of that country which has the controul and possession of the commerce of India.

An unexhausted fertility and variety of poetical description, and unexhausted elevation of sentiment, and a constant tenor of the grand simplicity of diction, complete the character of the Lusiad of Camoens: a poem, which, though it has hitherto received from the public most unmerited neglect, and from the critics most flagrant injustice, was yet better understood by the greatest poet of Italy. Tasso never did his judgment more credit, than when he confessed that he dreaded Camoens as a rival; or his generosity more honour, than when he addressed this elegant sonnet to the hero of the Lusiad:

SONNETTO.

Vasco, le cui felici, ardite antenne
In contro al sol, che ne riporta il giorno
Spiegar le vele, e fer cola ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne;

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Non piu di te per aspro mar sostenne
Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio, e scorno;
Ne chi torbo l'Arpie nel suo soggiorno;
Ne die piu bel soggetto a colte penne.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,
Tant' oltre stende il glorioso volo
Che i tuoi spalmati legni andar mem lunge.
Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il nostro polo,
Et a chi ferma in contra i suoi vestigi,
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

SONNET.

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn; and, homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native shore;

Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
And he, who, victor, with the Harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame;
Further than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name:
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

It only remains to give some account of the version of the Lusiad, which is now offered to the public. Besides the translations mentioned in the life of Camoens, M. Duperron de Castera, in 1735, gave in French prose a loose unpoetical paraphrase of the Lusiad. Nor does Sir Richard Fanshaw's English version, published during the usurpation of Cromwell, merit a better character. Though stanza be rendered for stanza; though at first view it has the appearance of being exceedingly literal, this version is nevertheless exceedingly unfaithful. Uncountenanced by his original, Fanshaw——*teems with many a dead-born jest* *——Nor had he the least idea of the dignity of the epic style, or of the true spirit of poetical translation. For this, indeed, no definite rule can be given. The translator's feelings alone must direct

* Pope, Odyss. xx.

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him; for the spirit of poetry is sure to evaporate in literal translation.

Literal translation of poetry is in reality a solecism. You may construe your author indeed, but if with some translators you boast that you have left your author to speak for himself, that you have neither added nor diminished, you have in reality grossly abused him, and deceived yourself. Your literal translation can have no claim to the original felicities of expression, the energy, elegance, and fire of the original poetry. It may bear, indeed, a resemblance, but such a one as a corpse in the sepulchre bears to the former man when he moved in the bloom and vigour of life.

> *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fides*
> *Interpres* ———

was the taste of the Augustan age. None but a poet can translate a poet. The freedom which this precept gives, will, therefore, in a poet's hands, not only infuse the energy, elegance, and fire of his author's poetry into his own version, but will give it also the spirit of an original.

He who can construe may perform all that is claimed by the literal translator. He who attempts the manner of translation prescribed by Horace, ventures upon a task of genius. Yet, however daring the undertaking, and however he may have failed in it, the translator acknowledges, that in this spirit he endeavoured to give the Lusiad in English. Even further liberties, in one or two instances, seemed to him advantageous——But a minuteness in the mention of these will not, in these pages, appear with a good grace. He shall only add, in this new edition, that some of the most eminent of the Portuguese literati, both in England and on the continent, have approved of these freedoms, and the original is in the hands of the world.

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THE

LUSIAD*.

BOOK I.

ARMS and the Heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
Thro' Seas where sail was never spread before†,
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,
And waves her woods above the watery waste,
With prowess more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day:
What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers past,
What glorious empire crown'd their toils at last,
Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
And all my Country's wars the song adorn;

* *The Lusiad*; in the original, *Os Lusiadas*, The Lusiads, from the Latin name of Portugal, derived from Lusus or Lysas, the companion of Bacchus in his travels, and who settled a colony in Lusitania. See Plin. l. iii. c. 1.

† In this first book, and throughout the whole Poem, Camoens frequently describes his Heroes as passing through seas which had never before been navigated; of which, M. Duperron de Castera, the French Translator of the Lusiad, observes that Camoens must not be understood literally; as the African and Indian Oceans had been navigated long before the times of the Portuguese.

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What Kings, what Heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand:
Illustrious shades, who levell'd in the dust
The idol temples and the shrines of lust;
And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars* rear'd:
Illustrious names, with deathless laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!
Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What lands he saw, what toils at sea he bore;
No more the Trojan's wandering voyage boast,
What storms he brav'd on many a per'lous coast:
No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor eastern conquests Ammon's pride proclaim;
A nobler Hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorn'd the song of ancient days;
Illustrious GAMA, whom the waves obey'd,
And whose dread sword the fate of Empire sway'd.
And you, fair Nymphs of Tagus, parent stream,
If e'er your meadows were my pastoral theme,
While you have listened, and by moonshine seen
My footsteps wander o'er your banks of green,
O come auspicious, and the song inspire
With all the boldness of your Hero's fire:
Deep and majestic let the numbers flow,
And, rapt to heaven, with ardent fury glow;
Unlike the verse that speaks the lover's grief,
When heaving sighs afford their soft relief,
And humble reeds bewail the shepherd's pain:
But like the warlike trumpet be the strain
To rouse the Hero's ire; and far around,
With equal rage, your warriors' deeds resound.

* *To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd.*—To the immortal honour of the *first* Portuguese Discoverers, their conduct was in every respect the reverse of that desolating and destructive system of oppression, which marked the progress of the Spaniards in their conquest of America.

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And thou *, O born the pledge of happier days,
To guard our freedom and our glories raise,
Given to the world to spread Religion's sway,
And pour o'er many a land the mental day,
Thy future honours on thy shield behold,
The cross, and victor's wreath, embost in gold:
At thy commanding frown we trust to see,
The Turk and Arab bend the suppliant knee:
Beneath the morn †, dread King, thine Empire lies,
When midnight veils thy Lusitanian skies;
And when descending in the western main
The Sun still rises on thy lengthening reign:
Thou blooming Scion of the noblest stem,
Our nation's safety, and our age's gem,
O young Sebastian, hasten to the prime
Of manly youth, to Fame's high temple climb:
Yet now attentive hear the Muse's lay
While thy green years to manhood speed away:
The youthful terrors of thy brow suspend,
And, O propitious, to the song attend,
The numerous song, by Patriot-passion fir'd,
And by the glories of thy race inspir'd:

* *And thou, O born*—King Sebastian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoens anticipated the praises of the future Hero, the young monarch, like Virgil's Pollio, had not the happiness to fulfil the prophecy.

† *Beneath the morn, dread King, thine Empire lies.*—When we consider the glorious successes which had attended the arms of the Portuguese in Africa and India, and the high reputation of their military and naval prowess, for Portugal was then Empress of the Ocean, it is no matter of wonder that the imagination of Camoens was warmed with the view of his Country's greatness, and that he talks of its power and grandeur in a strain, which must appear as mere hyperbole to those whose ideas of Portugal are drawn from its present broken spirit, its diminished state, its conquest by the French, its subsequent recovery by the British arms, and its present uncertain and unsettled state.

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To be the Herald of my Country's fame
My first ambition and my dearest aim:
Nor conquests fabulous, nor actions vain,
The Muse's pastime, here adorn the strain:
Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,
And all the heroes of th' Aonian page,
The dreams of Bards surpass'd the world shall view,
And own their boldest fictions may be true;
Surpass'd, and dim'd by the superior blaze [plays.
Of Gama's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth dis-
Nor more let History boast her heroes old;
Their glorious rivals here, dread Prince, behold:
Here shine the valiant Nunio's deeds unfeigned,
Whose single arm the falling state sustained;
Here fearless Egas' wars, and, Fnas, thine,
To give full ardour to the song combine;
But ardour equal to your martial ire
Demands the thundering sounds of Homer's lyre.
To match the Twelve * so long by Bards renown'd,
Here brave Magricio and his Peers are crown'd
(A glorious Twelve!) with deathless laurels, won
In gallant arms before the English throne.
Unmatch'd no more the Gallic Charles shall stand,
Nor Cæsar's name the first of praise command:
Of nobler acts the crown'd Alonzos see,
Thy valiant Sires, to whom the bended knee
Of vanquish'd Afric bow'd. Nor less in fame,
He who confin'd the rage of civil flame,
The godlike John, beneath whose awful sword
Rebellion crouch'd, and trembling own'd him Lord.
Those Heroes too, who thy bold flag unfurl'd,
And spread thy banners o'er the eastern world,
Whose spears subdued the kingdoms of the morn,
Their names and glorious wars the song adorn:

* *To match the Twelve so long by Bards renown'd.* —The Twelve Peers of Charlemagne, often mentioned in the old Romances. For the Episode of Magricio and his eleven companions, see the sixth Lusiad.

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The daring GAMA, whose unequall'd name
Proud monarch shines o'er all of naval fame:
Castro the bold, in arms a peerless knight,
And stern Pacheco, dreadful in the fight:
The two Almeydas, names for ever dear,
By Tago's nymphs embalm'd with many a tear;
Ah, still their early fate the nymphs shall mourn,
And bathe with many a tear their hapless urn:
Nor shall the godlike Albuquerk restrain
The Muse's fury; o'er the purpled plain
The Muse shall lead him in his thundering car
Amidst his glorious brothers of the war,
Whose fame in arms resounds from sky to sky,
And bids their deeds the power of death defy.
And while, to thee, I tune the duteous lay,
Assume, O potent King, thine Empire's sway;
With thy brave host through Afric march along,
And give new triumphs to immortal song:
On thee with earnest eyes the nations wait,
And cold with dread the Moor expects his fate;
The barbarous Mountaineer on Taurus' brows
To thy expected yoke his shoulder bows:
Fair Thetis woos thee with her blue domain,
Her nuptial son, and fondly yields her reign;
And from the bowers of heaven thy Grandsires * see
Their various virtues bloom afresh in thee;
One for the joyful days of Peace renown'd,
And one with War's triumphant laurels crown'd:
With joyful hands, to deck thy manly brow,
They twine the laurel and the olive-bough;
With joyful eyes a glorious throne they see,
In Fame's eternal dome, reserv'd for thee.
Yet while thy youthful hand delays to wield
The scepter'd power, or thunder of the field,

* *Thy Grandsires*—John III. King of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign; and the Emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almost continual wars.

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Here view thine Argonauts, in seas unknown,
And all the terrors of the burning zone,
Till their proud standards, rear'd in other skies,
And all their conquests meet thy wondering eyes.
Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode
The Lusitanian fleet triumphant rode;
Onward they traced the wide and lonesome main,
Where changeful Proteus leads his scaly train;
The dancing vanes before the Zephyrs flow'd,
And their bold keels the trackless Ocean plough'd;
Unplough'd before the green-ting'd billows rose,
And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
When Jove, the God who with a thought controls
The raging seas, and balances the poles,
From heav'n beheld, and will'd, in sovereign state,
To fix the Eastern World's depending fate:
Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,
And calls th' immortal senate of the skies;
Where, from the sovereign throne of earth and heaven,
Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.
Instant the Regents of the spheres of light,
And those who rule the paler orbs of night,
With those, the gods whose delegated sway
The burning South and frozen North obey;
And they whose empires see the day-star rise,
And evening Phœbus leave the western skies;
All instant pour'd along the milky road,
Heaven's crystal pavements glittering as they trode;
And now, obedient to the dread command,
Before their awful Lord in order stand.
Sublime and dreadful on his regal throne,
That glow'd with stars, and bright as lightning shone,
Th' immortal Sire, who darts the thunder, sate,
The crown and sceptre added solemn state;
The crown, of heaven's own pearls, whose ardent rays,
Flam'd round his brows, outshone the diamond's blaze:
His breath such gales of vital fragrance shed,
As might, with sudden life, inspire the dead;

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Supreme Control throned in his awful eyes
Appear'd, and mark'd the Monarch of the skies.
On seats that burn'd with pearl and ruddy gold,
The subject Gods their sovereign Lord enfold,
Each in his rank, when, with a voice that shook
The towers of heaven the world's dread Ruler spoke:
Immortal Heirs of light, my purpose hear,
My counsels ponder, and the Fates revere:
Unless Oblivion o'er your minds has thrown
Her dark blank shades, to you, ye Gods, are known
The Fate's Decree, and ancient warlike Fame
Of that bold race which boasts of Lusus' name;
That bold advent'rous race the Fates declare,
A potent empire in the East shall rear,
Surpassing Babel's or the Persian fame,
Proud Grecia's boast, or Rome's illustrious name.
Oft from these brilliant seats have you beheld
The sons of Lusus on the dusty field,
Though few, triumphant o'er the numerous Moors,
Till from the beauteous lawns on Tago's shores
They drove the cruel foe. And oft has heaven
Before their troops the proud Castilians driven;
While Victory her eagle-wings display'd
Where'er their Warriors waved the shining blade.
Nor rests unknown how Lusus' heroes stood
When Rome's ambition dy'd the world with blood;
What glorious laurels Viriatus* gain'd,
How oft his sword with Roman gore was stain'd;
And what fair palms their martial ardour crown'd,
When led to battle by the Chief renown'd,

* *What glorious laurels Viriatus gain'd.*—This brave Lusitanian, who was first a shepherd and a famous hunter, and afterwards a captain of banditti, exasperated at the tyranny of the Romans, encouraged his countrymen to revolt and shake off the yoke.

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Who* feign'd a demon, in a deer conceal'd,
To him the counsels of the Gods reveal'd.
And now ambitious to extend their sway
Beyond their conquests on the southmost bay
Of Afric's swarthy coast, on floating wood
They brave the terrors of the dreary flood,
Where only black-wing'd mists have hover'd o'er,
Or driving clouds have sail'd the wave before;
Beneath new skies they hold their dreadful way
To reach the cradle of the new-born day:
And Fate, whose mandates unrevok'd remain,
Has will'd, that long shall Lusus' offspring reign
The lords of that wide sea whose waves behold
The sun come forth enthroned in burning gold.
But now the tedious length of winter past,
Distress'd and weak, the heroes faint at last. [braved,
What gulfs they dar'd, you saw, what storms they
Beneath what various heavens their banners waved!
Now Mercy pleads, and soon the rising land
To their glad eyes shall o'er the waves expand.
As welcome friends the natives shall receive,
With bounty feast them, and with joy relieve.
And when refreshment shall their strength renew,
Thence shall they turn, and their bold rout pursue.
So spoke high Jove: The Gods in silence heard,
Then rising each, by turns, his thoughts preferr'd:
But chief was Bacchus of the adverse train;
Fearful he was, nor fear'd his pride in vain,
Should Lusus' race arrive on India's shore,
His ancient honours would be known no more;

* *Who feign'd a demon.*—Sertorius, who was invited by the Lusitanians to defend them against the Romans, had a tame white hind, which he had accustomed to follow him, and from which he pretended to receive the instructions of Diana. By this artifice he imposed upon the superstition of that people.—Vid. PLUT.

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No more in Nysa* should the native tell
What kings, what mighty hosts before him fell.
The fertile vales beneath the rising sun
He view'd as his, by right of victory won,
And deem'd that ever in immortal song
The conqueror's title should to him belong.
Yet Fate, he knew, had will'd, that loos'd from Spain
Boldly advent'rous through the polar main,
A warlike race should come, renown'd in arms,
And shake the Eastern World with war's alarms,
Whose glorious conquests and eternal fame
In black Oblivion's waves should whelm his name.
Urania-Venus, Queen of sacred Love,
Arose, and fix'd her asking eyes on Jove:
Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Lusus' sons could trace
A kindred likeness to the Roman race,
For whom of old such kind regard she bore;
The same their triumphs on Barbaria's shore,
The same the ardour of their warlike flame,
The manly music of their tongue the same.
Affection thus the lovely Goddess sway'd,
Nor less what Fate's unblotted page display'd;
Where'er this people should their empire raise,
She knew her altars would unnumbered blaze,
And barbarous nations at her holy shrine
Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.
Her spreading honours thus the One inspired,
And One the dread to lose his worship fired.
Their struggling factions shook th' Olympian state
With all the clamorous tempest of debate.
Thus when the storm with sudden gust invades
The ancient forest's deep and lofty shades,
The bursting whirlwinds tear their rapid course,
The shatter'd oaks crash, and with echoes hoarse
The mountains groan, while whirling on the blast
The thickening leaves a gloomy darkness cast.

* *No more in Nysa.*—An ancient city in India, sacred to Bacchus.

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Such was the tumult in the blest'd abodes,
When Mars, high towering o'er the rival Gods,
Stepp'd forth; stern sparkles from his eye-balls glanc'd;
And now, before the throne of Jove advanc'd,
O'er his left shoulder his broad shield he throws,
And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows:
Bold and enrag'd he stands, and, frowning round,
Strikes his tall spear-staff on the sounding ground;
Heaven trembled, and the light turn'd pale—Such dread
His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus spread:
When thus the Warrior,—O Eternal Sire,
Thine is the sceptre, thine the thunder's fire,
Supreme dominion thine; then, Father, hear,
Shall that bold Race which once to thee was dear,
Who, now fulfilling thy decrees of old,
Through these wild waves their fearless journey hold,
Shall that bold Race no more thy care engage,
But sink the victims of unhallowed rage!
Did Bacchus yield to Reason's voice divine,
Bacchus the cause of Lusus' sons would join;
Lusus, the lov'd companion of his cares,
His earthly toils, his dangers, and his wars:
But Envy still a foe to worth will prove,
To worth though guarded by the arm of Jove.
Then thou, dread Lord of Fate, unmov'd remain,
Nor let weak change thine awful counsels stain,
For Lusus' race thy promis'd favour show:
Swift as the arrow from Apollo's bow
Let Maia's son explore the watery way,
Where spent with toil, with weary hopes, they stray;
And safe to harbour, through the deep untried,
Let him, empower'd, their wandering vessels guide;
There let them hear of India's wish'd-for shore,
And balmy rest their fainting strength restore.
He spoke: high Jove assenting bow'd the head,
And floating clouds of nectar'd fragrance shed:
Then lowly bending to th' Eternal Sire,
Each in his duteous rank, the Gods retire.

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Whilst thus in Heaven's bright palace Fate was weigh'd,
Right onward still the brave Armada stray'd:
Right on they steer by Ethiopia's strand,
And pastoral Madagascar's verdant land.
Before the balmy gales of cheerful spring,
With heav'n their friend, they spread the canvass wing;
Thy sky cerulean, and the breathing air,
The lasting promise of a calm declare.
Behind them now the Cape of Praso bends,
Another Ocean to their view extends,
Where black-topt islands, to their longing eyes,
Lav'd by the gentle waves, in prospect rise.
But Gama, (captain of the vent'rous band,
Of bold emprize, and born for high command,
Whose martial fires, with prudence close allied,
Ensured the smiles of fortune on his side)
Bears off those shores which waste and wild appear'd,
And eastward still for happier climates steer'd:
When gathering round and blackening o'er the tide,
A fleet of small canoes the Pilot spied;
Hoisting their sails of palm-tree leaves, inwove
With curious art, a swarming crowd they move:
Long were their boats, and sharp to bound along
Through the dash'd waters, broad their oars and strong:
The bending rowers on their features bore
The swarthy marks of Phaeton's fall of yore;
When flaming lightnings scorch'd the banks of Po,
And nations blacken'd in the dread o'erthrow.
Their garb, discover'd as approaching nigh,
Was cotton strip'd with many a gaudy dye:
'Twas one whole piece; beneath one arm, confin'd;
The rest hung loose and flutter'd on the wind;
All, but one breast, above the loins was bare,
And swelling turbans bound their jetty hair:
Their arms were bearded darts and falchions broad,
And warlike music sounded as they row'd.

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With joy the sailors saw the boats draw near,
With joy beheld the human face appear:
What nations these, their wondering thoughts explore,
What rites they follow, and what God adore!
And now with hands and kerchiefs wav'd in air
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.
The lofty masts the nimble youths ascend,
The ropes they haul, and o'er the yard-arms bend;
And now their bowsprits pointing to the shore,
(A safe moon'd bay,) with slacken'd sails they bore:
With cheerful shouts they furl the gather'd sail
That less and less flaps quivering on the gale;
The prows, their speed stopp'd, o'er the surges nod,
The falling anchors dash the foaming flood:
When sudden as they stopp'd, the swarthy race
With smiles of friendly welcome on each face,
The ship's high sides swift by the cordage climb:
Illustrious Gama, with an air sublime,
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their chief the hand of friendship gives;
Bids spread the board, and, instant as he said,
Along the deck the festive board is spread:
The sparkling wine in crystal goblets glows,
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.
While thus the Vine its sprightly glee inspires,
From whence the fleet, the swarthy Chief inquires,
What seas they pass'd, what vantage would attain,
And what the shore their purpose hop'd to gain?
From furthest west, the Lusian race reply,
To reach the goldern eastern shores we try.
Through that unbounded sea whose billows roll
From the cold northern to the southern pole;
And by the wide extent, the dreary vast
Of Afric's bays, already have we pass'd;
And many a sky have seen, and many a shore,
Where but sea-monsters cut the waves before.

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To spread the glories of our Monarch's reign,
For India's shore we brave the trackless main,
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave
The dismal gulfs of Acheron's black wave.
And now, in turn, your race, your Country tell,
If on your lips fair truth delights to dwell,
To us, unconscious of the falsehood, show,
What of these seas and India's site you know.
Rude are the natives here, the Moor reply'd,
Dark are their minds, and brute-desire their guide:
But we, of alien blood and strangers here,
Nor hold their customs nor their laws revere.
From Abram's * race our holy Prophet sprung,
An Angel taught, and heaven inspir'd his tongue;
His sacred rites and mandates we obey,
And distant empires own his holy sway.
From isle to isle our trading vessels roam,
Mozambic's harbour our commodious home.
If then your sails for India's shores expand,
For sultry Ganges or Hydaspes' strand,
Here shall you find a Pilot skill'd to guide
Through all the dangers of the per'lous tide,
Though wide-spread shelves, and cruel rocks unseen
Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.
Accept, meanwhile, what fruits these islands hold,
And to the Regent let your wish be told.
Then may your mates the needful stores provide,
And all your various wants be here supplied.
So spake the Moor, and bearing smiles untrue,
And signs of friendship, with his bands withdrew.
O'erpower'd with joy unhoped the Sailors stood,
To find such kindness on a shore so rude.
Now shooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red-brow'd sun withdraws his beamy rays;

* *From Abram's race our holy Prophet sprung.* —Mohammed, who was descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham by Hagar.

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Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,
And peaceful rest their wearied strength repairs.
Calm Twilight now his drowsy mantle spreads,
And shade on shade, the gloom still deepening, sheds.
The Moon, full orb'd, forsakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The snowy splendours of her modest ray
Stream o'er the glistening waves, and quivering play:
Around her, glittering on the heaven's arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd stars, enclosed in azure, glow,
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,
Or May-flowers crowding o'er the daisy-lawn:
The canvass whitens in the silvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam:
The masts' tall shadows tremble o'er the deep;
The peaceful winds an holy silence keep;
The watchman's carol echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the still repose.
Aurora now, with dewy lustre bright,
Appears, ascending on the rear of night.
With gentle hand, as seeming oft to pause,
The purple curtains of the morn she draws;
The Sun comes forth, and soon the joyful crew,
Each aiding each, their joyful tasks pursue,
Wide o'er the decks the spreading sails they throw;
From each tall mast the waving streamers flow;
All seems a festive holiday on board
To welcome to the fleet the island's Lord.
With equal joy the Regent sails to meet,
And brings fresh cates, his offerings, to the fleet:
For of his kindred Race their line he deems,
That savage Race who rush'd from Caspia's streams,
And triumph'd o'er the East, and, Asia won,
In proud Byzantium fix'd their haughty throne.
Brave Vasco hails the chief with honest smiles,
And gift for gift with liberal hand he piles.
His gifts, the boast of Europe's arts disclose,
And sparkling red the wine of Tagus flows.

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High on the shrouds the wondering sailors hung,
To note the Moorish garb, and barbarous tongue:
Nor less the subtle Moor, with wonder fired,
Their mien, their dress, and lordly ships admired:
Much he inquires, their King's, their Country's name,
And if from Turkey's fertile shores they came?
What God they worshipp'd, what their sacred lore,
What arms they wielded, and what armour wore?
To whom brave Gama; Nor of Hagar's blood
Am I, nor plough from Izmael's shores the flood;
From Europe's strand I trace the foamy way,
To find the regions of the infant day.
The God we worship stretch'd yon heaven's high bow,
And gave these swelling waves to roll below;
The hemispheres of night and day he spread,
He scoop'd each vale, and rear'd each mountain's head:
His Word produced the nations of the earth,
And gave the spirits of the sky their birth.
On Earth, by Him, his holy lore was given,
On Earth he came to raise mankind to heaven.
And now behold, what most your eyes desire,
Our shining armour, and our arms of fire;
For who has once in friendly peace beheld,
Will dread to meet them on the battle-field.
Straight as he spoke the warlike Stores display'd
Their glorious shew, where, tire on tire inlaid,
Appear'd of glittering steel the carabines;
There the plumed helms, and ponderous brigandines;
O'er the broad bucklers sculptur'd orbs emboss'd,
The crooked falchions' dreadful blades were cross'd:
Here clasping greaves, and plated mail-quilts strong,
The long-bows here, and rattling quivers hung,
And like a grove the burnish'd spears were seen,
With darts, and halberts double-edged between;
Here dread grenadoes, and tremendous bombs,
With deaths ten thousand lurking in their wombs;
And far around of brown, and dusky red,
The pointed piles of iron balls were spread.

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The Bombadeers, now to the Regent's view
The thundering mortars and the cannon drew;
Yet at their Leader's nod, the sons of flame
(For brave and generous ever are the same)
Withheld their hands, nor gave the seeds of fire
To rouse the thunders of the dreadful tire.
For Gama's soul disdain'd the pride of show
Which acts the lion o'er the trembling roe.
His joy and wonder oft the Moor express'd,
But rankling hate lay brooding in his breast;
With smiles obedient to his will's control,
He veils the purpose of his treacherous soul:
For Pilots, conscious of the Indian strand,
Brave Vasco sues, and bids the Moor command
What bounteous gifts shall recompense their toils;
The Moor prevents him with assenting smiles,
Resolved that deeds of death, not words of air,
Shall first the hatred of his soul declare:
Such sudden rage his rankling mind possess'd,
When * Gama's lips Messiah's name confess'd.
Oh depth of heaven's dread will, that rancorous hate
On heaven's best lov'd in every clime should wait!
Now smiling round on all the wondering crew,
The Moor attended by his bands withdrew:
His nimble barges soon approach'd the land,
And shouts of joy received him on the strand.
From heaven's high dome the Vintage-God beheld,
(Whom † nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd)

* *When Gama's lips Messiah's name confess'd.*—Zacocia (governor of Mozambic) made no doubt but our people were of some Mohammedan country; no sooner, however, did he understand the strangers were Christians, than all his kindness was turned into the most bitter hatred; he began to meditate their ruin, and sought by every means to destroy the fleet. ——*Osorius Silvensis Episc. de Rebus Eman. Regis Lusit. gestis.*

† *Whom nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd* —According to the Arabians, Bacchus was nourished during his infancy in a cave of Mount Meros, which in Greek signifies a thigh. Hence the fable.

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Well-pleased he mark'd the Moor's determined hate,
And thus his mind revolved in self-debate:
  Has heaven, indeed, such glorious lot ordain'd!
By Lusus' race such conquests to be gain'd
O'er warlike nations, and on India's shore,
Where I, unrival'd, claim'd the palm before!
I, sprung from Jove! and shall these wandering few,
What Ammon's son unconquer'd left, subdue!
Ammon's brave son, who led the God of war
His slave auxiliar at his thundering car!
Must these possess what Jove to him deny'd,
Possess what never sooth'd the Roman pride!
Must these the Victor's lordly flag display
With hateful blaze beneath the rising day,
My name dishonour'd, and my victories stain'd,
O'erturn'd my altars, and my shrines profaned!
No—be it mine to fan the Regent's hate;
Occasion seized commands the action's fate.
'Tis mine—this Captain, now my dread no more,
Shall never shake his spear on India's shore.
  So spake the Power, and with the lightning's flight
For Afric darted thro' the fields of light.
His form divine he cloth'd in human shape,
And rush'd impetuous o'er the rocky cape:
In the dark semblance of a Moor he came
For art and old experience known to fame:
Him all his peers with humble deference heard,
And all Mozambic and its prince rever'd:
The Prince in haste he sought, and thus express'd
His guileful hate in friendly counsel dress'd:
  And to the Regent of this isle alone
Are these Adventurers and their fraud unknown?
Has fame conceal'd their rapine from his ear?
Nor brought the groans of plunder'd nations here?
Yet still their hands the peaceful olive bore
Whene'er they anchor'd on a foreign shore:
But nor their seeming, nor their oaths I trust,
For Afric knows them bloody and unjust.

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The nations sink beneath their lawless force,
And fire and blood have mark'd their deadly course.
We too, unless kind heaven and Thou prevent,
Must fall the victims of their dire intent,
And, gasping in the pangs of death, behold
Our wives led captive, and our daughters sold.
By stealth they come, ere morrow dawn, to bring
The healthful beverage from the living spring:
Arm'd with his troops the Captain will appear;
For conscious fraud is ever prone to fear.
To meet them there, select a trusty band,
And in close ambush take thy silent stand;
There wait, and sudden on the heedless foe
Rush, and destroy them ere they dread the blow.
Or say, should some escape the secret snare
Saved by their fate, their valour, or their care,
Yet their dread fall shall celebrate our isle,
If fate consent, and thou approve the guile.
Give then a Pilot to their wandering fleet,
Bold in his art, and tutor'd in deceit;
Whose hand adventurous shall their helms misguide
To hostile shores, or whelm them in the tide.
So spoke the God, in semblance of a sage
Renown'd for counsel and the craft of age.
The Prince with transport glowing in his face
Approved, and caught him in a kind embrace;
And instant at the word his bands prepare
Their bearded darts and iron fangs of war,
That Lusus' sons might purple with their gore
The crystal fountain which they sought on shore:
And still regardful of his dire intent,
A skilful pilot to the bay he sent,
Of honest mien, yet practised in deceit,
Who far at distance on the beach should wait,
And to the 'scaped, if some should 'scape the snare,
Should offer friendship and the pilot's care;
But when at sea, on rocks should dash their pride,
And whelm their lofty vanes beneath the tide.

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Apollo now had left his watery bed,
And o'er the mountains of Arabia spread
His rays that glow'd with gold; when Gama rose,
And from his bands a trusty squadron chose:
Three speedy barges brought their casks to fill
From gurgling fountain, or the crystal rill:
Full arm'd they came, for brave defence prepared,
For martial care is ever on the guard:
And secret warnings ever are impress'd
On wisdom such as waked in Gama's breast.
And now, as swiftly springing o'er the tide
Advanced the boats, a troop of Moors they spy'd;
O'er the pale sands the sable warriors crowd,
And toss their threatening darts, and shout aloud.
Yet seeming artless, though they dared the fight,
Their eager hope they placed in artful flight,
To lead brave Gama where unseen by day
In dark-brow'd shades their silent ambush lay.
With scornful gestures o'er the beach they stride,
And push their levell'd spears with barbarous pride;
Then fix the arrow to the bended bow,
And strike their sounding shields, and dare the foe.
With generous rage the Lusian Race beheld,
And each brave breast with indignation swell'd,
To view such foes like snarling dogs display
Their threatening tusks, and brave the sanguine fray:
Together with a bound they spring to land,
Unknown whose step first trode the hostile strand.
Thus*, when to gain his beauteous Charmer's smile,
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil,

* *Thus, when to gain his beauteous Charmer's smile,*
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil——
This simile is taken from a favourite exercise in Spain, where it is usual to see young Gentlemen of the best families, adorned with ribbons, and armed with a javelin or kind of cutlas, which the Spaniards call *Machete*, appear the candidates of fame in the lists of the bull-fight, ambitious to display their dexterity, which is a sure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the Ladies.

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Before the nodding Bull's stern front he stands,
He leaps, he wheels, he shouts, and waves his hands:
The lordly brute disdains the stripling's rage,
His nostrils smoke, and, eager to engage,
His horned brows he levels with the ground,
And shuts his flaming eyes, and wheeling round
With dreadful bellowing rushes on the foe,
And lays the boastful gaudy champion low.
Thus to the fight the sons of Lusus sprung,
Nor slow to fall their ample vengeance hung:
With sudden roar the carabines resound,
And bursting echoes from the hills rebound;
The lead flies hissing through the trembling air,
And death's fell demons through the flashes glare.
Where, up the land, a grove of palms enclose,
And cast their shadows where the fountain flows,
The lurking ambush from their treacherous stand
Beheld the combat burning on the strand:
They see the flash with sudden lightnings flare,
And the blue smoke slow rolling on the air:
They see their warriors drop, and, starting, hear
The lingering thunders bursting on their ear.
Amazed, appall'd, the treacherous ambush fled,
And raged, and curs'd their birth, and quaked with dread.
The bands that vaunting show'd their threaten'd might,
With slaughter gored, precipitate in flight;
Yet oft, though trembling, on the foe they turn
Their eyes, that red with lust of vengeance burn:
Aghast with fear and stern with desperate rage
The flying war with dreadful howls they wage,
Flints, clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,
As rage and wild despair their hands supply.
And soon dispers'd, their bands attempt no more
To guard the fountain or defend the shore:
O'er the wide lawns no more their troops appear:
Nor sleeps the vengeance of the Victor here;
To teach the nations what tremendous fate
From his dread arm on perjur'd vows should wait,

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He seized the time to awe the Eastern World,
And on the breach of faith his thunders hurl'd.
From his black ships the sudden lightnings blaze,
And o'er old Ocean flash their dreadful rays:
White clouds on clouds inroll'd the smoke ascends,
The bursting tumult heaven's wide concave rends:
The bays and caverns of the winding shore
Repeat the cannon's and the mortar's roar:
The bombs, far-flaming, hiss along the sky,
And whirring through the air the bullets fly:
The wounded air with hollow deafen'd sound
Groans to the direful strife, and trembles round.
Now from the Moorish town the sheets of fire,
Wide blaze succeeding blaze, to heaven aspire.
Black rise the clouds of smoke, and by the gales
Borne down, in streams hang hovering o'er the vales;
And slowly floating round the mountain's head
Their pitchy mantle o'er the landscape spread.
Unnumber'd sea-fowl rising from the shore,
Beat round in whirls at ev'ry cannon's roar:
Where o'er the smoke the masts' tall heads appear,
Hovering they scream, then dart with sudden fear;
On trembling wings far round and round they fly,
And fill with dismal clang their native sky.
Thus fled in rout confus'd the treacherous Moors
From field to field, then, hast'ning to the shores,
Some trust in boats their wealth and lives to save,
And wild with dread they plunge into the wave;
Some spread their arms to swim, and some beneath
The whelming billows, struggling, pant for breath,
Then whirl'd aloft their nostrils spout the brine;
While showering still from many a carabine
The leaden hail their sails and vessels tore,
Till struggling hard they reach'd the neighb'ring shore:
Due vengeance thus their perfidy repaid,
And Gama's terrors to the East display'd.
Imbrown'd with dust a beaten pathway shows
Where midst umbrageous palms the fountain flows;

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From thence at will they bear the liquid health;
And now sole masters of the island's wealth,
With costly spoils and eastern robes adorn'd,
The joyful victors to the fleet return'd.
With hell's keen fires, still for revenge athirst,
The Regent burns, and weens, by fraud accurs'd,
To strike a surer, yet a secret blow,
And in one general death to whelm the foe.
The promised Pilot to the fleet he sends,
And deep repentance for his crime pretends.
Sincere the Herald seems, and while he speaks,
The winning tears steal down his hoary cheeks.
Brave Gama, touch'd with generous woe, believes,
And from his hand the Pilot's hand receives:
A dreadful gift! instructed to decoy,
In gulfs to whelm them, or on rocks destroy.
The valiant Chief, impatient of delay,
For India now resumes the watery way;
Bids weigh the anchor and unfurl the sail,
Spread full the canvass to the rising gale:
He spoke; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,
Borne on the wind, the full-wing'd vessels ride;
While as they rode before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs arose.
The while brave Vasco's unsuspecting mind
Yet fear'd not ought the crafty Moor design'd:
Much of the coast he asks, and much demands
Of Afric's shores and India's spicy lands.
The crafty Moor, by vengeful Bacchus taught,
Employ'd on deadly guile his baneful thought;
In his dark mind he plann'd, on Gama's head
Full to revenge Mozambic and the dead.
Yet all the Chief demanded he reveal'd,
Nor aught of truth, that truth he knew, conceal'd:
For thus he ween'd to gain his easy faith,
And, gain'd, betray to slavery or death.
And now securely trusting to destroy,
As erst false Sinon snared the sons of Troy,

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Behold, disclosing from the sky, he cries,
Far to the north, yon cloud-like isle arise:
From ancient times the natives of the shore
The blood-stain'd Image on the Cross adore.
Swift at the word, the joyful Gama cry'd,
For that fair island turn the helm aside,
O bring my vessels where the Christians dwell,
And thy glad lips my gratitude shall tell:
With sullen joy the treacherous Moor comply'd,
And for that island turn'd the helm aside.
For well Quiloa's swarthy race he knew,
Their laws and faith to Hagar's offspring true;
Their strength in war, through all the nations round,
Above Mozambic and her powers renown'd;
He knew what hate the Christian name they bore,
And hoped that hate on Vasco's bands to pour.
Right to the land the faithless Pilot steers,
Right to the land the glad Armada bears;
But heavenly Love's fair Queen*, whose watchful care
Had ever been their guide, beheld the snare.
A sudden storm she rais'd: Loud howl'd the blast,
The yard arms rattled, and each groaning mast

* *But heavenly Love's fair Queen*—When Gama arrived in the East, the Moors were the only people who engrossed the trade of those parts. Jealous of such formidable rivals as the Portuguese, they employed every artifice to accomplish the destruction of Gama's fleet, for they foresaw the consequences of his return to Portugal: and as they were acquainted with these seas and spoke the Arabic language, Gama was obliged to employ them both as Pilots and Interpreters. The circumstance now mentioned by Camoens is an historical truth. The Moorish Pilot, says De Barros, intended to conduct the Portuguese into Quiloa, telling them that place was inhabited by Christians; but a sudden storm arising, drove the fleet from that shore, where death or slavery would have been the certain fate of Gama and his companions. The villany of the Pilot was afterwards discovered.

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Bended beneath the weight. Deep sunk the prows,
And creaking ropes the creaking ropes oppose;
In vain the Pilot would the speed restrain;
The Captain shouts, the Sailors toil in vain;
Aslope and gliding on the leeward side
The bounding vessels cut the roaring tide:
Soon far they pass'd; and now the slacken'd sail
Trembles and bellies to the gentle gale:
Till many a league before the tempest tost
The treacherous Pilot sees his purpose crost:
Yet vengeful still, and still intent on guile,
Behold, he cries, yon dim immerging isle:
There live the votaries of Messiah's lore
In faithful peace and friendship with the Moor.
Yet all was false, for there Messiah's name,
Revil'd and scorn'd, was only known by fame.
The groveling natives there, a brutal herd,
The sensual lore of Hagar's son preferr'd.
With joy brave Gama hears the artful tale,
Bears to the harbour, and bids furl the sail.
Yet watchful still fair Love's celestial Queen
Prevents the danger with a hand unseen;
Nor past the bar his vent'rous vessels guides:
And safe at anchor in the road he rides.

Between the isle and Ethiopia's land
A narrow current laves each adverse strand;
Close by the margin where the green tide flows,
Full to the bay a lordly city rose:
With fervid blaze the glowing Evening pours
Its purple splendours o'er the lofty towers;
The lofty towers with milder lustre gleam,
And gently tremble in the glassy stream.
Here reign'd an hoary King of ancient fame;
Mombaze the town, Mombaze the island's name.

As when the Pilgrim, who with weary pace
Through lonely wastes untrod by human race,
For many a day disconsolate has stray'd,
The turf his bed, the wild-wood boughs his shade,

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O'erjoy'd beholds the cheerful seats of men
In grateful prospect rising on his ken:
So Gama joy'd, who many a dreary day
Had trac'd the vast, the lonesome watery way,
Had seen new stars, unknown to Europe, rise,
And brav'd the horrors of the polar skies:
So joy'd his bounding heart, when proudly rear'd,
The splendid City o'er the wave appear'd,
Where heaven's own lore, he trusted, was obey'd,
And Holy Faith her sacred rites display'd.
And now swift crowding through the horned bay
The Moorish barges wing'd their foamy way:
To Gama's fleet with friendly smiles they bore
The choicest products of their cultur'd shore.
But there fell rancour veil'd its serpent-head,
Though festive roses o'er the gifts were spread.
For Bacchus veil'd, in human shape, was here,
And pour'd his counsel in the Sovereign's ear.
O piteous lot of Man's uncertain state!
What woes on life's unhappy journey wait!
When joyful hope would grasp its fond desire,
The long-sought transports in the grasp expire.
By sea what treacherous calms, what rushing storms,
And death attendant in a thousand forms!
By land what strife, what plots of secret guile,
How many a wound from many a treacherous smile!
O where shall Man escape his numerous foes,
And rest his weary head in safe repose!

END OF BOOK I.

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THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK II.

THE fervent lustre of the evening ray
Behind the western hills now died away,
And night ascending from the dim-brow'd east,
The twilight gloom with deeper shades increas'd;
When Gama heard the creeking of the oar,
And mark'd the white waves lengthening from the shore.
In many a skiff the eager natives came,
Their semblance friendship, but deceit their aim.
And now by Gama's anchor'd ships they ride,
And, Hail illustrious Chief, their Leader cried,
Your fame already these our regions own,
How your bold prows from worlds to us unknown
Have braved the horrors of the southern main,
Where storms and darkness hold their endless reign,
Whose whelmy waves our westward prows have barr'd
From oldest times, and ne'er before were dar'd
By boldest Leader: Earnest to behold
The wond'rous Hero of a toil so bold,
To you the Sovereign of these islands sends
The holy vows of peace, and hails you Friends.
If friendship you accept, whate'er kind heaven
In various bounty to these shores has given,

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Whate'er your wants, your wants shall here supply,
And safe in port your gallant fleet shall lie;
Safe from the dangers of the faithless tide,
And sudden bursting storms, by you untried;
Yours every bounty of the fertile shore,
Till balmy rest your wearied strength restore.
Or if your toils and ardent hopes demand
The various treasures of the Indian strand,
The fragrant cinnamon, the glowing clove,
And all the riches of the spicy grove;
Or drugs of power the fever's rage to bound,
And give soft languor to the smarting wound;
Or if the splendour of the diamond's rays,
The sapphire's azure, or the ruby's blaze,
Invite your sails to search the Eastern world,
Here may these sails in happy hour be furl'd:
For here the splendid treasures of the mine,
And richest offspring of the field, combine
To give each boon that human want requires,
And every gem that lofty pride desires:
Then here, a potent King your generous friend,
Here let your per'lous toils and wandering searches end.
He said: Brave Gama smiles with heart sincere,
And prays the herald to the king to bear
The thanks of grateful joy: But now, he cries,
The blackening evening veils the coast and skies,
And through these rocks unknown forbids to steer;
Yet when the streaks of milky dawn appear
Edging the eastern wave with silver hoar,
My ready prows shall gladly point to shore;
Assured of friendship, and a kind retreat,
Assured and proffer'd by a King so great.
Yet mindful still of what his * hopes had cheer'd,
That here his nation's holy shrines were rear'd,

* ——*what his hopes had cheer'd*—After Gama had been driven from Quiloa by a sudden storm, the assurances of the Mozambic pilot, that the city was chiefly inhabited by Christians, strongly inclined him to enter the harbour of Mombaze.

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He asks, if certain as the Pilot told,
Messiah's lore had flourish'd there of old,
And flourish'd still? The Herald mark'd with joy
The pious wish, and watchful to decoy,
Messiah here, he cries, has altars more
Than all the various shrines of other lore.
O'erjoyed brave Vasco heard the pleasing tale,
Yet fear'd that fraud its viper-sting might veil
Beneath the glitter of a show so fair;
He half believes the tale, and arms against the snare.
With Gama sail'd a bold advent'rous band,
Whose headlong rage had urg'd the guilty hand:
Stern Justice for their crimes had ask'd their blood,
And pale in chains condemn'd to death they stood;
But sav'd by Gama * from the shameful death,
The bread of peace had seal'd their plighted faith,
The desolate coast, when ordered, to explore,
And dare each danger of the hostile shore:
From this bold band he chose the subtlest two,
The port, the city, and its strength to view,
To mark if fraud its secret head betrayed,
Or if the rites of heaven were there displayed.
With costly gifts, as of their truth secure,
The pledge that Gama deem'd their faith was pure,
These two his Heralds to the King he sends:
The faithless Moors depart as smiling friends.
Now through the wave they cut their foamy way,
Their cheerful songs resounding through the bay:
And now on shore the wondering natives greet,
And fondly hail the strangers from the fleet.

* *But sav'd by Gama*—During the reign of Emmanuel, and his predecessor John II. few criminals were executed in Portugal. These great and political princes employed the lives which were forfeited to the public in the most dangerous undertakings of public utility. In their foreign expeditions the condemned criminals were sent upon the most hazardous emergencies.

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The Prince their gifts with friendly vows receives,
And joyful welcome to the Lusians gives;
Where'er they pass, the joyful tumult bends,
And through the town the glad applause attends.
But he whose cheeks with youth immortal shone,
The God whose wondrous birth two mothers own,
Whose rage had still the wandering fleet annoyed,
Now in the town his guileful rage employed.
A Christian priest he seem'd; a sumptuous shrine
He rear'd, and tended with the rites divine:
O'er the fair altar wav'd the cross on high,
Upheld by angels leaning from the sky;
Descending o'er the Virgin's sacred head
So white, so pure, the Holy Spirit spread
The dove-like pictur'd wings, so pure, so white;
And, hovering o'er the chosen twelve, alight
The tongues of hallowed fire. Amazed, oppress'd,
With sacred awe their troubled looks confess'd
The inspiring Godhead, and the prophet's glow,
Which gave each language from their lips to flow.
Where thus the guileful Power his magic wrought,
De Gama's heralds by the guides are brought:
On bended knees low to the earth they fall,
And to the Lord of heaven in transport call;
While the feign'd Priest awakes the censer's fire,
And clouds of incense round the shrine aspire.
With cheerful welcome here, caress'd, they stay,
Till bright Aurora, messenger of day,
Walk'd forth; and now the sun's resplendent rays,
Yet half emerging o'er the waters, blaze,
When to the fleet the Moorish oars again
Dash the curl'd waves, and waft the guileful train:
The lofty decks they mount. With joy elate,
Their friendly welcome at the palace-gate,
The King's sincerity, the people's care,
And treasures of the coast the spies declare:
Nor pass'd untold what most their joys inspir'd,
What most to hear the valiant Chief desired,

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That their glad eyes had seen the rites divine,
Their country's worship, and the sacred shrine.
The pleasing tale the joyful Gama hears;
Dark fraud no more his generous bosom fears:
As friends sincere, himself sincere, he gives
The hand of welcome, and the Moors receives.
And now, as conscious of the destin'd prey,
The faithless race, with smiles and gestures gay,
Their skiffs forsaking, Gama's ships ascend,
And deep to strike the treacherous blow attend.
On shore the truthless Monarch arms his bands,
And for the fleet's approach impatient stands;
That soon as anchor'd in the port they rode
Brave Gama's decks might reek with Lusian blood:
Thus weening to revenge Mozambic's fate,
And give full surfeit to the Moorish hate;
And now, their bowsprits bending to the bay,
The joyful crew the ponderous anchors weigh,
Their shouts the while resounding. To the gale
With eager hands they spread the fore-mast sail.
But Love's fair Queen the secret fraud beheld:
Swift as an arrow o'er the battle-field,
From heaven she darted to the watery plain,
And call'd the sea-born Nymphs, a lovely train,
From Nereus sprung; the ready Nymphs obey,
Proud of her kindred birth, and own her sway.
She tells what ruin threats her fav'rite race;
Unwonted ardour glows on every face;
With keen rapidity they bound away,
Dash'd by their silver limbs, the billows grey
Foam round: Fair Doto, fir'd with rage divine,
Darts through the wave; and onward o'er the brine
The * lovely Nyse and Nerine spring
With all the vehemence and speed of wing.

* *Doto, Nyse, and Nerine*—The Nereides, in the Lusiad, says Castera, are the virtues divine and human. In the first book they accompany the Portuguese fleet;

——before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs aorse.

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The curving billows to their breasts divide,
And give a yielding passage through the tide.
With furious speed the Goddess rush'd before;
Her beauteous form a joyful Triton bore,
Whose eager face, with glowing rapture fired,
Betray'd the pride which such a task inspired.
And now arrived, where to the whistling wind
The warlike Navy's bending masts reclin'd,
As through the billows rush'd the speedy prows,
The nymphs, dividing, each her station chose.
Against the Leader's prow, her lovely breast
With more than mortal force the Goddess press'd;
The ship recoiling trembles on the tide,
The nymphs in help pour round on every side,
From the dread bar the threaten'd keels to save;
The ship bounds up, half lifted from the wave,
And, trembling, hovers o'er the watery grave.
As when alarm'd, to save the hoarded grain,
The care-earn'd store for Winter's dreary reign,
So toil, so tug, so pant, the labouring Emmet train.
So toil'd the Nymphs, and strain'd their panting force
To turn the Navy from its fatal course:
Back, back the ship recedes; in vain the crew
With shouts on shouts their various toils renew;
In vain each nerve, each nautic art they strain,
And the rough wind distends the sail in vain:
Enraged, the Sailors see their labours cross'd;
From side to side the reeling helm is toss'd;
High on the poop the skilful master stands;
Sudden he shrieks aloud, and spreads his hands—
A lurking rock its dreadful rifts betrays,
And right before the prow its ridge displays;
Loud shrieks of horror from the yard-arms rise,
And a dire general yell invades the skies.
The Moors start, fear-struck, at the horrid sound,
As if the rage of combat roar'd around.
Pale are their lips, each look in wild amaze
The horror of detected guilt betrays.

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Pierc'd by the glance of Gama's awful eyes
The conscious Pilot quits the helm and flies,
From the high deck he plunges in the brine;
His mates their safety to the waves consign;
Dash'd by their plunging falls on every side
Foams and boils up around the rolling tide.
Thus * the hoarse tenants of the silvan lake,
A Lycian race of old, to flight betake;
At every sound, they dread Latona's hate,
And doubled vengeance of their former fate;
All sudden plunging leave the margin green,
And but their heads above the pool are seen.
So plung'd the Moors, when, horrid to behold!
From the bar'd rock's dread jaws the billows roll'd,
Opening in instant fate the fleet to whelm,
When ready Vasco caught the staggering helm:
Swift as his lofty voice resounds aloud
The ponderous anchors dash the whitening flood,
And round his vessel, nodding o'er the tide,
His other ships, bound by their anchors, ride.
And now revolving in his piercing thought
These various scenes with hidden import fraught;
The boastful Pilot's self-accusing flight,
The former treason of the Moorish spite;
How headlong to the rock the furious wind,
The boiling current, and their art combin'd,
Yet though the groaning blast the canvass swell'd,
Some wond'rous cause, unknown, their speed withheld:
Amaz'd, with hands high rais'd, and sparkling eyes,
A miracle! the raptur'd Gama cries,
A miracle! O hail thou sacred sign,
Thou pledge illustrious of the Care Divine!

* *Thus the hoarse tenants*——Latona, says the fable, flying from the Serpent Python, and faint with thirst, came to a pond where some Lycian peasants were cutting the bulrushes. In revenge of the insults which they offered her in preventing her to drink, she changed them into frogs.

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Ah! fraudful Malice! how shall Wisdom's care
Escape the poison of thy gilded snare!
The front of honesty, the saintly shew,
The smile of friendship, and the holy vow;
All, all conjoin'd our easy faith to gain,
To whelm us, shipwreck'd, in the ruthless main;
But where our prudence no deceit could spy,
There, heavenly Guardian, there thy watchful eye
Beheld our danger: still, O still prevent,
Where human foresight fails, the dire intent,
The lurking treason of the smiling foe;
And let our toils, our days of lengthening woe,
Our weary wanderings end. If still for thee,
To spread thy rites, our toils and vows agree,
On India's strand thy sacred shrines to rear,
Oh, let some friendly land of rest appear!
If for thine honour we these toils have dar'd,
These toils let India's long-sought shore reward!
So spoke the Chief: the pious accents move
The gentle bosom of Celestial Love:
The beauteous Queen to heaven now darts away;
In vain the weeping nymphs implore her stay:
Behind her now the morning star she leaves,
And the * sixth heaven her lovely form receives.
Her radiant eyes such living splendors cast,
The sparkling stars were brighten'd as she pass'd;
The frozen pole with sudden streamlets flow'd,
And as the burning zone with fervor glow'd.
And now, confess'd before the throne of Jove,
In all her charms appears the Queen of Love:
Flush'd by the ardour of her rapid flight
Through fields of ether and the realms of light,
Bright as the blushes of the roseate morn,
New blooming tints her glowing cheeks adorn;

* As the planet of Jupiter is in the sixth heaven, the Author has with propriety there placed the throne of that God. Castera.

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And all that pride of beauteous grace she wore,
As when in Ida's bower she stood of yore,
When every charm and every hope of joy
Enraptured and allured the Trojan boy.
Ah! had that hunter, whose unhappy fate
The human visage lost by Dian's hate,
Had he beheld this fairer goddess move
Not hounds had slain him, but the fires of love.
Adown her neck, more white than virgin snow,
Of softest hue the golden tresses flow;
Her heaving breasts of purer, softer white,
Than snow hills glistening in the moon's pale light,
Except where covered by the sash, were bare,
And Love, unseen, smil'd soft, and panted there.
Nor less the zone the god's fond zeal employs;
The zone awakes the flame of secret joys.
As ivy tendrils, round her limbs divine
Their spreading arms the young desires entwine:
Below her waist, and quivering on the gale,
Of thinnest texture flows the silken veil:
(Ah! where the lucid curtain dimly shows,
With doubled fires the roving fancy glows!)
The hand of modesty the foldings threw,
Nor all conceal'd, nor all was given to view.
Yet her deep grief her lovely face betrays,
Though on her cheek the soft smile faultering plays.
All heaven was mov'd—as when some damsel coy,
Hurt by the rudeness of the amorous boy,
Offended chides and smiles; with angry mien
Thus mix'd with smiles, advanc'd the plaintive queen;
And thus: O Thunderer! O potent Sire!
Shall I in vain thy kind regard require!
Alas! and cherish still the fond deceit,
That yet on me thy kindest smiles await!
Ah heaven! and must that valour which I love
Awake the vengeance and the rage of Jove!
Yet mov'd with pity for my fav'rite race
I speak, though frowning on thine awful face

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I mark the tenor of the dread decree,
That to thy wrath consigns my Sons and Me.
Yes! let stern Bacchus bless thy partial care,
His be the triumph, and be mine despair.
The bold advent'rous sons of Tago's clime
I loved—alas! that love is now their crime:
O happy they, and prosp'rous gales their fate,
Had I pursued them with relentless hate!
Yes! let my woeful sighs in vain implore,
Yes! let them perish on some barb'rous shore,
For I have loved them—Here, the swelling sigh
And pearly tear-drop rushing in her eye,
As morning dew hangs trembling on the rose,
Though fond to speak, her further speech oppose—
Her lips, then moving, as the pause of woe
Were now to give the voice of grief to flow; [move,
When kindled by those charms, whose woes might
And melt the prowling Tiger's rage to love,
The thundering God her weeping sorrows ey'd,
And sudden threw his awful state aside:
With that mild look which stills the driving storm,
When black roll'd clouds the face of heaven deform;
With that mild visage and benignant mien
Which to the sky restores the blue serene,
Her snowy neck and glowing cheek he press'd,
And wip'd her tears, and clasp'd her to his breast:
Yet she, still sighing, dropp'd the trickling tear,
As the chid nursling mov'd with pride and fear,
Still sighs and moans, though fondled and caress'd;
Till thus great Jove the Fates' decrees confess'd:
O thou, my daughter, still belov'd as fair,
Vain are thy fears, thy heroes claim my care:
No power of gods could e'er my heart incline,
Like one fond smile, one powerful tear of thine.
Wide o'er the Eastern shores shalt thou behold
The flags far streaming, and thy thunders roll'd;
While nobler triumphs shall thy nation crown,
Than those of Roman or of Greek renown.

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If by mine aid the sapient Greek could brave
Th' Ogycian seas, nor* sink a deathless slave;
If through th' Illyrian shelves Antenor bore,
Till safe he landed on Timavus' shore;
If, by his fate, the pious Trojan led,
Safe through Charybdis' barking whirlpools sped:
Shall thy bold Heroes, by my care disclaim'd,
Be left to perish, who, to worlds unnam'd
By vaunting Rome, pursue their dauntless way?
No—soon shalt thou with ravish'd eyes survey,
From stream to stream their lofty cities spread,
And their proud turrets rear the warlike head:
The stern-brow'd Turk shall bend the suppliant knee,
And Indian Monarchs, now secure and free,
Beneath thy potent Monarch's yoke shall bend,
Till thy just Laws wide o'er the East extend.
Thy Chief, who now in Error's circling maze,
For India's shore through shelves and tempests strays;
That Chief shalt thou behold, with lordly pride,
O'er Neptune's trembling realm triumphant ride.
O wondrous fate! when not a breathing gale
Shall curl the billows, or distend the sail,
The wave shall boil and tremble, aw'd with dread,
And own the terror o'er their empire spread†.

* ——*Nor sink a deathless slave*—i. e. The slave of Calypso, who offered Ulysses immortality on condition he would live with her.

† *And own the terror o'er their empire spread.*—After the Portuguese had made great conquests in India, Gama had the honour to be appointed Viceroy. In 1524, as he sailed thither to take possession of his government, his fleet was becalmed on the coast of Cambaya, and the ships stood motionless on the water: instantly, without the least change of weather, the waves were shaken with the most violent agitation. The ships were tossed about; the sailors were terrified, and in the utmost confusion, thinking themselves lost: when Gama, perceiving it to be the effect of an earthquake, with his wonted heroism and prudence, exclaimed, "*Of what are you afraid? Do you not*

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That hostile coast, with various streams supplied,
Whose treacherous sons the fountain's gifts deny'd;
That coast shalt thou behold his Port supply,
Where oft thy weary fleets in rest shall lie.
Each shore which weav'd for him the snares of death,
To him these shores shall pledge their offer'd faith;
To him their haughty Lords shall lowly bend,
And yield him tribute for the name of friend.
The Red-sea wave shall darken in the shade
Of thy broad sails in frequent pomp display'd;
Thine eyes shall see the golden Ormuz' shore,
Twice thine, twice conquered, while the furious Moor,
Amazed, shall view his arrows backward * driven,
Showered on his legions by the hand of heaven.
Though twice assailed by many a vengeful band,
Unconquer'd still shall Dio's ramparts stand;
Such prowess there shall raise the Lusian name
That Mars shall tremble for his blighted fame;
There shall the Moors, blaspheming, sink in death,
And curse their Prophet with their parting breath.
Where Goa's warlike ramparts frown on high,
Pleas'd shalt thou see thy Lusian banners fly;
The Pagan tribes in chains shall crowd her gate,
While she sublime shall tower in regal state,
The fatal scourge, the dread of all who dare
Against thy sons to plan the future war.
Though few thy troops who Conanour sustain,
The foe, though numerous, shall assault in vain.

see how the Ocean trembles under its Sovereigns!" Barros, L. 9. C. 1. and Faria (tom. 1. C. 9.) who says, that such as lay sick of fevers were cured by the fright.

* ——*his arrows backward driven*——Both Barros and Castaneda relate this fact. Albuquerk, during the war of Ormuz, having given battle to the Persians and Moors, by the violence of a sudden wind the arrows of the latter were driven back upon themselves, whereby many of their troops were wounded.

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Great Calicut, for potent hosts renown'd,
By Lisboa's sons assail'd shall strew the ground:
What floods on floods of vengeful hosts shall wage
On Cochin's walls their swift repeated rage;
In vain: a* Lusian Hero shall oppose
His dauntless bosom, and disperse the foes,
As high-swell'd waves, that thunder'd to the shock,
Disperse in feeble streamlets from the rock.
When blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide
Augustus' fleets the Slave of love defy'd,
When that fallen Warrior to the combat led
The bravest troops in Bactrian Scythia bred,
With Asian legions, and, his shameful bane,
The Egyptian Queen attendant in the train;
Though Mars raged high, and all his fury pour'd,
Till with the storm the boiling surges roar'd;
Yet shall thine eyes more dreadful scenes behold,
On burning surges burning surges roll'd,
The sheets of fire far billowing o'er the brine,
While I my thunder to thy sons resign.
Thus many a sea shall blaze, and many a shore
Resound the horror of the combat's roar,
While thy bold prows triumphant ride along
By trembling China to the isles unsung
By ancient bard, by ancient chief unknown,
Till Ocean's utmost shore thy bondage own.
Thus from the Ganges to the Gadian strand,
From the most northern wave to southmost land;
That land decreed to bear the injur'd name
Of Magalhaens, the Lusian† pride and shame;

* ——*A Lusian Hero*—Pacheco; in the siege of Cochin he defeated successively seven numerous armies raised by the Zamorim for the reduction of that city.

† *The Lusian pride and shame.*—Magalhaens, a most celebrated navigator. Neglected by John II. king of Portugal, he offered his service to the kingdom of Spain, under whom he made most important discoveries round the Straits, which bear his name, and

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From all that Vast, though crown'd with heroes old,
Who with the gods were demi gods enroll'd;
From all that Vast no equal heroes shine
To match in arms, O lovely Daughter, thine.
So spake the awful Ruler of the skies,
And Maia's son swift at his mandate flies:
His charge, from treason and Mombassa's king
The weary fleet in friendly port to bring,
And while in sleep the brave De Gama lay,
To warn, and fair the shore of rest display.
Fleet through the yielding air Cyllenius glides,
As to the light, the nimble air divides.
The mystic helmet on his head he wore,
And in his right the fatal rod he bore;
That rod, of power to wake the silent dead,
Or o'er the lids of care soft slumbers shed.
And now, attended by the herald Fame,
To fair Melinda's gate conceal'd he came;
And soon loud Rumour echoed through the town,
How from the western world, from waves unknown,
A noble band had reach'd the Æthiop shore,
Through seas and dangers never dared before:
The godlike dread attempt their wonder fires,
Their generous wonder fond regard inspires,
And all the city glows their aid to give,
To view the heroes, and their wants relieve.
'Twas now the solemn hour when midnight reigns,
And dimly twinkling o'er the ethereal plains
The starry host, by gloomy silence led,
O'er earth and sea a glimmering paleness shed;
When to the fleet, which hemm'd with dangers lay,
The silver-wing'd Cyllenius darts away.
Each care was now in soft oblivion steep'd,
The Watch alone accustom'd vigils kept;

in the back parts of South America; acquirements, which at this day are of the utmost value to the Spanish Empire.

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E'en Gama, wearied by the day's alarms,
Forgets his cares, reclin'd in slumber's arms.
Scarce had he clos'd his careful eyes in rest,
When Maia's son in vision stood confess'd:
And fly, he cried, O Lusitanian, fly;
Here guile and treason every nerve apply:
An impious king for thee the toil prepares,
An impious people weave a thousand snares:
Oh fly these shores, unfurl the gather'd sail,
Lo, heaven, thy guide, commands the rising gale;
Hark, loud it rustles, see, the gentle tide
Invites thy prows; the winds thy lingering chide.
Here such dire welcome is for thee prepared
As Diomed's unhappy strangers shared;
His hapless guests at silent midnight bled,
On their torn limbs his snorting coursers fed.
Oh fly, or here with strangers' blood imbrued
Busiris' altars thou shalt find renew'd:
Amidst his slaughter'd guests his altars stood
Obscene with gore, and bark'd with human blood:
Then thou, beloved of heaven, my counsel hear;
Right by the coast thine onward journey steer,
Till where the sun of noon no shade begets,
But day with night in equal tenor sets.
A Sovereign there, of generous faith unstain'd,
With ancient bounty, and with joy unfeign'd
Your glad arrival on his shore shall greet,
And sooth with every care your weary fleet.
And when again for India's golden strand
Before the prosperous gale your sails expand,
A skilful pilot oft in danger try'd,
Of heart sincere, shall prove your faithful guide.
Thus Hermes spoke, and as his flight he takes
Melting in ambient air, De Gama wakes.
Chill'd with amaze he stood, when through the night
With sudden ray appear'd the bursting light;
The winds loud whizzing through the cordage sigh'd—
Spread, spread the sail, the raptured Vasco cried;

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Aloft, aloft, this, this the gale of heaven;
By heaven our guide th' auspicious sign is given;
Mine eyes beheld the Messenger divine;
O fly, he cried, and gave the favouring sign,
Here treason lurks.——Swift as the Captain spake
The mariners spring bounding to the deck,
And now with shouts far-echoing o'er the sea,
Prond of their strength the ponderous anchors weigh.
When heaven again its guardian care display'd;
Above the wave rose many a Moorish head——
Conceal'd by night they gently swam along,
And with their weapons sawed the cables strong,
That by the swelling currents whirl'd and toss'd,
The navy's wrecks might strew the rocky coast:
But now discover'd, every nerve they ply,
And dive, and swift as frighten'd vermin fly.
Now through the silver waves that curling rose,
And gently murmur'd round the sloping prows,
The gallant fleet before the steady wind
Sweeps on, and leaves long foamy tracks behind;
While as they sail the joyful crew relate
Their wondrous safety from impending fate;
And every bosom feels how sweet the joy
When dangers pass'd the grateful tongue employ.
The sun had now his annual journey run,
And blazing forth another course begun,
When smoothly gliding o'er the hoary tide
Two sloops afar the watchful master spied;
Their Moorish make the seaman's art display'd;
Here Gama weens to force the Pilot's aid:
One, base with fear, to certain shipwreck flew;
The keel dash'd on the shore, escap'd the crew.
The other bravely trusts the generous foe,
And yields, ere slaughter struck the lifted blow,
Ere Vulcan's thunders bellowed. Yet again
The Captain's prudence and his wish were vain;
No Pilot here his wandering course to guide,
No lip to tell where rolls the Indian tide;

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The voyage calm, or perilous, or far,
Beneath what heaven, or which the guiding star:
Yet this they told, that by the neighbouring bay
A potent monarch reign'd, whose pious sway
For truth and noblest bounty far renown'd,
Still with the Stranger's grateful praise was crown'd.
O'erjoyed brave Gama heard the tale, which seal'd
The sacred truth that Maia's son reveal'd;
And bids the Pilot, warn'd by heaven his guide,
For fair Melinda turn the helm aside.
'Twas now the jovial season, when the morn
From Taurus flames, when Amalthea's horn
O'er hill and dale the rose-crown'd Flora pours,
And scatters corn and wine, and fruits and flowers.
Right to the port their course the fleet pursued,
And the glad dawn that sacred day renewed,
When with the spoils of vanquish'd death adorn'd
To heaven the Victor of the tomb return'd.
And soon Melinda's shore the sailors spy;
From every mast the purple streamers fly;
Rich-figured tap'stry now supplies the sail,
The gold and scarlet tremble in the gale;
The standard broad its brilliant hues bewrays,
And floating on the wind wide billowing plays;
Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet sounds,
And the rough drum the rousing march rebounds.
As thus regardful of the sacred day
The festive Navy cut the watery way,
Melinda's sons the shore in thousands crowd,
And offering joyful welcome shout aloud:
And truth the voice inspired. Unawed by fear,
With warlike pomp adorn'd, himself sincere,
Now in the port the generous Gama rides;
His stately vessels range their pitchy sides
Around their chief; the bowsprits nod the head,
And the barb'd anchors gripe the harbour's bed.
Straight to the king, as friends to generous friends,
A captive Moor the valiant Gama sends.

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The Lusian fame the king already knew,
What gulfs unknown the fleet had labour'd through,
What shelves, what tempests dared: His liberal mind
Exults the Captain's manly trust to find;
With that ennobling worth, whose fond employ
Befriends the brave, the Monarch owns his joy,
Entreats the Leader and his weary band
To taste the dews of sweet repose on land,
And all the riches of his cultur'd fields
Obedient to the nod of Gama yields.
His care meanwhile their present want attends,
And various fowl, and various fruits he sends;
The oxen low, the fleecy lambkins bleat,
And rural sounds are echoed through the fleet.
His gifts with joy the valiant Chief receives,
And gifts in turn, confirming friendship, gives.
Here the proud scarlet darts its ardent rays,
And here the purple and the orange blaze:
O'er these profuse the branching coral spread,
The coral wond'rous in its watery bed:
Soft there it creeps, in curving branches thrown;
In air it hardens to a precious stone.
With these an Herald, on whose melting tongue
The * copious rhet'ric of Arabia hung,
He sends, his wants and purpose to reveal,
And holy vows of lasting peace to seal.
The monarch sits amid his splendid bands,
Before the regal Throne the Herald stands,
And thus, as eloquence his lips inspired,
O King! he cries, for sacred truth admired,
Ordain'd by heaven to bend the stubborn knees
Of haughtiest nations to thy just decrees;
Fear'd as thou art, yet set by heaven to prove
That Empire's strength results from Public love:

* *The copious rhet'ric of Arabia*—There were on board Gama's fleet several persons skilled in the Oriental Languages. *Osor.*

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To thee, O King, for friendly aid we come;
Nor lawless Robbers o'er the deep we roam:
No lust of gold could e'er our breasts inflame
To scatter fire and slaughter where we came;
Nor sword, nor spear our harmless hands employ
To seize the careless, or the weak destroy.
At our most potent Monarch's dread command
We spread the sail from lordly Europe's strand:
Through seas unknown, through gulfs untry'd before,
We force our journey to the Indian shore.
Alas, what rancour fires the human breast!
By what stern tribes are Afric's shores possess'd?
How many a wile they tried, how many a snare!
Not wisdom sav'd us, 'twas the heaven's own care:
Not harbours only, e'en the barren sands
A place of rest denied our weary bands:
From us, alas, what harm could prudence fear!
From us so few, their numerous friends so near!
While thus from shore to cruel shore long driven,
To thee conducted by a guide from heaven,
We come, O Monarch, of thy truth assured,
Of hospitable rights by heaven secured;
Such * rites as old Alcinous' palace graced,
When lorn Ulysses sat his favour'd guest.
Nor deem, O King, that cold suspicion taints
Our valiant Leader, or his wish prevents:
Great is our Monarch, and his dread command
To our brave Captain interdicts the land
Till Indian earth he tread: What nobler cause
Than loyal faith can wake thy fond applause,
O thou, who knowest the ever-pressing weight
Of kingly office, and the cares of state!
And hear, ye conscious heavens, if Gama's heart
Forget thy kindness, or from truth depart,
The sacred light shall perish from the Sun,
And rivers to the sea shall cease to run.

* See the Eighth Odyssey, &c.

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He spoke; a murmur of applause succeeds,
And each with wonder own'd the val'rous deeds
Of that bold race, whose flowing vanes had wav'd
Beneath so many a Sky, so many an Ocean brav'd.
Nor less the King their loyal faith reveres,
And Lisboa's Lord in awful state appears,
Whose least command on farthest shores obey'd,
His sovereign grandeur to the world display'd.
Elate with joy, uprose the royal Moor,
And, smiling, thus,—O welcome to my shore!
If yet in you the fear of treason dwell,
Far from your thoughts th' ungenerous fear expel:
Still with the brave, the brave will honour find,
And equal ardour will their friendship bind.
But those who spurn'd you, men alone in show,
Rude as the bestial herd, no worth they know;
Such dwell not here: and since your laws require
Obedience strict, I yield my fond desire.
Though much I wish'd your Chief to grace my board,
Fair be his duty to his sovereign Lord:
Yet when the morn walks forth with dewy feet
My barge shall waft me to the warlike fleet;
There shall my longing eyes the heroes view,
And holy vows the mutual peace renew.
What from the blustering winds and lengthening tide
Your ships have suffer'd, shall be here supplied.
Arms and provisions I myself will send,
And, great of skill, a Pilot shall attend.
So spoke the King: And now, with purpled ray,
Beneath the shining wave the god of day
Retiring, left the evening shades to spread;
And to the fleet the joyful herald sped:
To find such friends each breast with rapture glows,
The feast is kindled, and the goblet flows;
The trembling comet's imitated rays
Bound to the skies, and trail a sparkling blaze:
The vaulting bombs awake their sleeping fire,
And like the Cyclops' bolts, to heaven aspire:

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The Bombadeers their roaring engines ply,
And earth and ocean thunder to the sky.
The trump and fife's shrill clarion far around
The glorious music of the fight resound.
Nor less the joy Melinda's sons display,
The sulphur bursts in many an ardent ray,
And to the heaven ascends in whizzing gyres,
And Ocean flames with artificial fires.
In festive war the sea and land engage,
And echoing shouts confess the joyful rage.
So pass'd the night: and now with silvery ray
The Star of morning ushers in the day.
The shadows fly before the roseate hours,
And the chill dew hangs glittering on the flowers.
The pruning hook or humble spade to wield,
The cheerful labourer hastens to the field;
When to the fleet with many a sounding oar
The Monarch sails; the natives crowd the shore.
Their various robes in one bright splendour join,
The purple blazes, and the gold-stripes shine;
Nor as stern warriors with the quivering lance,
Or moon-arch'd bow, Melinda's sons advance;
Green boughs of palm with joyful hands they wave,
An omen of the meed that crowns the brave.
Fair was the show the royal Barge display'd,
With many a flag of glistening silk array'd,
Whose various hues, as waving through the bay,
Return'd the lustre of the rising day:
And onward as they came, in sovereign state
The mighty King amid his Princes sate:
His robes the pomp of eastern splendour show,
A proud Tiara decks his lordly brow:
The various tissue shines in every fold,
The silken lustre and the rays of gold.
His purple mantle boasts the die of Tyre,
And in the sunbeam glows with living fire.
A golden chain, the skilful Artist's pride,
Hung from his neck; and glittering by his side

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The dagger's hilt of star-bright diamond shone,
The girding baldric burns with precious stone;
And precious stone in studs of gold enchased,
The shaggy velvet of his buskins graced:
Wide o'er his head, of various silks inlaid,
A fair umbrella cast a grateful shade.
A band of menials, bending o'er the prow,
Of horn-wreath'd round the crooked trumpets blow;
And each attendant barge aloud rebounds
A barbarous discord of rejoicing sounds.
With equal pomp the Captain leaves the fleet,
Melinda's Monarch on the tide to greet:
His barge nods on amidst a splendid train,
Himself adorn'd in all the pride of Spain:
With fair embroidery shone his armed breast,
For polish'd steel supplied the warrior's vest;
His sleeves, beneath, were silk of paly blue,
Above, more loose, the purple's brightest hue
Hung as a scarf, in equal gatherings roll'd,
With golden buttons and with loops of gold:
Bright in the Sun the polish'd radiance burns,
And the dimm'd eye-ball from the lustre turns.
Of crimson satin, dazzling to behold,
His cassoc swelled in many a curving fold;
The make was Gallic, but the lively bloom
Confess'd the labour of Venetia's loom:
Gold was his sword, and warlike trowsers laced
With thongs of gold his manly legs embraced:
With graceful mien his cap aslant was turn'd;
The velvet cap a nodding plume adorn'd.
His noble aspect, and the purple's ray,
Amidst his train the gallant Chief bewray.
The various vestments of the warrior train,
Like flowers of various colours on the plain,
Attract the pleased beholders wondering eye,
And with the splendour of the rainbow vie.
Now Gama's bands the quivering trumpet blow,
Thick o'er the wave the crowding barges row,

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The Moorish flags the curling waters sweep,
The Lusian mortars thunder o'er the deep;
Again the fiery roar heaven's concave tears,
The Moors astonish'd stop their wounded ears:
Again loud thunders rattle o'er the bay,
And clouds of smoke wide rolling blot the day;
The Captain's barge the generous King ascends,
His arms the Chief enfold; the Captain bends,
A reverence to the sceptred grandeur due:
In silent awe the Monarch's wondering view
Is fix'd on Vasco's noble mien; the while
His thoughts with wonder weigh the Hero's toil.
Esteem and friendship with his wonder rise,
And free to Gama all his kingdom lies.
Though never son of Lusus' race before
Had met his eye, or trod Melinda's shore,
To him familiar was the mighty name,
And much his talk extols the Lusian fame;
How through the vast of Afric's wildest bound
Their deathless feats in gallant arms resound;
When that fair land where Hesper's offspring reign'd,
Their valour's prize the Lusian youth obtain'd.
Much still he talk'd, enraptured of the theme,
Though but the faint vibrations of their fame
To him had echoed. Pleased his warmth to view,
Convinced his promise and his heart were true,
The illustrious Gama thus his soul express'd,
And own'd the joy that labour'd in his breast:
O Thou, benign, of all the tribes alone,
Who feel the rigour of the burning zone,
Whose piety, with Mercy's gentle eye
Beholds our wants, and gives the wish'd supply;
Our navy driven from many a barbarous coast,
On many a tempest-harrowed ocean toss'd,
At last with thee a kindly refuge finds,
Safe from the fury of the howling winds.
O generous King, may He whose mandate rolls
The circling heavens, and human pride controls,

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May the Great Spirit to thy breast return
That needful aid, bestow'd on us forlorn!
And while yon Sun emits his rays divine,
And while the stars in midnight azure shine,
Where'er my sails are stretch'd the world around,
Thy praise shall brighten, and thy name resound.
He spoke; the painted barges swept the flood,
Where, proudly gay, the anchored navy rode;
Earnest the King the lordly fleet surveys;
The mortars thunder, and the trumpets raise
Their martial sounds Melinda's sons to greet;
Melinda's sons with timbrels hail the fleet.
And now no more the sulphury tempest roars;
The boatmen leaning on the rested oars
Breathe short; the barges now at anchor moor'd,
The King, while silence listen'd round, implored
The glories of the Lusian wars to hear,
Whose faintest echoes long had pleased his ear:
Their various triumphs on the Afric shore
O'er those who hold the son of Hagar's lore,
Fond he demands, and now demands again
Their various triumphs on the western main:
Again, ere readiest answer found a place,
He asks the story of the Lusian race;
What God was founder of the mighty line,
Beneath what heaven their land, what shores adjoin;
And what their climate, where the sinking day
Gives the last glimpse of twilight's silvery ray.
But most, O Chief, the zealous Monarch cries,
What raging seas you braved, what louring skies;
What tribes, what rites you saw; what savage hate
On our rude Afric proved your hapless fate:
Oh tell, for lo, the chilly dawning star
Yet rides before the morning's purple car;
And o'er the wave the sun's bold coursers raise
Their flaming fronts, and give the opening blaze;
Soft on the glassy wave the zephyrs sleep,
And the still billows' holy silence keep.

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Nor less are we, undaunted Chief, prepared
To hear thy nation's gallant deeds declared;
Nor think, though scorched beneath the car of day,
Our minds too dull the debt of praise to pay;
Melinda's sons the test of greatness know,
And on the Lusian race the palm bestow *.

If Titan's giant brood with impious arms
Shook high Olympus' brow with rude alarms;
If Theseus and Pirithous dared invade
The dismal horrors of the Stygian shade,
Nor less your glory, nor your boldness less,
That thus exploring Neptune's last recess
Contemn his waves and tempests! If the thirst
To live in fame, though famed for deeds accurs'd,
Could urge the caitiff, who to win a name
Gave Dian's temple to the wasting flame:
If such the ardour to attain renown,
How bright the lustre of the hero's crown,
Whose deeds of fair emprise his honours raise,
And bind his brows, like thine, with deathless bays!

* Voltaire calls the King of Melinda a barbarous African, but according to history, the Melindeans were a humane and polished people. The Prince of Melinda, with whom Gama conversed, is thus described by that excellent historian Osorius.—"In the whole conversation, the Prince betrayed no sign of the barbarian; on the contrary, he carried himself with a politeness and attention worthy of his rank."

END OF BOOK II.

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THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK III.

OH now, Calliope*, thy potent aid!
What to the King th' illustrious Gama said
Clothe in immortal verse. With sacred fire
My breast, if e'er it lov'd thy lore, inspire:
So may the patron of the healing art,
The God of day to thee consign his heart;
From thee, the Mother of his darling Son,
May never wandering thought to Daphne run:
May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride
Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide.
Then aid, O fairest Nymph, my fond desire,
And give my verse the Lusian warlike fire:
Fired by the Song, the listening world shall know
That Aganippe's streams from Tagus flow.
Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus shine
On thy fair breast, or round thy temples twine:
On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,
And with the tuneful God my bosom glows:
I feel, I feel the mighty power infuse,
And bathe my spirit in Aonian dews!
Now silence wooed th' illustrious Chief's reply,
And keen attention watch'd on every eye;

* *Calliope*—the Muse of Epic Poesy.

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When slowly turning with a modest grace,
The noble Vasco raised his manly face;
O mighty King, he cries, at thy command
The martial story of my native land
I tell; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd
Had other wars my praiseful lips employ'd.
When men the honours of their race commend,
The doubts of strangers on the tale attend:
Yet though reluctance faulter on my tongue,
Though day would fail a narrative so long,
Yet well assured no fiction's glare can raise,
Or give my country's fame a brighter praise;
Though less, far less, whate'er my lips can say,
Than truth must give it, I thy will obey.
Between that zone, where endless winter reigns,
And that, where flaming heat consumes the plains;
Array'd in green, beneath indulgent skies,
The Queen of arts and arms fair Europe lies.
Around her northern and her western shores,
Throng'd with the finny race old Ocean roars;
The midland sea, where tide ne'er swell'd the waves,
Her richest lawns, the southern border, laves.
Against the rising morn, the northmost bound
The whirling Tanais parts from Asian ground,
As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold
Their crooked way the rapid waters hold
To dull Mæotis' lake: her eastern line
More to the south, the Phrygian waves confine;
Those waves, which, black with many a navy, bore
The Grecian heroes to the Dardan shore;
Where now the seaman wrapp'd in mournful joy,
Explores in vain the sad remains of Troy.
Wide to the north beneath the pole she spreads;
Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,
Here winds on winds in endless tempests roll,
The valleys sigh, the lengthening echoes howl.
On the rude cliffs with frosty spangles grey,
Weak as the twilight gleams the solar ray;

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Each mountain's breast with snows eternal shines,
The streams and seas eternal frost confines.
Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old,
A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controul'd,
Whose pride maintain'd that theirs the sacred earth,
Not that of Nile, which first gave man his birth.
Here dismal Lapland spreads a dreary wild,
Here Norway's wastes where harvest never smil'd,
Whose groves of fir in gloomy horror frown,
Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempest groan.
Here Scandia's clime her rugged shores extends,
And far projected, through the Ocean bends;
Whose sons' dread footsteps yet Ausonia wears,
And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears *.
When summer bursts stern winter's icy chain,
Here the bold Swede, the Prussian, and the Dane
Hoist the white sail, and plough the foamy way,
Cheer'd by whole months of one continual day.
Between these shores and Tanais' rushing tide
Livonia's sons and Russia's hordes reside.
Stern as their clime the tribes, whose sires of yore
The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.
Where fam'd of old, th' Hircinian forest lour'd,
Oft seen in arms the Polish troops are pour'd
Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,
The Hungar dextrous in the wild-boar chase,
The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave
The Elbe, Amasis, and the Danube lave,
Of various tongues, for various princes known,
Their mighty Lord the German emperor own.
Between the Danube and the lucid tide
Where hapless Helle † left her name, and died,

* *And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.*—In the year 409 the city of Rome was sacked, and Italy laid desolate by Alaric, King of the Scandian and other northern tribes.

† *Helle*—A daughter of Athamas and Nephele, who fell into that part of the sea which from her received the name of Hellespont.

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The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,
Degenerate now, possess the hills of Thrace.
Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd;
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,
Low to the Turk now bend the servile head.
Here spread the fields of warlike Macedon,
And here those happy lands where genius shone
In all the arts, in all the Muse's charms,
In all the pride of elegance and arms,
Which to the heavens resounded Grecia's name,
And left in every age a deathless fame.
The stern Dalmatians till the neighbouring ground;
And where Antenor anchor'd in the sound,
Proud Venice as a queen majestic towers,
And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.
For learning glorious, glorious for the sword,
While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's dread lord,
Here Italy her beauteous landscape shows;
Around her sides his arms old Ocean throws;
The dashing waves the ramparts aid supply;
The hoary Alps, high towering to the sky,
From shore to shore a rugged barrier spread,
And lour destruction on the hostile tread.
But now no more her hostile spirit burns;
There now the saint in humble vespers mourns;
To Heaven more grateful than the pride of war,
And all the triumphs of the victor's car.
Onward fair Gallia opens to the view
Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue:
Wide spread her harvests o'er the scenes renown'd,
Where Julius proudly strode with laurel crown'd.
Here Seyn,—how fair when glistening to the moon!
Rolls his white wave; and here the cold Garoon;
Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves;
And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.

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Here the gruff mountains, faithless to the vows
Of lost Pyrene * rear their cloudy brows;
Whence, when of old the flames their woods devour'd,
Streams of red gold and melted silver pour'd.
And now, as head of all the lordly train
Of Europe's realms appears illustrious Spain.
Alas, what various fortunes has she known!
Yet ever did her sons her wrongs atone;
Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,
And still with fairer bloom her honours rose.
Where lock'd with land the struggling currents boil,
Fam'd for the godlike Theban's latest toil.
Against one coast the Punic strand extends,
And round her breast the midland ocean bends:
Around her shores two various oceans swell,
And various nations in her bosom dwell;
Such deeds of valour dignify their names,
Each the imperial right of honour claims.
Proud Arragon, who twice her standard reared
In conquer'd Naples; and for art revered,
Galicia's prudent sons; the fierce Navar;
And he far dreaded in the Moorish war,
The bold Asturian; nor Sevilia's race,
Nor thine, Granada, claim the second place.
Here too the heroes who command the plain
By Betis water'd; here, the pride of Spain,
The brave Castilian pauses o'er his sword,
His country's dread deliverer and lord.
Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound,
Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,

* *Faithless to the vows of lost Pyrene*, &c.—She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having one day wandered from her lover, she was destroyed by wild beasts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. C.

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Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
The last pale gleaming of departing day:
This, this, O mighty King, the sacred earth,
This the loved parent-soil that gave me birth.
And oh, would bounteous Heaven my prayer regard,
And fair success my perilous toils reward,
May that dear land my latest breath receive,
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.
Sublime the honours of my native land,
And high in Heaven's regard her heroes stand;
By Heaven's decree 'twas theirs the first to quell
The Moorish tyrants, and from Spain expel;
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,
Their burning wilds confess'd the Lusian might.
From Lusus famed, whose honour'd name we bear,
(The son of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)
The glorious name of Lusitania rose,
A name tremendous to the Roman foes,
When her bold troops the valiant shepherd led,
And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled;
When haughty Rome atchiev'd the treacherous blow *,
That own'd her terror of the matchless foe.
But when no more her Viriatus fought,
Age after age her deeper thraldom brought;
Her broken sons by ruthless tyrants spurn'd,
Her vineyards languish'd, and her pastures mourn'd;
Till time revolving raised her drooping head,
And o'er the wondering world her conquests spread.
Thus rose her power: the lands of lordly Spain
Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain;
Great were his honours in the bloody fight,
And Fame proclaim'd him champion of the right.
And oft the groaning Saracen's proud crest
And shattered mail his awful force confess'd.
From Calpe's summits to the Caspian shore
Loud-tongued Renown his godlike actions bore.

* ——*the treacherous blow*—The assassination of Viriatus.

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And many a chief from distant regions came
To share the laurels of Alonzo's fame;
Yet more for holy Faith's unspotted cause
Their spears they wielded, than for Fame's applause.
Great were the deeds their thundering arms display'd,
And still their foremost swords the battle sway'd.
And now to honour with distinguished meed
Each hero's worth, the generous king decreed.
The first and bravest of the foreign bands
Hungaria's younger son brave Henry * stands.
To him are given the fields where Tagus flows,
And the glad King his daughter's hand bestows;
The fair Teresa shines his blooming bride,
And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride.
With her, besides, the sire confirms in dower
Whate'er his sword might rescue from the Moor;
And soon on Hagar's race the hero pours
His warlike fury—soon the vanquish'd Moors
To him far round the neighbouring lands resign,
And heaven rewards him with a glorious line.
To him is born, heaven's gift, a gallant son,
The glorious founder of the Lusian throne.
Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds attest,
Delivered Judah, Henry's might confess'd.
On Jordan's bank the victor-hero strode,
Whose hallowed waters bathed the Saviour-God;
And Salem's gate her open folds display'd,
When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid.
But now no more in tented fields opposed,
By Tagus' stream his honoured age he closed;
Yet still his dauntless worth, his virtue lived,
And all the father in the son survived.

* *Hungaria's younger son*—Camoens, in making the founder of the Portuguese monarchy a younger son of the King of Hungary, has followed the old chronologist *Galvan;* the Spanish and Portuguese historians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant stranger.

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And soon his worth was proved; the parent * dame
Avowed a second hymeneal flame.
The low-born spouse assumes the monarch's place,
And from the throne expels the orphan race.
But young Alphonso, like his sires of yore,
(His grandsire's virtues as his name he bore)
Arms for the fight his ravish'd throne to win,
And the laced helmet grasps his beardless chin.
Her fiercest firebrands Civil Discord waved,
Before her troops the lustful mother raved;
Lost to maternal love, and lost to shame,
Unawed she saw heaven's awful vengeance flame;
The brother's sword the brother's bosom tore,
And sad Guimaria's meadows blush'd with gore;
With Lusian gore the peasant's cot was stain'd,
And kindred blood the sacred shrine profaned.
Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jason's wife,
Yet reeking with your children's purple life,
Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours;
Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours.
Your crime was vengeance on the faithless sires,
But here ambition with foul lust conspires.
'Twas rage of love, O Scylla†, urged the knife
That robb'd thy father of his fated life;

* ——*the parent dame*—Don Alonzo Enriquez, son of Count Henry, was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother, Teresa, assumed the reins of government, and appointed Don *Fernando Perez de Traba* to be her minister, who aspired to marry the mother, and was supposed to grasp at the sovereignty.

† '*Twas rage of love, O Scylla*—The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Nisus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war against him, for whom Scylla conceived so violent a passion, that she cut off the fatal lock while her father slept. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in despair flung herself from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

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Here grosser rage the mother's breast inflames,
And at her guiltless son the vengeance aims;
But aims in vain; her slaughter'd forces yield,
And the brave youth rides Victor o'er the field.
No more his subjects lift the thirsty sword,
And the glad realm proclaims the youthful Lord.
But ah, how wild the noblest tempers run!
His filial duty now forsakes the son;
Secluded from the day, in clanking chains
His rage the parent's aged limbs constrains. [brows,
Heaven frown'd—Dark vengeance lowring on his
And sheath'd in brass the proud Castilian rose,
Resolv'd the rigour to his daughter shown,
The battle should avenge, and blood atone.
A numerous host against the prince he sped,
The valiant prince his little army led:
Dire was the shock; the deep riven helms resound,
And foes with foes lie grappling on the ground.
Yet though around the Stripling's sacred head
By angel hands ethereal shields were spread;
Though glorious triumph on his valour smiled,
Soon on his van the baffled Foe recoil'd:
With bands more numerous to the field he came,
His proud heart burning with the rage of shame.
And now in turn Guimaria's lofty wall,
That saw his triumph, saw the hero fall:
Within the town immured, distress'd he lay,
To stern Castilia's sword a certain prey.
When now the guardian of his infant years,
The valiant Egas, as a god appears;
To proud Casteel the suppliant noble bows,
And faithful homage for his prince he vows.
The proud Casteel accepts his honour'd faith,
And peace succeeds the dreadful scenes of death.
Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew
His high-soul'd Prince to man would never sue,
Would never stoop to brook the servile stain,
To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign.

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And now with gloomy aspect rose the day,
Decreed the plighted servile rites to pay;
When Egas to redeem his faith's disgrace
Devotes himself, his spouse, and infant race.
In gowns of white, as sentenced felons clad,
When to the stake the sons of guilt are led,
With feet unshod they slowly moved along,
And from their necks the knotted halters hung.
And now, O King, the kneeling Egas cries
Behold my perjured honour's sacrifice:
If such mean victims can atone thine ire,
Here let my wife, my babes, myself expire.
If generous bosoms such revenge can take,
Here let them perish for the father's sake:
The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are these,
Nor let a common death thy wrath appease;
For us let all the rage of torture burn,
But to my Prince, thy son, in friendship turn.
He spoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,
As one who waits the lifted sabre's blow,
When o'er the block his languid arms are spread,
And death, foretasted, whelms the heart with dread.
So great a Leader thus in humbled state,
So firm his loyalty, and zeal so great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire subdued,
And lost in silent joy the Monarch stood;
Then gave the hand, and sheath'd the hostile sword,
And to such honour honour'd peace restored.
Oh Lusian faith! oh zeal beyond compare!
What greater danger could the Persian dare,
Whose prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,
Forgot the joy for Babylon's o'erthrow*.

* ——*Babylon's o'erthrow*—When Darius laid siege to Babylon, one of his Lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his nose and ears, persuaded the enemy that he had received these indignities from the cruelty of his master. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Justin.

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And now the youthful hero shines in arms,
The banks of Tagus echo war's alarms:
O'er Ourique's wide campaign his ensigns wave,
And the proud Saracen to combat brave.
Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage
That dared, with one, each hundred spears engage,
In heaven's protecting care his courage lies,
And heaven, his friend, superior force supplies.
Five Moorish Kings against him march along,
Ismar the noblest of the armed throng;
Yet each brave Monarch claim'd the Soldier's name,
And far o'er many a land was known to fame.
In all the beauteous glow of blooming years,
Beside each King a warrior Nymph appears;
Each with her sword her valiant Lover guards,
With smiles inspires him, and with smiles rewards.
Such was the valour of the beauteous Maid *,
Whose warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd:
Such in the field the virgin warriors shone,
Who drank the limpid wave of Thermodon †.
'Twas morn's still hour, before the dawning grey
The star's bright twinkling radiance died away;
When lo, resplendent in the heaven serene,
High o'er the Prince the sacred Cross was seen;
The godlike Prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,
Oh, not to me, my bounteous God, exclaim'd,
Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know,
But to the Pagan herd thy wonders show!
The Lusian host, enraptured, mark'd the sign
That witness'd to their Chief the aid divine:
Right on the foe they shake the beamy lance,
And with firm strides, and heaving breasts, advance;

* *The beauteous Maid.*—Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons, who, after having signalized her valour at the siege of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

† *Thermodon.*—A river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

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Then burst the silence, Hail, O King, they cry;
Our King, our King, the echoing dales reply.
Fired at the sound, with fiercer ardour glows
The heaven-made Monarch; on the wareless foes
Rushing, he speeds his ardent bands along:
So when the chase excites the rustic throng,
Roused to fierce madness by their mingled cries,
On the wild bull the red-eyed mastiff flies:
The stern-brow'd tyrant roars and tears the ground,
His watchful horns portend the deathful wound;
The nimble mastiff, springing on the foe,
Avoids the furious sharpness of the blow:
Now by the neck, now by the gory sides
Hangs fierce, and all his bellowing rage derides:
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,
In vain his nostrils clouds of smoke respire;
His gorge torn down, down falls the furious prize
With hollow thundering sound, and raging dies.
Thus on the Moors the hero rush'd along,
Th' astonish'd Moors in wild confusion throng;
They snatch their arms, the hasty trumpet sounds,
With horrid yell the dread alarm rebounds;
The warlike tumult maddens o'er the plain,
As when the flame devours the bearded grain:
The nightly flames the whistling winds inspire,
Fierce through the braky thicket pours the fire:
Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze,
From sleep the shepherds start in wild amaze;
They snatch their clothes with many a woeful cry,
And scatter'd devious to the mountains fly.
Such sudden dread the trembling Moors alarms,
Wild and confused they snatch the nearest arms;
Yet flight they scorn, and eager to engage [rage:
They spur their foamy steeds, and trust their furious
Amidst the horror of the headlong shock,
With foot unshaken as the living rock
Stands the bold Lusian firm; the purple wounds
Gush horrible, deep groaning rage resounds;

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Reeking behind the Moorish backs appear
The shining point of many a Lusian spear;
The mail-coats, hauberks, and the harness steel'd,
Bruis'd, hack'd, and torn, lie scatter'd o'er the field;
Beneath the Lusian sweepy force o'erthrown,
Crush'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan;
Burning with thirst they draw their panting breath,
And curse their Prophet as they writhe in death.
Arms sever'd from the trunks still grasp the steel,
Heads gasping roll; the fighting squadrons reel;
Fainty and weak with languid arms they close,
And staggering grapple with the staggering foes.
So when an oak falls headlong on the lake,
The troubled waters, slowly settling, shake:
So faints the languid combat on the plain,
And settling staggers o'er the heaps of slain.
Again the Lusian fury wakes its fires,
The terror of the Moors new strength inspires;
The scatter'd few in wild confusion fly,
And total rout resounds the yelling cry.
Defiled with one wide sheet of reeking gore,
The verdure of the lawn appears no more:
In bubbling streams the lazy currents run,
And shoot red flames beneath the evening sun.
With spoils enrich'd, with glorious trophies * crown'd
The heaven-made Sovereign on the battle ground
Three days encamped, to rest his weary train,
Whose dauntless valour drove the Moors from Spain.
And now in honour of the glorious day,
When five proud Monarchs fell his vanquish'd prey,
On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,
Placed as a Cross, five azure shields he wore,

* ——*with glorious trophies crown'd*—This memorable battle was fought in the plains of *Ourique*, 1139, when the Moors were totally routed with incredible slaughter. On the field of battle Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal.

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In grateful memory of the heavenly sign,
The pledge of conquests by the aid divine.
Nor long his falchion in the scabbard slept,
His warlike arm increasing laurels reap'd:
From Leyra's walls the baffled Ismar flies,
And strong Arroncha falls his conquer'd prise;
That honour'd town, through whose Elysian groves
Thy smooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.
Th' illustrious Santarene confess'd his power,
And vanquish'd Mafra yields her proudest tower.
The Lunar mountains saw his troops display
Their marching banners and their brave array;
To him submits fair Cintra's cold demain,
The soothing refuge of the Naiad train, [shun:
When Love's sweet snares the pining Nymphs would
Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run:
The cooling shades awake the young desires,
And the cold fountains cherish love's soft fires.
And thou, famed Lisboa, whose embattled wall
Rose by the hand * that wrought proud Ilion's fall;
Thou queen of Cities, whom the seas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the Hero's sway.
Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's misty shore,
To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine;
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
Before Ulysses' walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy sides.
Five times the moon her empty horns conceal'd,
Five times her broad effulgence shone reveal'd,
When, wrap'd in clouds of dust, her mural pride
Falls thundering,—black the smoking breach yawns wide.
As when th' imprison'd waters burst the mounds,
And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultured grounds;

* *Rose by the hand*—It is traditionally reported that Lisbon was built by Ulysses, and thence called *Olyssipolis*.

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Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course;
So headlong rush'd along the Hero's forcé.
The thirst of vengeance the assailants fires,
The madness of despair the Moors inspires;
Each lane, each street resounds the conflict's roar,
And every threshold reeks with tepid gore.
Thus fell the City, whose unconquer'd towers
Defy'd of old the banded Gothic powers,
Whose harden'd nerves in rigorous climates train'd
The savage courage of their souls sustain'd;
Before whose sword the sons of Ebro fled,
And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed;
Aw'd by whose arms the lawns of Betis' shore
The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.
When Lisboa's towers before the Lusian fell,
What fort, what rampart might his arms repel?
Estremadura's region owns him Lord,
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his sword;
Obidos humbles, and Alamquer yields,
Alamquer famous for her verdant fields,
Whose murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's way,
As the chill waters o'er the pebbles stray.
Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,
Fair Serpa's tillage, and Alcazar's vales
Not for himself the Moorish peasant sows;
For Lusian hands the yellow harvest glows:
And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tago's wave,
Your golden burdens for Alonzo save;
Soon shall his thundering might your wealth reclaim,
And your glad valleys hail their monarch's name.
Nor sleep his captains while the sovereign wars;
The brave Giraldo's sword in conquest shares;
Evora's frowning walls, the castled hold
Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold,
Sertorius dread, whose labours still remain*;
Two hundred arches, stretch'd in length, sustain

* ——*whose labours still remain*;—The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandest

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The marble duct, where, glistening to the sun,
Of silver hue the shining waters run.
Evora's frowning walls now shake with fear,
And yield obedient to Giraldo's spear.
Nor rests the monarch while his servants toil,
Around him still increasing trophies smile,
And deathless fame repays the hapless fate
That gives to human life so short a date.
Proud Beja's castled walls his fury storms,
And one red slaughter every lane deforms.
The ghosts, whose mangled limbs, yet scarcely cold,
Heap'd sad Trancoso's streets in carnage roll'd,
Appeased, the vengeance of their slaughter see,
And hail th' indignant king's severe decree.
Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,
And sea-laved Zambra owns the hero's might.
Nor these alone confess'd his happy star,
Their fated doom produced a nobler war.
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld
His towns besieged, and hasted to the field.
Four thousand coursers in his army neigh'd,
Unnumber'd spears his infantry display'd:
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,
In silver belts they shone, and plates of gold.
Along a mountain's side secure they trod;
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road;
When as a bull, whose lustful veins betray
The maddening tumult of inspiring May:
If, when his rage with fiercest ardour glows,
When in the shade the fragrant heifer lows,
If then perchance his jealous burning eye
Behold a careless traveller wander by,
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies;
The wretch defenceless torn and trampled dies.
So rush'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled slain;

remains of antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A. D. 1540.

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The royal Moor precipitates in flight;
The mountain echoes with the wild affright
Of flying squadrons; down their arms they throw,
And dash from rock to rock to shun the foe.
The foe! what wonders may not virtue dare!
But sixty horsemen* waged the conquering war.
The warlike monarch still his toil renews;
New conquest still each victory pursues.
To him Badaja's lofty gates expand,
And the wide region owns his dread command.
When now enraged proud Leon's king beheld
Those walls subdued which saw his troops expell'd;
Enraged he saw them own the victor's sway,
And hems them round with battalous array.
With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows,
By heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes
He rushes, glorying in his wonted force,
And spurs with headlong rage his furious horse;
The combat burns, the snorting courser bounds,
And paws impetuous by the iron mounds:
O'er gasping foes and sounding bucklers trod
The raging steed, and headlong as he rode
Dash'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar—
Low groveling in the dust, the pride of war,
The great Alonzo lies. The captive's fate
Succeeds, alas, the pomp of regal state,
"Let iron dash his limbs," his mother cried,
"And steel revenge my chains:" she spoke, and died;
And heaven assented—Now the hour was come,
And the dire curse was fallen Alonzo's doom.

No more, O Pompey, of thy fate complain,
No more with sorrow view thy glory's stain;
Though thy tall standards tower'd with lordly pride
Where northern Phasis rolls his icy tide;
Though hot Syene, where the sun's fierce ray
Begets no shadow, own'd thy conquering sway;

* *But sixty horsemen*—The history of this battle wants authenticity.

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Though from the tribes that shiver in the gleam
Of cold Bootes' watery glistening team,
To those who parch'd beneath the burning line,
In fragrant shades their feeble limbs recline,
The various languages proclaim'd thy fame,
And trembling own'd the terrors of thy name;
Though rich Arabia, and Sarmatia bold,
And Colchis, famous for the fleece of gold;
Though Judah's land, whose sacred rites implored
The one true God, and, as he taught, adored;
Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate sway'd,
And base Sophenia's sons thy nod obey'd;
Though vex'd Cicilia's pirates wore thy bands
And those who cultured fair Armenia's lands,
Where from the sacred mount two rivers flow,
And what was Eden to the Pilgrim shew;
Though from the vast Atlantic's bounding wave
To where the northern tempests howl and rave
Round Taurus' lofty brows: though vast and wide
The various climes that bended to thy pride;
No more with pining anguish of regret
Bewail the horrors of Pharsalia's fate:
For great Alonso, whose superior name
Unequal'd victories consign to fame,
The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe;
From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.
When now the hero, humbled in the dust,
His crime atoned, confess'd that heaven was just,
Again in splendor he the throne ascends:
Again his bow the Moorish chieftain bends.
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santareen
Their shining spears and banner'd moons are seen.
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd;
The Martyr's bones on Vincent's Cape interr'd,
(His sainted name the Cape shall ever bear)
To Lisboa's walls he brought with votive care:
And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,
Resigns the falchion to his valiant son.

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O'er Tago's waves the youthful hero pass'd,
And bleeding hosts before him shrunk aghast:
Chok'd with the slain, with Moorish carnage dy'd,
Sevilia's river roll'd the purple tide.
Burning for victory the warlike boy
Spares not a day to thoughtless rest or joy.
Nor long his wish unsatisfied remains;
With the besieger's gore he dies the plains
That circle Beja's wall: yet still untamed,
With all the fierceness of despair inflamed,
The raging Moor collects his distant might;
Wide from the shores of Atlas' starry height,
From Amphelusia's cape, and Tingia's bay,
Where stern Antæus held his brutal sway,
The Mauritanian trumpet sounds to arms,
And Juba's realm returns the hoarse alarms;
The swarthy tribes in burnish'd armour shine,
Their warlike march Abeyla's shepherds join.
The great Miramolin * on Tago's shores
Far o'er the coast his banner'd thousands pours;
Twelve kings and one beneath his ensigns stand,
And wield their sabres at his dread command.
The plundering bands far round the region haste,
The mournful region lies a naked waste.
And now enclosed in Santareen's high towers
The brave Don Sanco shuns th' unequal powers;
A thousand arts the furious Moor pursues,
And ceaseless still the fierce assault renews.
Huge clefts of rock, from horrid engines whirl'd,
In smouldering volleys on the town are hurl'd;
The brazen rams the lofty turrets shake,
And, mined beneath, the deep foundations quake;
But brave Alonzo's son, as danger grows,
His pride inflamed, with rising courage glows;

* ——*Miramolin*,—not the name of a person, but a title, *quasi Soldan*. The Arabs call it Emir-Almoumini, *the Emperor of the Faithful*.

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Each coming storm of missile darts he wards,
Each nodding turret, and each port he guards.
In that fair city, round whose verdant meads
The branching river of Mondego spreads,
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years
The king reposed, when Sanco's fate he hears.
His limbs forget the feeble steps of age,
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.
His daring Veterans, long to conquest train'd,
He leads—the ground with Moorish blood is stain'd;
Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,
And shiver'd spears in streaming carnage float.
In harness gay lies many a weltering steed,
And low in dust the groaning masters bleed.
As proud Miramolin in horror fled,
Don Sanco's javelin stretch'd him with the dead.
In wild dismay, and torn with gushing wounds
The rout wide scatter'd fly the Lusian bounds.
Their hands to heaven the joyful victors raise,
And every voice resounds the song of praise;
"Nor was it stumbling chance, nor human might,
"'Twas guardian heaven," they sung, "that ruled the fight."
This blissful day Alonzo's glories crown'd;
But pale disease now gave the secret wound;
Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,
And pining langour through his vitals spreads.
The glorious monarch to the tomb descends,
A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.
Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, mourns,
Alonzo's name each woeful bay returns;
For thee the rivers sigh their groves among,
And funeral murmurs wailing, roll along;
Their swelling tears o'erflow the wide champaign;
With floating heads, for thee, the yellow grain,
For thee the willow bowers and copses weep,
As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep;

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Adown the streams the tangled vine-leaves flow,
And all the landscape wears the look of woe.
Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories spread,
And thus thy mournful people bow the head;
While still, at eve, each dale Alonzo sighs,
And, Oh, Alonzo! every hill replies;
And still the mountain echoes trill the lay,
Till blushing morn brings on the noiseful day.
The youthful Sancho to the throne succeeds,
Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;
Let Betis tinged with blood his prowess tell,
And Beja's lawns, where boastful Afric fell.
Nor less, when king, his martial ardour glows,
Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops enclose:
Fair Sylves' lawns the Moorish peasant plough'd,
Her vineyards cultured, and her valleys sow'd;
But Lisboa's monarch reap'd. The winds of heaven
Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempest driven,
In Tago's breast a gallant navy sought
The sheltering port, and glad assistance brought*.
The warlike crew, by Frederic the Red,
To rescue Judah's prostrate land were led;
When Guido's troops, by burning thirst subdued,
To Saladine the foe for mercy sued†.
Their vows were holy, and the cause the same,
To blot from Europe's shores the Moorish name.
In Sancho's cause the gallant navy joins,
And royal Sylves to their force resigns.
Thus sent by heaven a foreign naval band
Gave Lisboa's ramparts to the Sire's command.

* ——*and glad assistance brought.*—The Portuguese, in their wars with the Moors, were several times assisted by the English and German crusaders.

† *To Saladine the foe for mercy sued.*—In the reign of Guido, the last Christian king of Jerusalem, the streams which supplied his army with water were cut off by Saladine, the victorious Mamaluke; by which means Guido's army was reduced to submission.

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Nor Moorish trophies did alone adorn
The Hero's name; in warlike camps though born,
Though fenced with mountains, Leon's martial race
Smile at the battle-sign, yet foul disgrace
To Leon's haughty sons his sword achieved;
Proud Tui's neck his servile yoke received;
And far around falls many a wealthy town,
O valiant Sanco, humbled to thy frown.
While thus his laurels flourish'd wide and fair,
He dies: Alonzo reigns, his much-loved heir.
Alcazar lately conquer'd by the Moor,
Reconquer'd, streams with the defenders' gore.
Alonzo dies: another Sanco reigns:
Alas, with many a sigh the land complains!
Unlike his Sire, a vain unthinking boy,
His servants now a jarring sway enjoy.
As his the power, his were the crimes of those
Whom to dispense that sacred power he chose.
By various counsels waver'd and confused,
By seeming friends, by various arts abused;
Long undetermined, blindly rash at last,
Enraged, unmann'd, untutor'd by the past.
Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjust,
The slave capricious of unnatural lust;
Nor had he smiled had flames consumed his Troy;
Nor could his people's groans afford him joy;
Nor did his woes from female manners spring,
Unlike the Syrian *, or Sicilia's king.
No hundred cooks his costly meal prepared,
As heap'd the board when Rome's proud tyrant fared †:
Nor dared the artist hope his ear to gain,
By new-form'd arts to point the stings of pain ‡.

* ——*Unlike the Syrian*—Sardinapalus.

† ——*When Rome's proud tyrant fared.*—Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.

‡ *By new-form'd arts to point the stings of pain.*—Alluding to the story of Phalaris.

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But proud and high the Lusian spirit soar'd,
And ask'd a godlike hero for their Lord.
To none accustom'd but an hero's sway,
Great must he be whom that bold race obey.
Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills,
Complaint, loud echoed, murmurs through the hills.
Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike Earl awakes,
And from his listless brother's minions takes
The awful sceptre.—Soon was joy restored,
And soon, by just succession, Lisboa's Lord,
Beloved, Alonzo named the bold, he reigns;
Nor may the limits of his Sire's domains
Confine his mounting spirit. When he led
His smiling Consort to the bridal bed,
Algarbia's realm, he cried, shall prove thy dower,
And soon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.
The vanquish'd Moor with total rout expell'd,
All Lusus' shores his might unrivall'd held.
And now brave Dinez reigns, whose noble fire
Bespoke the genuine lineage of his Sire.
Now heavenly peace wide waved her olive bough,
Each vale display'd the labours of the plough
And smiled with joy: the rocks on every shore
Resound the dashing of the merchant-oar.
Wise laws are form'd, and constitutions weigh'd,
And the deep-rooted base of Empire laid.
Not Ammon's son with larger heart bestow'd,
Nor such the grace to him the Muses owed.
From Helicon the Muses wing their way;
Mondego's flowery banks invite their stay.
Now Coimbra shines Minerva's proud abode;
And fired with joy, Parnassus' bloomy God
Beholds another dear-loved Athens rise,
And spread her laurels in indulgent skies;
Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines
With threads of gold, and Baccaris * adjoins.

* ——*Baccaris*—or Lady's glove, an herb to which the Druids and ancient Poets ascribed magical virtues.

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Here castle walls in warlike grandeur lour,
Her cities swell and lofty temples tower:
In wealth and grandeur each with other vies;
When old and loved the parent monarch dies.
His son, alas, remiss in filial deeds
But wise in peace and bold in fight, succeeds,
The fourth Alonzo: ever arm'd for war
He views the stern Casteel with watchful care.
Yet when the Lybian nations cross'd the main,
And spread their thousands o'er the fields of Spain,
The brave Alonzo drew his awful steel
And sprung to battle for the proud Casteel.
When Babel's haughty Queen unsheath'd the sword,
And o'er Hydaspes' lawns her legions pour'd;
When dreadful Attila, to whom was given
That fearful name, the Scourge of angry heaven,
The fields of trembling Italy o'er-ran
With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan;
Not such unnumber'd banners then were seen,
As now in fair Tartesia's dales convene;
Numidia's bow and Madritania's spear,
And all the might of Hagar's race was here;
Granada's mongrels join their numerous host,
To those who dared the seas from Lybia's coast.
Awed by the fury of such ponderous force
The proud Castilian tries each hoped resource;
Yet not by terror for himself inspired,
For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fired.
His much-loved bride his messenger he sends*,
And to the hostile Lusian lowly bends.
The much-loved daughter of the King implored,
Now sues her father for her wedded Lord.
The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,
Where her great Sire was throned in regal state:

* *His much-loved bride*—The Princess Mary, who was exceedingly ill used by her husband's violent attachment to his mistresses, though he owed his crown to the assistance of his father-in-law, the King of Portugal.

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On her fair face deep-settled grief appears,
And her mild eyes are bathed in glistening tears;
Her careless ringlets, as a mourner's, flow
Adown her shoulders and her breasts of snow:
A secret transport through the father ran,
While thus, in sighs, the royal bride began:
And know'st thou not, O warlike King, she cry'd,
That furious Afric pours her peopled tide,
Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain?
Morocco's Lord commands the dreadful train.
Ne'er since the surges bathed the circling coast,
Beneath one standard march'd so dread an host:
Such the dire fierceness of their brutal rage,
Pale are our bravest youth as palsied age:
By night our fathers' shades confess their fear,
Their shrieks of terror from the tombs we hear:
To stem the rage of these unnumber'd bands,
Alone, O Sire, my gallant husband stands;
His little host alone their breasts oppose
To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerous foes:
Then haste, O Monarch, thou whose conquering spear
Has chill'd Malucca's sultry waves with fear;
Haste to the rescue of distress'd Casteel,
(Oh! be that smile thy dear affection's seal!)
And speed, my father, ere my husband's fate
Be fix'd, and I, deprived of regal state,
Be left in captive solitude forlorn,
My spouse, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn.
In tears, and trembling, spoke the filial queen:
So lost in grief was lovely Venus seen,
When Jove, her Sire, the beauteous mourner pray'd
To grant her wandering son the promised aid.
Great Jove was mov'd to hear the fair deplore,
Gave all she ask'd, and grieved she ask'd no more.
So grieved Alonzo's noble heart. And now
The warrior binds in steel his awful brow:
The glittering squadrons march in proud array,
On burnish'd shields the trembling sun-beams play:

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The blaze of arms the warlike rage inspires,
And wakes from slothful peace the hero's fires.
With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,
And sprightly neighings echo far around;
Far on each side the clouds of dust arise,
The drum's rough rattling rolls along the skies;
The trumpet's shrilly clangor sounds alarms,
And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms.
Where their bright blaze the royal ensigns pour'd,
High o'er the rest the great Alonzo tower'd;
High o'er the rest was his bold front admired,
And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inspired.
Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain
The two Alonzos join their martial train:
Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn,
They pause—the mountain and the wide-spread lawn
Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe:
Awed with the horrors of the lifted blow
Pale look'd our bravest heroes. Swell'd with pride,
The foes already conquer'd Spain divide,
And lordly o'er the field the promised victors stride.
So strode in Elah's vale the towering height
Of Gath's proud champion; so with pale affright
The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride
The huge-limb'd foe the shepherd boy defy'd:
The valiant boy advancing fits the string,
And round his head he whirls the sounding sling;
The monster staggers with the forceful wound,
And his vast bulk lies groaning on the ground.
Such impious scorn the Moor's proud bosom swell'd,
When our thin squadrons took the battle-field;
Unconscious of the Power who led us on,
That Power whose nod confounds th' infernal throne;
Led by that Power, the brave Castilian bared
The shining blade, and proud Morocco dared;
His conquering brand the Lusian hero drew,
And on Granada's sons resistless flew;

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The spear-staffs crash, the splinters hiss around,
And the broad bucklers rattle on the ground.
With piercing shrieks the Moors their Prophet's name,
And ours their guardian Saint aloud acclaim.
Wounds gush on wounds, and blows resound to blows,
A lake of blood the level plain o'erflows;
The wounded gasping in the purple tide,
Now find the death the sword but half supplied.
Though wove and quilted by their Ladies' hands,
Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.
With such dread force the Lusian rush'd along,
Steep'd in red carnage lay the boastful throng.
Yet now disdainful of so light a prize,
Fierce o'er the field the thundering hero flies,
And his bold arm the brave Castilian joins
In dreadful conflict with the Moorish lines.
The parting Sun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,
And twinkling Vesper shot his silvery rays
Athwart the gloom, and closed the glorious day,
When low in dust the strength of Afric lay.
Such dreadful slaughter of the boastful Moor
Never on battle-field was heap'd before.
Not he whose childhood vow'd eternal hate
And desperate war against the Roman state,
Though three strong coursers bent beneath the weight
Of rings of gold, by many a Roman knight,
Erewhile, the badge of rank distinguished, worn,
From their cold hands at Cannæ's slaughter torn;
Not his dread sword bespread the reeking plain
With such wide streams of gore, and hills of slain;
Nor thine, O Titus, swept from Salem's land,
Such floods of ghosts roll'd down to death's dark strand;
Though ages ere she fell, the Prophets old
The dreadful scene of Salem's fall foretold

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In words that breathe wild horror: nor the shore,
When carnage chok'd the stream, so smok'd with gore *,
When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,
Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian blood;
Not such the heaps as now the plains of Tarif strew'd.
While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
To Lisboa's shores the happy Chief return'd,
In glorious peace and well-deserved repose,
His course of fame, and honoured age to close.
When now, O King, a damsel's fate severe †,
A fate which ever claims the woful tear,
Disgraced his honours—On the nymph's lorn head
Relentless rage its bitterest rancour shed:
Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathless corse the crown of Lisboa wore.
'Twas thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts control
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroyed.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.

* ——*so smok'd with gore, when Marius' fainting legions*—When the soldiers of Marius complained of thirst, he pointed to a river near the camp of the Ambrones; There, says he, you may drink, but it must be purchased with blood. Lead us on, they replied, that we may have something liquid, though it be blood. The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the slain. Vid. Plut.

† ——*a damsel's fate severe*—Donna *Inez de Castro*, daughter of a *Castilian* gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal, and privately married to Don Pedro: she was however cruelly murdered at the instigation of the politicians, on account of her partiality to Castilians.

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Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O Nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender scenes by lovesick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conscious stream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each echo sighed thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invok'd his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move:
For thee alone his constant passion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.
Ah, hope of bliss too high—the princely dames
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames;
He, with an old man's wintry eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The people's murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day.
(Alas, the nuptial day was pass'd unknown,
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
O thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possess'd!

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Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air,
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Moved the stern monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal;
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possess'd,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confess'd:
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To Heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound;
Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus:—O Monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of Heaven,
The human form divine, shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply!
Oh! that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer;
Thou could'st not then a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confess'd,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.

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In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet Pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah! let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lions roaring, and the tigers yell,
There with mine infant race, consign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implored from humankind:
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear,
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woful, hopeless joy.
In tears she utter'd—as the frozen snow
Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So just began to melt his stubborn soul
As mild-ray'd Pity o'er the tyrant stole;
But destiny forbade: with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom;
Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheath'd around her brandish'd shine.

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O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms an helpless lady slain!
Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious sire;
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;
While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to Heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
The loveliest face where all the Graces reign'd,
Whose charms so long the gallant Prince inflamed,
That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaimed;
That snowy neck was stained with spouting gore,
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.
The flowers that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood imbrew'd.
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay,
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roses died away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.
O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old.
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales!
When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;

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Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, sigh'd around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs still.
To give immortal pity to her woe,
They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,
And still through violet beds the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly,
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.
The injur'd lover's and the monarch's ire,
And stern brow'd justice in their doom conspire:
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in fire.
Nor this alone his stedfast soul display'd;
Wide o'er the land he waved the awful blade
Of red-arm'd Justice. From the shades of night
He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light:
The robber from his dark retreat was led,
And he who spilt the blood of murder, bled.
Unmoved he heard the proudest noble plead;
Where Justice aim'd her sword, with stubborn speed
Fell the dire stroke. Nor cruelty inspired,
Noblest humanity his bosom fired.
The Caitiff, starting at his thoughts, repress'd
The seeds of murder springing in his breast.
His outstretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,
For fix'd as fate he knew his doom was seal'd.
Safe in his monarch's care the ploughman reap'd,
And proud Oppression coward distance kept.
Pedro the Just the peopled towns proclaim,
And every field resounds her monarch's name.
Of this brave prince the soft degenerate son,
Fernando the remiss, ascends the throne.

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With arm unnerv'd the listless soldier lay,
And own'd the influence of a nerveless sway:
The stern Castilian drew the vengeful brand,
And strode proud victor o'er the trembling land.
How dread the hour, when injur'd Heaven in rage,
Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age!
Unmanly sloth the King, the nation stain'd;
And lewdness, foster'd by the Monarch, reign'd:
The Monarch own'd that first of crimes unjust,
The wanton revels of adulterous lust:
Such was his rage for beauteous Leonore*,
Her from her husband's widow'd arms he tore:
Then with unbless'd, unhallowed nuptials stained
The sacred altar, and its rites profaned.
Alas! the splendour of a crown how vain,
From Heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmest stain!
To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,
What ills on ills, from Helen's rape arose!
Let Appius own, let banish'd Tarquin tell
On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.
One female ravish'd Gibeah's streets beheld †,
O'er Gibeah's streets the blood of thousands swell'd
In vengeance of the crime; and streams of blood
The guilt of Zion's sacred bard pursued ‡.
Yet love full oft with wild delirium blinds,
And fans his basest fires in noblest minds:
The female garb the great Alcides wore,
And for his Omphale the distaff bore,

* —— *beauteous Leonore*—This lady, named *Leonora de Tellez*, was the wife of Don *Juan Lorenzo d'Acugna*, a nobleman of one of the most distinguished families in Portugal. After a sham process this marriage was dissolved, and the king privately espoused her, though at that time he was publicly married by proxy to Donna Leonora of Arragon.

† —— *Gibeah's streets*—See Judges, chap. xix. and xx.

‡ *The guilt of Zion's sacred bard*—David.—See 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. "The sword shall never depart from thine house."

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For Cleopatra's frown the world was lost.
The Roman terror, and the Punic boast,
Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's smile,
Resign'd the harvest of his glorious toil.
And who can boast he never felt the fires,
The trembling throbbings of the young desires,
When he beheld the breathing roses glow,
And the soft heavings of the living snow;
The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,
And all the rapturous graces of the fair?
Oh! what defence, if fix'd on him, he spy
The languid sweetness of the stedfast eye?
Ye who have felt the dear luxurious smart,
When angel charms oppress the powerless heart,
In pity here relent the brow severe,
And o'er Fernando's weakness drop the tear.

END OF BOOK III.

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THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK IV.

As the toss'd vessel on the ocean rolls,
When dark the night, and loud the tempest howls,
When the lorn mariner in every wave
That breaks and gleams, forebodes his watery grave;
But when the dawn, all silent and serene,
With soft-paced ray dispels the shades obscene,
With grateful transport sparkling in each eye,
The joyful crew the port of safety spy.
Such darkling tempests and portended fate,
While weak Fernando lived, appall'd the state;
Such when he died, the peaceful morning rose,
The dawn of joy, and sooth'd the public woes.
As blazing glorious o'er the shades of night,
Bright in his east breaks forth the Lord of light,
So valiant John with dazzling blaze appears,
And from the dust his drooping nation rears.
Though sprung from youthful Passion's wanton loves,
Great Pedro's son in noble soul he proves;
And Heaven announced him king by right divine,
A cradled infant gave the wondrous sign *:

* *A cradled infant gave the wondrous sign*—The miraculous speech of the infant, attested by a few monks, was adapted to the superstition of the age of John I. and as he was a bastard, was of infinite service to his cause.

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Her tongue had never lisp'd the mother's name,
No word, no mimic sound her lips could frame,
When Heaven the miracle of speech inspired;
She raised her little hands, with rapture fired,
Let Portugal, she cried, with joy proclaim
The brave Don John, and own her monarch's name.
The burning fever of domestic rage
Now wildly raved, and mark'd the barbarous age;
Through every rank the headlong fury ran,
And first red slaughter in the court began.
Of spousal vows, and widow'd bed defiled,
Loud fame the beauteous Leonore reviled.
Th' adulterous noble in her presence bled,
And torn with wounds his numerous friends lay dead.
No more those ghastly deathful nights amaze,
When Rome wept tears of blood in Scylla's days;
More horrid deeds Ulysses' towers beheld:
Each cruel breast where rankling envy swell'd,
Accused his foe as minion of the queen;
Accused, and murder closed the dreary scene.
All holy ties the frantic transport braved,
Nor sacred priesthood nor the altar saved.
Thrown from a tower, like Hector's son of yore,
The mitred head* was dashed with brains and gore,
Ghastly with scenes of death, and mangled limbs,
And black with clotted blood each pavement swims.
With all the fierceness of the female ire,
When rage and grief to tear the breast conspire,
The queen beheld her power, her honours lost†,
And ever when she slept th' adulterer's ghost,

* *The mitred head*—Don *Martin*, Bishop of Lisbon, a man of an exemplary life. He was by birth a Castilian, which was esteemed a sufficient reason to murder him, as one of the queen's party. He was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, whither he had fled to avoid the popular fury.

† *The queen beheld her power, her honours lost*—Possessed of great beauty and great abilities, this bad woman was a disgrace to her sex, and a curse to the age and country which gave her birth.

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All pale, and pointing at his bloody shroud,
Seem'd ever for revenge to scream aloud.
Casteel's proud monarch to the nuptial bed
In happier days her royal daughter led:
To him the furious queen for vengeance cries,
Implores to vindicate his lawful prize,
The Lusian sceptre, his by spousal right:
The proud Castilian arms and dares the fight.
To join his standard as it waves along,
The warlike troops from various regions throng:
Those who possess the lands by Rodrick given,
What time the Moor from Turia's banks was driven;
That race who joyful smile at war's alarms,
And scorn each danger that attends on arms;
Whose crooked ploughshares Leon's uplands tear,
Now cased in steel in glittering arms appear,
Those arms erewhile so dreadful to the Moor:
The Vandals glorying in their might of yore
March on; their helms and moving lances gleam
Along the flowery vales of Betis' stream:
Nor staid the Tyrian islanders * behind,
On whose proud ensigns floating on the wind
Alcides' pillars tower'd; nor wonted fear
Withheld the base Galician's sordid spear;
Though still his crimson seamy scars reveal
The sure-aim'd vengeance of the Lusian steel.
Where tumbling down Cuenca's mountain side
The murmuring Tagus rolls his foamy tide,
Along Toledo's lawns, the pride of Spain,
Toledo's warriors join the martial train:
Nor less the furious lust of war inspires
The Biscayneer, and wakes his barbarous fires,
Which ever burn for vengeance, if the tongue
Of hapless stranger give the faucy'd wrong.
Nor bold Asturia, nor Guispuscoa's shore,
Famed for their steely wealth, and iron ore,

* —— *the Tyrian islanders*—The inhabitants of Cadiz; of old a Phœnician colony.

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Delay'd their vaunting squadrons; o'er the dales
Cased in their native steel, and belted mails,
Blue gleaming from afar they march along,
And join with many a spear the warlike throng.
As thus, wide sweeping o'er the trembling coast,
The proud Castilian leads his numerous host,
The valiant John for brave defence prepares,
And in himself collected greatly dares:
For such high valour in his bosom glow'd,
As Samson's locks by miracle bestow'd:
Safe in himself resolved the hero stands,
Yet calls the leaders of his anxious bands:
The council summon'd, some with prudent mien,
And words of grave advice their terrors screen;
By sloth debased, no more the ancient fire
Of patriot loyalty can now inspire;
And each pale lip seem'd opening to declare
For tame submission, and to shun the war:
When glorious Nunio, starting from his seat,
Claim'd every eye, and closed the cold debate:
Singling his brothers from the dastard train,
His rolling looks, that flash'd with stern disdain,
On them he fix'd, then snatch'd his hilt in ire,
While his bold speech bewray'd the soldier's fire,
Bold and unpolish'd; while his burning eyes
Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and skies:
Heavens! shall the Lusian nobles tamely yield!
Oh shame! and yield untry'd the martial field!
That land whose genius, as the God of war,
Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering car;
Shall now her sons their faith, their love deny,
And, while their country sinks, ignobly fly!
Ye timorous herd, are ye the genuine line
Of those illustrious shades, whose rage divine
Beneath great Henry's standards awed the foe,
For whom ye tremble, and would stoop so low!
That foe, who, boastful now, then basely fled,
When your undaunted sires the Hero led,

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When seven bold Earls in chains the spoil adorn'd,
And proud Casteel through all her kindreds mourn'd,
Casteel, your awful dread—yet, conscious, say,
When Dinez reign'd, when his bold son bore sway,
By whom were trodden down the bravest bands
That ever march'd from proud Castilia's lands?
'Twas your brave sires—and has one languid reign
Fix'd in your tainted souls so deep a stain,
That now degenerate from your noble sires,
The last dim spark of Lusian flame expires?
Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unskill'd,
A godlike king now calls you to the field—
Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow,
Vain were the threatenings of the vaunting foe.
Not proud Casteel, oft by your sires o'erthrown,
But every land your dauntless rage should own.
Still if your hands benumb'd by female fear,
Shun the bold war, hark! on my sword I swear,
Myself alone the dreadful war shall wage—
Mine be the fight—and trembling with the rage
Of valorous fire, his hand half-drawn display'd
The awful terror of his shining blade—
I and my vassals dare the dreadful shock;
My shoulders never to a foreign yoke
Shall bend; and by my Sovereign's wrath I vow,
And by that loyal faith renounced by you,
My native land unconquer'd shall remain,
And all my Monarch's foes shall heap the plain.
The hero paused—'Twas thus the youth of Rome,
The trembling few who 'scaped the bloody doom
That dy'd with slaughter Cannæ's purple field,
Assembled stood, and bow'd their necks to yield;
When nobly rising with a like disdain
The young Cornelius * raged, nor raged in vain:
On his dread sword his daunted peers he swore,
(The reeking blade yet black with Punic gore)

* *The young Cornelius*—This was the famous P. Corn. Scipio Africanus. See Livy.

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While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield,
And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield.
Such martial rage brave Nunio's mien inspired;
Fear was no more: with rapturous ardour fired,
To horse, to horse, the gallant Lusians cry'd;
Rattled the belted mails on every side,
The spear-staffs trembled; round their heads they waved
Their shining falchions, and in transport raved,
The King our guardian—loud their shouts rebound,
And the fierce commons echo back the sound.
The mails that long in rusting peace had hung,
Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarsely rung:
Some soft with wool the plumy helmets line,
And some the breast-plate's scaly belts entwine:
The gaudy mantles some, and scarfs prepare,
Where various lightsome colours gaily flare;
And golden tissue, with the warp enwove,
Displays the emblems of their youthful love.
The valiant John, begirt with warlike state,
Now leads his bands from fair Abrantes' gate;
Whose lawns of green the infant Tagus laves,
As from his spring he rolls his cooly waves.
The daring van in Nunio's care could boast
A General worthy of the unnumber'd host,
Whose gaudy banners trembling Greece defy'd,
When boastful Xerxes lash'd the Sestian tide:
Nunio, to proud Casteel as dread a name,
As erst to Gaul and Italy the fame
Of Atilla's impending rage. The right
Brave Roderic led, a Chieftain train'd in fight:
Before the left the bold Almada rode,
And proudly wavering o'er the centre nod
The royal ensigns glittering from afar,
Where godlike John inspires and leads the war.
'Twas now the time, when from the stubbly plain
The labouring hinds had borne the yellow grain;
The purple vintage heap'd the foamy tun,
And fierce and red the sun of August shone;

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When from the gate the squadrons march along:
Crowds press'd on crowds, the walls and ramparts throng:
Here the sad mother rends her hoary hair,
While hope's fond whispers struggle with despair:
The weeping spouse to heaven extends her hands:
And cold with dread the modest virgin stands;
Her earnest eyes, suffused with trembling dew,
Far o'er the plain the plighted youth pursue:
And prayers and tears and all the female wail,
And holy vows the throne of heaven assail.
Now each stern host full front to front appears,
And one joint shout heaven's airy concave tears:
A dreadful pause ensues, while conscious pride
Strives on each face the heartfelt doubt to hide:
Now wild and pale the boldest face is seen;
With mouth half open and disordered mien
Each warrior feels his creeping blood to freeze,
And languid weakness trembles in the knees.
And now the clangour of the trumpet sounds,
And the rough rattling of the drum rebounds,
The fife shrill whistling cuts the gale; on high
The flourish'd ensigns shine with many a die
Of blazing splendour: o'er the ground they wheel
And choose their footing, when the proud Casteel
Bids sound the horrid charge; loud bursts the sound,
And loud Artabro's rocky cliffs rebound:
The thundering roar rolls round on every side,
And trembling sinks Guidana's rapid tide:
The slow-paced Durius rushes o'er the plain,
And fearful Tagus hastens to the main.
Such was the tempest of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurses' arms
Shriek'd at the sound: with sudden cold impress'd,
The mothers strain'd their infants to the breast,
And shook with horror—now, far round, begin
The bow-strings whizzing, and the brazen din
Of arms on armour rattling; either van
Are mingled now, and man opposed to man:

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To guard his native fields the one inspires,
And one the raging lust of conquest fires:
Now with fix'd teeth, their writhing lips of blue,
Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue,
Each arm strains swiftest to impel the blow;
Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know,
Their only passion to offend the foe.
In might and fury, like the warrior God,
Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode:
That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he sows
With their spilt blood, and with their corses strews;
Their forceful volleys now the cross-bows pour,
The clouds are darken'd with the arrowy shower;
The white foam reeking o'er their wavy mane,
The snorting coursers rage and paw the plain;
Beat by their iron hoofs, the plain rebounds,
As distant thunder through the mountain sounds:
The ponderous spears crash, splintering far around;
The horse and horsemen flounder on the ground;
The ground groans with the sudden weight oppress'd,
And many a buckler rings on many a crest.
Where wide around the raging Nunio's sword
With furious sway the bravest squadrons gored,
The raging foes in closer ranks advance,
And his own brothers shake the hostile lance.
Oh! horrid fight! yet not the ties of blood,
Nor yearning memory his rage withstood;
With proud disdain his honest eyes behold
Whoe'er the traitor, who his king has sold.
Nor want there others in the hostile band
Who draw their swords against their native land;
And headlong driven, by impious rage accurs'd,
In rank were foremost, and in fight the first.
So sons and fathers, by each other slain,
With horrid slaughter died Pharsalia's plain.
Ye dreary ghosts, who now for treasons foul,
Amidst the gloom of Stygian darkness howl;

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Thou Cataline, and, stern Sertorius, tell
Your brother shades, and sooth the pains of hell;
With triumph tell them, some of Lusian race
Like you have earn'd the Traitor's foul disgrace.
As waves on waves, the foe's increasing weight
Bears down our foremost ranks and shakes the fight;
Yet firm and undismay'd great Nunio stands,
And braves the tumult of surrounding bands.
So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains stray'd,
The raging Lion braves the shepherd's shade;
The shepherds hastening o'er the Tetuan plain,
With shouts surround him, and with spears restrain:
He stops, with grinning teeth his breath he draws,
Nor is it fear, but rage, that makes him pause;
His threatening eye-balls burn with sparkling fire,
And his stern heart forbids him to retire:
Amidst the thickness of the spears he flings,
So midst his foes the furious Nunio springs:
The Lusian grass with foreign gore distain'd,
Displays the carnage of the hero's hand.
" An ample shield the brave Giraldo bore,
Which from the vanquish'd Perez' arm he tore;
Pierced through that shield, cold death invades his eye,
And dying Perez saw his Victor die.
Edward and Pedro, emulous of fame,
The same their friendship, and their youth the same,
Through the fierce Brigians * hew'd their bloody way,
Till in a cold embrace the striplings lay.
Lopez and Vincent rush'd on glorious death,
And midst their slaughter'd foes resign'd their breath.
Alonzo glorying in his youthful might
Spurr'd his fierce courser through the staggering fight:

* *Through the fierce Brigians*—The Castilians, so called from one of their ancient kings, named Brix, or Brigus, whom the Monkish fabulists call the grandson of Noah.

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Shower'd from the dashing hoofs the spatter'd gore
Flies round; but soon the Rider vaunts no more:
Five Spanish swords the murmuring ghosts atone,
Of five Castilians by his arms o'erthrown.
Transfix'd with three Iberian spears, the gay,
The knightly lover, young Hilario lay:
Though, like a rose, cut off in opening bloom,
The Hero weeps not for his early doom;
Yet trembling in his swimming eye appears
The pearly drop, while his pale cheek he rears;
To call his loved Antonia's name he tries,
The name half utter'd, down he sinks, and dies*."
Now through his shatter'd ranks the Monarch strode,
And now before his rally'd squadrons rode:
Brave Nunio's danger from afar he spies,
And instant to his aid impetuous flies.
So when returning from the plunder'd folds,
The Lioness her emptied den beholds,
Enraged she stands, and listening to the gale,
She hears her whelps low howling in the vale;
The living sparkles flashing from her eyes,
To the Massylian shepherd-tents† she flies;
She groans, she roars, and echoing far around
The seven twin-mountains tremble at the sound:
So raged the king, and with a chosen train
He pours resistless o'er the heaps of slain.
Oh bold companions of my toils, he cries,
Our dear-loved freedom on our lances lies;

* These lines marked in the text with inverted commas, (commencing at page 94) are not in the common edition of Camoens. They consist of three stanzas in the Portuguese, and are said to have been left out by the author himself in his second edition. The translator, however, as they breathe the true spirit of Virgil, was willing to preserve them with this acknowledgment.

† *To the Massylian shepherd-tents*—Massylia, a province in Numidia, greatly infested with lions, particularly that part of it called *Os sete montes maos*, the seven brother mountains.

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Behold your friend, your Monarch, leads the way,
And dares the thickest of the iron fray.
Say, shall the Lusian race forsake their king,
Where spears infuriate on the bucklers ring!
He spoke; then four times round his head he whirl'd
His ponderous spear, and midst the foremost hurl'd;
Deep through the ranks the forceful weapon pass'd,
And many a gasping warrior sigh'd his last.
With noble shame inspired, and mounting rage,
His bands rush on, and foot to foot engage;
Thick bursting sparkles from the blows aspire;
Such flashes blaze, their swords seem dipp'd in fire;
The belts of steel and plates of brass are riven,
And wound for wound, and death for death is given.
The first in honour of Saint Jago's band *,
A naked ghost now sought the gloomy strand;
And he, of Calatrave the sovereign knight,
Girt with whole troops his arm had slain in fight,
Descended murmuring to the shades of night.
Blaspheming heaven, and gash'd with many a wound
Brave Nunio's rebel kindred gnaw'd the ground,
And curs'd their fate, and dy'd. Ten thousands more
Who held no title and no office bore,
And nameless nobles who, promiscuous fell,
Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of hell.
Now low the proud Castilian standard lies
Beneath the Lusian flag, a vanquish'd prize.
With furious madness fired, and stern disdain,
The fierce Iberians to the fight again
Rush headlong; groans and yellings of despair
With horrid uproar rend the trembling air.
Hot boils the blood, thirst burns, and every breast
Pants, every limb with fainty weight oppress'd
Slow now obeys the will's stern ire, and slow
From every sword descends the feeble blow;

* *The first in honour of Saint Jago's band*— Grand Master of the order of St. James, named Don Pedro, Nunio.

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Till rage grew languid, and tired slaughter found
No arm to combat, and no breast to wound.
Now from the field Casteel's proud monarch flies,
In wild dismay he rolls his maddening eyes,
And leads the pale-lip'd flight: swift wing'd with fear,
As drifted smoke, at distance disappear
The dusty squadrons of the scatter'd rear;
Blaspheming heaven, they fly, and him who first
Forged murdering arms, and led to horrid wars, accurs'd.

The festive days by heroes old ordain'd
The glorious victor on the field remain'd.
The funeral rights and holy vows he paid:
Yet not the while the restless Nunio staid;
O'er Tago's waves his gallant bands he led,
And humbled Spain in every province bled:
Sevilia's standard on his spear he bore,
And Andalusia's ensigns steep'd in gore.
Low in the dust distress'd Castilia mourn'd,
And bathed in tears each eye to heaven was turn'd;
The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary sire's;
And heaven relenting quench'd the raging fires
Of mutual hate: from England's happy shore
The peaceful seas two lovely sisters * bore.
The rival monarchs to the nuptial bed
In joyful hour the royal virgins led,
And holy Peace assum'd her blissful reign,
Again the peasant joy'd, the landscape smiled again.

But John's brave breast to warlike cares inured,
With conscious shame the sloth of ease endured.

* ——— *two lovely sisters*—John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of *Aljubarota*, married *Philippa*, eldest daughter of *John of Gaunt*, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III. who assisted the king, his son-in-law, in an irruption into Castile, and at the end of the campaign promised to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngest daughter *Catalina* with Don *Henry*, eldest son of the King of Castile.

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When not a foe awaked his rage in Spain
The valiant Hero braved the foamy main;
The first, nor meanest, of our kings who bore
The Lusian thunders to the Afric shore.
O'er the wild waves the victor-banners flow'd,
Their silver wings a thousand eagles show'd;
And proudly swelling to the whistling gales
The seas were whiten'd with a thousand sails.
Beyond the columns by Alcides placed
To bound the world, the zealous warrior pass'd.
The shrines of Hagar's race, the shrines of lust,
And moon-crown'd mosques lay smoking in the dust.
O'er Abyla's high steep his lance he raised,
On Ceuta's lofty towers his standard blazed:
Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train *,
His vassal now, ensures the peace of Spain.
But ah, how soon the blaze of glory dies!
Illustrious John ascends his native skies.
His gallant offspring prove their genuine strain,
And added lands increase the Lusian reign.
Yet not the first of heroes Edward shone;
His happiest days long hours of evil own.
He saw, secluded from the cheerful day,
His sainted brother pine his years away.
O glorious youth in captive chains, to thee
What suiting honours may thy land decree!
Thy nation proffer'd, and the foe with joy
For Ceuta's towers prepared to yield the boy;
The princely hostage nobly spurns the thought
Of freedom and of life so dearly bought,
The raging vengeance of the Moors defies,
Gives to the clanking chains his limbs, and dies

* *Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train*—Ceuta is one of the strongest garrisons in Africa; it lies almost opposite to Gibraltar, and the possession of it was of the greatest importance to the Portuguese, during their frequent wars with the Moors. Before its reduction, it was the asylum of Spanish and Portuguese Renegadoes and Traitors.

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A dreary prison death. Let noisy fame
No more unequall'd hold her Codrus name;
Her Regulus, her Curtius boast no more,
Nor those the honour'd Decian name who bore.
The splendour of a court, to them unknown,
Exchang'd for deathful Fate's most awful frown,
To distant times through every land shall blaze
The self-devoted Lusian's nobler praise.
Now to the tomb the hapless king descends,
His son Alonzo brighter fate attends.
Alonzo! dear to Lusus' race the name;
Nor his the meanest in the rolls of fame.
His might resistless prostrate Afric own'd,
Beneath his yoke the Mauritanians groan'd,
And still they groan beneath the Lusian sway.
'Twas his in victor pomp to bear away
The golden apples from Hesperia's shore,
Which but the son of Jove had snatch'd before.
The palm and laurel round his temples bound,
Display'd his triumphs on the Moorish ground;
When proud Arzilla's strength, Alcazer's towers,
And Tingia, boastful of her numerous powers,
Beheld their adamantine walls o'erturn'd,
Their ramparts levell'd, and their temples burn'd.
Great was the day: the meanest sword that fought
Beneath the Lusian flag such wonders wrought
As from the Muse might challenge endless fame,
Though low their station, and untold their name.
Now stung with wild Ambition's mad'ning fires,
To proud Castilia's throne the king aspires*.

* *To proud Castilia's throne the king aspires.*—When Henry IV. of Castile died, he declared that the Infanta *Joanna* was his heiress, in preference to his sister, Donna *Isabella*, married to Don Ferdinand, son to the King of Arragon. In hopes to attain the kingdom of Castile, Don Alonzo, King of Portugal, obtained a dispensation from the pope to marry his niece, Donna *Joanna*; but after a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

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The Lord of Arragon, from Cadiz' walls,
And hoar Pyrene's sides his legions calls;
The numerous legions to his standards throng,
And war, with horrid strides, now stalks along.
With emulation fired, the prince * beheld
His warlike sire ambitious of the field;
Scornful of ease, to aid his arms he sped,
Nor sped in vain: The raging combat bled;
Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, Dismay
Spread her cold wings, and shook his firm array;
To flight she hurried; while with brow serene
The martial boy beheld the deathful scene.
With curving movement o'er the field he rode,
Th' opposing troops his wheeling squadrons mow'd:
The purple dawn and evening sun beheld
His tents encamp'd assert the conquer'd field.
Thus when the ghost of Julius hover'd o'er
Philippi's plain, appeased with Roman gore,
Octavius' legions left the field in flight,
While happier Marcus triumph'd in the fight.
When endless night had seal'd his mortal eyes,
And brave Alonzo's spirit sought the skies,
The second of the name, the valiant John,
Our thirteenth monarch, now ascends the throne.
To seize immortal fame, his mighty mind,
What man had never dared before, design'd;
That glorious labour which I now pursue,
Through seas unsail'd to find the shores that view
The day-star, rising from his watery bed,
The first grey beams of infant morning shed.
Selected messengers his will obey;
Through Spain and France they hold their vent'rous way:
Through Italy they reach the port that gave
The fair Parthenope † an honour'd grave;

* The Prince of Portugal.

† ——*Parthenope*—was one of the Syrens. Enraged because she could not allure Ulysses, she threw herself into the sea. Her corpse was thrown ashore, and buried where Naples now stands.

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That shore which oft has felt the servile chain
But now smiles happy in the care of Spain.
Now from the port the brave advent'rers bore,
And cut the billows of the Rhodian shore;
Now reach the strand, where noble Pompey bled*;
And now, repair'd with rest, to Memphis sped;
And now, ascending by the vales of Nile,
Whose waves pour fatness o'er the grateful soil,
Through Ethiopia's peaceful dales they stray,
Where their glad eyes Messiah's rites survey†:
And now they pass the famed Arabian flood,
Whose waves of old in wondrous ridges stood,
While Israel's favour'd race the sable bottom trode:
Behind them glistening to the morning skies,
The mountains named from Izmael's offspring rise‡;
Now round their steps the bless'd Arabia spreads
Her groves of odour, and her balmy meads,
And every breast, inspired with glee, inhales
The grateful fragrance of Sabæ's gales:
Now pass'd the Persian gulf their rout ascends
Where Tigris' wave with proud Euphrates blends;
Illustrious streams, where still the native shows
Where Babel's haughty tower unfinish'd rose:
From thence through climes unknown, their daring course
Beyond where Trajan forced his way, they force;
Carmanian hordes, and Indian tribes they saw,
And many a barbarous rite, and many a law
Their search explored; but to their native shore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.
The glad completion of the Fate's decree,
Kind heaven reserved, Emmanuel, for thee.

* ——*Where noble Pompey bled*—The coast of Alexandria.

† *Messiah's rites survey*—Among the Christians of *Prester John*, or Abyssinia.

‡ *The mountains named from Izmael's offspring*—The Nabathean mountains; so named from Nabaoth, the son of Ishmael.

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The crown, and high ambition of thy sires,
To thee descending, waked thy latent fires;
And to command the sea from pole to pole,
With restless wish inflamed thy mighty soul.
Now from the sky the sacred light withdrawn,
O'er heaven's clear azure shone the stars of dawn,
Deep Silence spread her gloomy wings around,
And human griefs were wrapp'd in sleep profound.
The monarch slumber'd on his golden bed,
Yet anxious cares possess'd his thoughtful head;
His generous soul, intent on public good,
The glorious duties of his birth review'd.
When sent by heaven a sacred dream inspired
His labouring mind, and with its radiance fired:
High to the clouds his towering head was rear'd,
New worlds, and nations fierce and strange, appear'd;
The purple dawning o'er the mountains flow'd,
The forest-boughs with yellow splendour glow'd;
High from the steep two copious glassy streams
Roll'd down, and glitter'd in the morning beams.
Here various monsters of the wild were seen,
And birds of plumage, azure, scarlet, green:
Here various herbs, and flowers of various bloom;
There black as night the forest's horrid gloom,
Whose shaggy brakes, by human step untrod,
Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode.
Here as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes,
Two hoary fathers from the streams arise;
Their aspect rustic, yet a reverend grace
Appear'd majestic on their wrinkled face:
Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and sweepy long,
Adown their knees in shaggy ringlets hung;
From every lock the crystal drops distil,
And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill;
Gay wreaths of flowers, of fruitage, and of boughs,
Nameless in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows.
Bent o'er his staff, more silver'd o'er with years,
Worn with a longer way, the one appears;

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Who now slow beckoning with his wither'd hand,
As now advanced before the king they stand.
O thou, whom worlds to Europe yet unknown,
Are doom'd to yield, and dignify thy crown;
To thee our golden shores the Fates decree;
Our necks, unbow'd before, shall bend to thee.
Wide through the world resounds our wealthy fame;
Haste, speed thy prows, that fated wealth to claim.
From Paradise my hallowed waters spring;
The sacred Ganges I, my brother king
Th' illustrious author of the Indian name:
Yet toil shall languish, and the fight shall flame;
Our fairest lawns with streaming gore shall smoke,
Ere yet our shoulders bend beneath the yoke;
But thou shalt conquer: all thine eyes survey,
With all our various tribes, shall own thy sway.
He spoke: and melting in a silvery stream,
Both disappear'd; when waking from his dream,
The wondering monarch thrill'd with awe divine,
Weighs in his lofty thoughts the sacred sign.
Now morning bursting from the eastern sky
Spreads o'er the clouds the blushing rose's die;
The nations wake, and at the sovereign's call
The Lusian nobles crowd the palace hall.
The vision of his sleep the monarch tells;
Each heaving breast with joyful wonder swells:
Fulfil, they cry, the sacred sign obey,
And spread the canvass for the Indian sea.
Instant my looks with troubled ardour burn'd,
When keen on Me his eyes the monarch turn'd:
What he beheld I know not; but I know,
Big swell'd my bosom with a prophet's glow:
And long my mind, with wondrous bodings fired,
Had to the glorious dreadful toil aspired;
Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betrayed,
My looks the omen of success displayed.
When with that sweetness in his mien express'd,
Which unresisted wins the generous breast,

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Great are the dangers, great the toils, he cried,
Ere glorious honours crown the victor's pride.
If in the glorious strife the hero fall,
He proves no danger could his soul appal;
And but to dare so great a toil, shall raise
Each age's wonder, and immortal praise.
For this dread toil new oceans to explore,
To spread the sail where sail ne'er flow'd before,
For this dread labour, to your valour due,
From all your peers I name, O Vasco, you.
Dread as it is, yet light the task shall be
To you my Gama, as perform'd for me.———
My heart could bear no more——Let skies on fire,
Let frozen seas, let horrid war conspire,
I dare them all, I cried, and but repine
That one poor life is all I can resign.
Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall,
For you my joyful heart would dare them all;
The ghastly realms of death could man invade,
For you my steps should trace the ghastly shade.
While thus with loyal zeal my bosom swell'd,
That panting zeal my prince with joy beheld:
Honour'd with gifts I stood, but honour'd more
By that esteem my joyful Sovereign bore.
That generous praise which fires the soul of worth,
And gives new virtues unexpected birth.
That praise e'en now my heaving bosom fires,
Inflames my courage, and each wish inspires.
Mov'd by affection, and allur'd by fame,
A gallant youth, who bore the dearest name,
Paulus my brother, boldly sued to share
My toils, my dangers, and my fate in war;
And brave Coëllo urged the hero's claim
To dare each hardship, and to join our fame:
For glory both with restless ardour burn'd,
And silken ease for horrid danger spurn'd;
Alike renown'd in council or in field,
The snare to baffle, or the sword to wield.

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Through Lisboa's youth the kindling ardour ran,
And bold ambition thrill'd from man to man;
And each the meanest of the venturous band
With gifts stood honour'd by the Sovereign's hand.
Heavens! what a fury swell'd each warrior's breast,
When each, in turn, the smiling King address'd!
Fired by his words the direst toils they scorn'd,
And with the horrid lust of danger fiercely burn'd.
With such bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the first keel the Euxine surges plough'd;
When bravely venturous for the golden fleece
Orac'lous Argo sailed from wondering Greece.
Where Tago's yellow stream the harbour laves,
And slowly mingles with the ocean waves,
In warlike pride my gallant navy rode,
And proudly o'er the beach my soldiers strode.
Sailors and landmen marshall'd o'er the strand,
In garbs of various hue around me stand,
Each earnest first to plight the sacred vow,
Oceans unknown and gulfs untried to plough:
Then turning to the ships their sparkling eyes,
With joy they heard the breathing winds arise;
Elate with joy beheld the flapping sail,
And purple standards floating on the gale;
While each presaged that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet should give some starry band a name.
Where foaming on the shore the tide appears,
A sacred fane its hoary arches rears:
Dim o'er the sea the evening shades descend,
And at the holy shrine devout we bend:
There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,
Our prayers and earnest vows to heaven we raise.
"Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave
Still to the sailor's eye displays his grave;
Through howling tempests, and through gulfs untried,
O mighty God! be thou our watchful guide."
While kneeling thus before the sacred shrine,
In Holy Faith's most solemn rite we join,

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Our peace with heaven the bread of peace confirms,
And meek contrition every bosom warms:
Sudden, the lights extinguish'd, all around
Dread silence reigns, and midnight gloom profound;
A sacred horror pants on every breath,
And each firm breast devotes itself to death,
An offer'd sacrifice, sworn to obey
My nod, and follow where I lead the way.
Now prostrate round the hallow'd shrine we lie,
Till rosy morn bespreads the eastern sky;
Then, breathing fix'd resolves, my daring mates
March to the ships, while pour'd from Lisboa's gates,
Thousands on thousands crowding, press along,
A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.
A thousand white-robed priests our steps attend,
And prayers, and holy vows to heaven ascend.
A scene so solemn, and the tender woe
Of parting friends, constrained my tears to flow.
To weigh our anchors from our native shore—
To dare new oceans never dared before—
Perhaps to see my native coast no more—
Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel,
I bear no bosom of obdurate steel—
(The godlike hero here suppress'd the sigh,
And wiped the teardrop from his manly eye;
Then thus resuming—) All the peopled shore
An awful, silent look of anguish wore;
Affection, friendship, all the kindred ties
Of spouse and parent languish'd in their eyes:
As men they never should again behold,
Self-offer'd victims to destruction sold,
On us they fix'd the eager look of woe,
While tears o'er every cheek began to flow;
When thus aloud, Alas! my son, my son,
An hoary sire exclaims! Oh, whither run,
My heart's sole joy, my trembling age's stay,
To yield thy limbs the dread sea-monster's prey!
To seek thy burial in the raging wave,
And leave me cheerless sinking to the grave!

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Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,
And bore each fever of a father's fears!
Alas! my boy!—His voice is heard no more,
The female shriek resounds along the shore:
With hair dishevell'd, through the yielding crowd
A lovely bride springs on, and screams aloud;
Oh! where, my husband, where to seas unknown,
Where wouldst thou fly me, and my love disown!
And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep consign
That valued life, the joy, the soul of mine?
And must our loves, and all the kindred train
Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain!
All the dear transports of the warm embrace,
When mutual love inspired each raptured face!
Must all, alas! be scattered in the wind,
Nor thou bestow one lingering look behind!
Such the lorn parents' and the spouses' woes,
Such o'er the strand, the voice of wailing rose;
From breast to breast the soft contagion crept,
Moved by the woeful sound the children wept;
The mountain echoes catch the big-swoln sighs,
And through the dales prolong the matron's cries;
The yellow sands with tears are silver'd o'er,
Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.
Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aside
On hoary parent, or on lovely bride.
Though glory fired our hearts, too well we knew
What soft affection and what love could do.
The last embrace the bravest worst can bear:
The bitter yearnings of the parting tear
Sullen we shun, unable to sustain
The melting passion of such tender pain.
Now on the lofty decks prepared we stand,
When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the strand,
A reverend figure * fix'd each wondering eye,
And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,

* *A reverend figure*—By this old man is personified the populace of Portugal.

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And thrice his hoary curls he sternly shook,
While grief and anger mingled in his look;
Then to its height his faltering voice he rear'd,
And through the fleet these awful words were heard:
O frantic thirst of honour and of fame,
The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name;
What stings, what plagues, what secret scourges curs'd,
Torment those bosoms where thy pride is nurs'd!
What dangers threaten, and what deaths destroy
The hapless youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy!
By thee, dire Tyrant of the noble mind,
What dreadful woes are pour'd on humankind;
Kingdoms and empires in confusion hurl'd,
What streams of gore have drench'd the hapless world!
Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air,
What new dread horror dost thou now prepare!
High sounds thy voice of India's pearly shore,
Of endless triumphs and of countless store:
Of other worlds so tower'd thy swelling boast,
Thy golden dreams, when Paradise was lost,
When thy big promise steep'd the world in gore,
And simple innocence was known no more.
And say, has fame so dear, so dazzling charms?
Must brutal fierceness and the trade of arms,
Conquest, and laurels dipp'd in blood, be prized,
While life is scorn'd, and all its joys despised?
And say, does zeal for holy faith inspire
To spread its mandates, thy avow'd desire?
Behold the Hagarene in armour stands,
Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands:
A thousand cities own his lordly sway,
A thousand various shores his nod obey.
Through all these regions, all these cities, scorn'd
Is thy religion, and thine altars spurn'd.
A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;
That high-plumed foe, renown'd for martial fire,
Before thy gates his shining spear displays,
Whilst thou wouldst fondly dare the watery maze,

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Enfeebled leave thy native land behind,
On shores unknown a foe unknown to find.
Oh! madness of ambition! thus to dare
Dangers so fruitless, so remote a war!
That Fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,
And thy proud titles on her flag be borne:
Thee, Lord of Persia, thee, of India Lord,
O'er Ethiopia's Vast, and Araby adored!
Curs'd be the man who first on floating wood
Forsook the beach, and braved the treacherous flood!
Oh! never, never may the sacred Nine,
To crown his brows, the hallowed wreath entwine;
Nor may his name to future times resound,
Oblivion be his meed, and hell profound!
Curs'd be the wretch, the fire of heaven who stole,
And with ambition first debauch'd the soul!
What woes, Prometheus, walk the frighten'd earth!
To what dread slaughter has thy pride given birth!
On proud Ambition's pleasing gales upborne,
One boasts to guide the chariot of the morn *:
And one on treacherous pinions soaring high,
O'er ocean's waves dar'd sail the liquid sky:
Dash'd from their height they mourn their blighted aim;
One gives a river, one a sea the name!
Alas! the poor reward of that gay meteor Fame!
Yet such the fury of the mortal race,
Though Fame's fair promise ends in foul disgrace,
Though conquest still the victor's hope betrays,
The prize a shadow, or a rainbow blaze,
Yet still through fire and raging seas they run
To catch the gilded shade, and sink undone!

* *One boasts to guide the chariot of the morn*, &c.—Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

END OF BOOK IV.

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THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK V.

WHILE on the beach the hoary father stood
And spoke the murmurs of the multitude,
We spread the canvass to the rising gales;
The gentle winds distend the snowy sails.
As from our dear-loved native shore we fly
Our votive shouts, redoubled, rend the sky;
"Success, success," far echoes o'er the tide,
While our broad hulks the foamy waves divide.
From Leo now, the lordly star of day,
Intensely blazing, shot his fiercest ray;
When slowly gliding from our wishful eyes,
The Lusian mountains mingled with the skies;
Tago's loved stream, and Cyntra's mountains cold
Dim fading now, we now no more behold;
And still with yearning hearts our eyes explore,
Till one dim speck of land appears no more.
Our native soil now far behind, we ply
The lonely dreary waste of seas and boundless sky.
Through the wild deep our venturous navy bore,
Where but our Henry * plough'd the wave before:

* *Where but our Henry*—Don Henry, Prince of Portugal, of whom see the History of the Discovery of India.

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The verdant islands, first by him descried,
We pass'd; and now in prospect opening wide,
Far to the left, increasing on the view,
Rose Mauritania's hills of paly blue:
Far to the right the restless ocean roared,
Whose bounding surges never keel explored;
If bounding shore *, as reason deems, divide
The vast Atlantic from the Indian tide.
Named from her woods, with fragrant bowers adorn'd,
From fair Madeira's purple coast we turn'd:
Cyprus and Paphos' vales the smiling loves
Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;
A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
Venus might build her dearest temple there.
Onward we pass Massyla's barren strand,
A waste of wither'd grass and burning sand;
Where his thin herds the meagre native leads,
Where not a rivulet laves the doleful meads;
Nor herds nor fruitage deck the woodland maze:
O'er the wild waste the stupid ostrich strays,
In devious search to pick her scanty meal,
Whose fierce digestion gnaws the temper'd steel.
From the green verge, where Tigitania ends,
To Ethiopia's line the dreary wild extends.
Now past the limit, which his course divides,
When to the North the Sun's bright chariot rides,
We leave the winding bays and swarthy shores,
Where Senegal's black wave impetuous roars;
A flood, whose course a thousand tribes surveys,
The tribes who blacken'd in the fiery blaze,
When Phaeton, devious from the solar height,
Gave Afric's sons the sable hue of night.

* *If bounding shore*—The discovery of some of the West Indian islands by Columbus was made in 1492 and 1493. His discovery of the continent of America was not till 1498. The fleet of Gama sailed from the Tagus in 1497.

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And now from far the Lybian cape is seen,
Now by my mandate named the Cape of Green *.
Where midst the billows of the ocean smiles
A flowery sister-train, the happy isles †,
Our onward prows the murmuring surges lave;
And now our vessels plough the gentle wave,
Where the blue islands, named of Hesper old,
Their fruitful bosoms to the deep unfold.
Here changeful Nature shows her various face,
And frolics o'er the slopes with wildest grace:
Here our bold fleet their ponderous anchors threw,
The sickly cherish, and our stores renew.
From him the warlike guardian power of Spain,
Whose spear's dread lightning o'er th' embattled plain
Has oft o'erwhelm'd the Moors in dire dismay,
And fix'd the fortune of the doubtful day;
From him we name our station of repair,
And Jago's name that isle shall ever bear.
The northern winds now curl'd the blackening main,
Our sails unfurl'd we plough the tide again:
Round Afric's coast our winding course we steer,
Where bending to the East the shores appear,
Here Jalofo its wide extent displays,
And vast Mandinga ‡ shows its numerous bays;
Whose mountains' sides, though parch'd and barren, hold,
In copious store, the seeds of beamy gold.
The Gambea here his serpent journey takes,
And through the lawns a thousand windings makes;
A thousand swarthy tribes his current laves,
Ere mix his waters with th' Atlantic waves.

* —— *Cape of Green*—Called by Ptolemy, *Caput Asinarium*.

† —— *the happy isles*—Called by the ancients, *Insulæ Fortunatæ*, now the Canaries.

‡ Jalofo and Mandinga, two provinces on the western coast of Africa; the former is situated near the river Senegal, and the latter a few degrees to the South of the Rio Grande.

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The Gorgades we pass'd, that hated shore,
Famed for its terrors by the bards of yore;
Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters shared,
The lorn beholders into marble stared;
Three dreadful sisters! down whose temples roll'd
Their hair of snakes in many a hissing fold,
And scattering horror o'er the dreary strand,
With swarms of vipers sow'd the burning sand.
Still to the south our pointed keels we guide,
And through the Austral gulf still onward ride.
Her palmy forests mingling with the skies,
Leona's rugged steep behind us flies:
The Cape of Palms that jutting land we name,
Already conscious of our nation's fame.
Where the vex'd waves against our bulwarks roar,
And Lusian towers o'erlook the bending shore:
Our sails wide swelling to the constant blast,
Now by the isle from Thomas named we pass'd;
And Congo's spacious realm before us rose,
Where copious Zayra's limpid billow flows;
A flood by ancient hero never seen,
Where many a temple o'er the banks of green,
Rear'd by the Lusian heroes *, through the night
Of Pagan darkness, pours the mental light.
O'er the wild waves as southward thus we stray,
Our port unknown, unknown the watery way;

* *Rear'd by the Lusian heroes*—During the reign of John II. the Portuguese erected several forts, and acquired great power in the extensive regions of Guinea. *Azambuja*, a Portuguese captain, having obtained leave from *Caramansa*, a Negro Prince, to erect a fort on his territories, an unlucky accident had almost proved fatal to the discoverers. A huge rock lay very commodious for a quarry; the workmen began on it; but this rock, as the Devil would have it, happened to be a Negro God. The Portuguese were driven away by the enraged worshippers, who were afterwards with difficulty pacified by a profusion of such presents as they most esteemed.

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Each night we see, impress'd with solemn awe,
Our guiding stars and native skies withdraw:
In the wide void we lose their cheering beams:
Lower and lower still the Pole-star gleams,
Till past the limit, where the car of day
Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray,
We now disprove the faith of ancient lore;
Bootes' shining car appears no more:
For here we saw Calisto's star * retire
Beneath the waves, unawed by Juno's ire.
Here, while the Sun his polar journeys takes,
His visit doubled, double season makes;
Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year,
And twice the spring's gay flowers their honours rear.
Now pressing onward, pass'd the burning zone,
Beneath another heaven, and stars unknown,
Unknown to heroes, and to sages old,
With southward prows our pathless course we hold:
Here gloomy night assumes a darker reign,
And fewer stars emblaze the heavenly plain:
Fewer than those that gild the northern pole,
And o'er our seas their glittering chariots roll——
While nightly thus the lonely seas we brave
Another Pole-star rises o'er the wave;

* *Calisto's star*—According to fable, Calisto was a nymph of Diana. Jupiter, having assumed the figure of that goddess, completed his amorous desires. On the discovery of her pregnancy, Diana drove her from her train. She fled to the woods, where she was delivered of a son. Juno changed them into bears, and Jupiter placed them in heaven, where they form the constellation of *Ursa major* and *minor*. Juno, still enraged, entreated Thetis never to suffer Calisto to bathe in the sea. This is founded on the appearance of the northern pole-star to the inhabitants of our hemisphere; but when Gama approached the southern pole, the northern, of consequence, disappeared under the waves.

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Full to the south a shining cross * appears;
Our heaving breasts the blissful omen cheers:
Seven radiant stars compose the hallowed sign
That rose still higher o'er the wavy brine.
Beneath this southern axle of the world,
Never, with daring search, was flag unfurl'd;
Nor pilot knows if bounding shores are placed,
Or if one dreary sea o'erflow the lonely waste.
While thus our keels still onward boldly stray'd,
Now toss'd by tempests, now by calms delay'd,
To tell the terrors of the deep untried,
What toils we suffer'd, and what storms defied;
What rattling deluges the black clouds pour'd,
What dreary weeks of solid darkness lour'd;
What mountain surges mountain surges lash'd,
What sudden hurricanes the canvass dash'd;
What bursting lightnings, with incessant flare,
Kindled in one wide flame the burning air;
What roaring thunders bellowed o'er our head,
And seem'd to shake the reeling ocean's bed:
To tell each horror on the deep reveal'd,
Would ask an iron throat with tenfold vigour steel'd:
Those dreadful wonders of the deep I saw,
Which fill the sailor's breast with sacred awe;
And which the sages, of their learning vain,
Esteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain.
That living fire, by seamen held divine †,
Of heaven's own care in storms the holy sign,
Which midst the horrors of the tempest plays,
And on the blast's dark wings will gaily blaze;

* *Full to the south a shining cross appears*—The constellation of the southern pole was called *The Cross* by the Portuguese sailors, from the appearance of that figure formed by seven stars, four of which are particularly luminous.

† Modern discoveries have proved, that these appearances are the electric fluid attracted by the spindle of the mast, or the point of the spear.

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These eyes distinct have seen that living fire
Glide through the storm, and round my sails aspire.
And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breast, mine eyes
To heaven have seen the watery columns rise.
Slender at first the subtle fume appears,
And writhing round and round its volume rears:
Thick as a mast the vapour swells its size;
A curling whirlwind lifts it to the skies:
The tube now straitens, now in width extends,
And in a hovering cloud its summit ends:
Still gulp on gulp in sucks the rising tide,
And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight supplied,
Full-gorged, and blackening, spreads, and moves, more slow,
And waving trembles to the waves below.
Thus when to shun the summer's sultry beam
The thirsty heifer seeks the cooling stream,
The eager horse-leech fixing on her lips,
Her blood with ardent throat insatiate sips,
Till the gorged glutton, swell'd beyond her size,
Drops from her wounded hold, and bursting dies.
So bursts the cloud, o'erloaded with its freight,
And the dash'd ocean staggers with the weight.
But say, ye sages, who can weigh the cause,
And trace the secret springs of Nature's laws,
Say, why the wave, of bitter brine erewhile,
Should to the bosom of the deep recoil
Robb'd of its salt, and from the cloud distil
Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill?
Ye sons of boastful wisdom, famed of yore,
Whose feet unwearied wander'd many a shore,
From Nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,
Had you with me unfurl'd the daring sail,
Had view'd the wondrous scenes mine eyes survey'd,
What seeming miracles the deep display'd,
What secret virtues various Nature show'd,
O Heaven! with what a fire your page had glow'd!

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And now since wandering o'er the foamy spray,
Our brave Armada held her venturous way,
Five times the changeful Empress of the night
Had fill'd her shining horns with silver light,
When sudden from the main-top's airy round
Land, land, is echoed—At the joyful sound,
Swift to the crowded decks the bounding crew
On wings of hope and fluttering transport flew,
And each strain'd eye with aching sight explores
The wide horizon of the eastern shores:
As thin blue clouds the mountain summits rise,
And now the lawns salute our joyful eyes;
Loud through the fleet the echoing shouts prevail,
We drop the anchor, and restrain the sail;
And now descending in a spacious bay,
Wide o'er the coast the venturous soldiers stray,
To spy the wonders of the savage shore,
Where stranger's foot had never trod before.
I, and my pilots, on the yellow sand
Explore beneath what sky the shores expand.
That sage Device *, whose wondrous use proclaims
Th' immortal honour of its authors' names,
The sun's height measur'd, and my compass scann'd
The painted globe of ocean and of land.
Here we perceiv'd our venturous keels had pass'd,
Unharm'd, the southern tropic's howling blast;
And now approach'd dread Neptune's secret reign,
Where the stern Power, as o'er the Austral main
He rides, wide scatters from the polar star
Hail, ice, and snow, and all the wintry war.

* *That sage Device*—The Astrolabium, an instrument of infinite service in navigation, by which the altitude of the sun, and distance of the stars are taken. It was invented in Portugal during the reign of John II. by two Jew Physicians, named Roderic and Joseph. It is asserted by some that they were assisted by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated Mathematician. Partly from Castera. Vid. Barros, Dec. 1. l. 4. c. 2.

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While thus attentive on the beach we stood,
My soldiers, hastening from the upland wood,
Right to the shore a trembling negro brought,
Whom on the forest-height by force they caught,
As distant wandered from the cell of home,
He suck'd the honey from the porous comb.
Horror glared in his look, and fear extreme
In mien more wild than brutal Polypheme:
No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew,
No sign could answer, nor our gems would view:
From garments striped with shining gold he turn'd;
The starry diamond and the silver spurn'd.
Straight at my nod are worthless trinkets brought;
Round beads of crystal as a bracelet wrought,
A cap of red, and dangling on a string
Some little bells of brass before him ring:
A wide-mouth'd laugh confess'd his barbarous joy,
And both his hands he raised to grasp the toy,
Pleased with these gifts we set the savage free,
Homeward he springs away, and bounds with glee.
Soon as the gleamy streaks of purple morn
The lofty forest's topmost boughs adorn,
Down the steep mountain's side, yet hoar with dew,
A naked crowd, and black as night their hue,
Come tripping to the shore: Their wishful eyes
Declare what tawdry trifles most they prize:
These to their hopes were given, and, void of fear,
Mild seem'd their manners, and their looks sincere.
A bold, rash youth, ambitious of the fame
Of brave adventurer, Velose his name,
Through pathless brakes their homeward steps attends,
And on his single arm for help depends.
Long was his stay: my earnest eyes explore,
When rushing down the mountain to the shore
I mark'd him; terror urged his rapid strides;
And soon Coëllo's skiff the wave divides.
Yet ere his friends advanced, the treacherous foe
Trod on his latest steps, and aim'd the blow.

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Moved by the danger of a youth so brave,
Myself now snatch'd an oar, and sprung to save:
When sudden, blackening down the mountain's height,
Another crowd pursued his panting flight;
And soon an arrowy and a flinty shower
Thick o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour,
Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow stood
Fix'd in my leg, and drank the gushing blood.
Vengeance as sudden every wound repays,
Full on their fronts our flashing lightnings blaze;
Their shrieks of horror instant pierce the sky,
And wing'd with fear at fullest speed they fly.
Long tracks of gore their scatter'd flight betray'd,
And now, Veloso to the fleet convey'd,
His sportful mates his brave exploits demand,
And what the curious wonders of the land:
"Hard was the hill to climb, my valiant friend,
But oh! how smooth and easy to descend!
Well hast thou proved thy swiftness for the chase,
And shown thy matchless merit in the race!"
With look unmov'd the gallant youth replied,
"For you, my friends, my fleetest speed was tried;
'Twas you the fierce barbarians meant to slay;
For you I fear'd the fortune of the day;
Your danger great without mine aid I knew,
And swift as lightning to your rescue flew."
He now the treason of the foe relates,
How soon, as past the mountain's upland straits,
They changed the colour of their friendly show,
And force forbade his steps to tread below;
How down the coverts of the steepy brake
Their lurking stand a treacherous ambush take;
On us, when speeding to defend his flight,
To rush, and plunge us in the shades of night:
Nor while in friendship would their lips unfold
Where India's ocean laved the orient shores of gold.
Now prosp'rous gales the bending canvass swell'd;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:

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Beneath the glistening wave the God of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the louring vapour cast,
Transfix'd with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God,—I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventrous stray'd,
Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.
I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we saw an hideous Phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour'd:
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.

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Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast,
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confess'd
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the Fiend began:
O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,
Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend:
With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,
The next proud fleet* that through my drear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds toss'd,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast:
Then He who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive—Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

* *The next proud fleet*—On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen sail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, was sent out on the second voyage to India, where the Admiral with only six ships arrived. The rest were mostly destroyed by a terrible tempest at the Cape of Good Hope, which lasted twenty days.

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With trophies plumed behold an Hero come*,
Ye dready wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.
Though smiling fortune bless'd his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
While he, proud Victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here.
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see
Their Conqueror bend his laurel'd head to Me;
While proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.
The howling blast, ye slumbering storms prepare,
A youthful Lover and his beauteous Fair,
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,
The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore.
Themselves escaped, despoil'd by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by Me acknowledged with a tear.
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,
Shall now no more an hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.
Through dreary wilds where never Pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,
The hapless Lover and his Bride shall stray,
By night unsheltered, and forlorn by day.
In vain the Lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,

* Don Francisco de Almeyda, first Portuguese viceroy of India; where he obtained several great victories over the Mahommedans and Pagans.

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Parch'd by the sun, and shrivell'd by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.
Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpass'd,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.
Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell
How blasted by my frown your heroes fell.
He paus'd, in act still further to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And midst his rage the threatening Shade confounds:
What art thou, Horrid Form, that ridest the air?
By heaven's eternal light, stern Fiend, declare.
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep hollow groans arose;
Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn, In Me, behold, he cried,
While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs roll'd,
In Me the Spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound unmoved I stand:
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign.
He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view;
The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell;

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Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High to the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread king implore, As o'er our head
The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow fled;
So may his curses by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!
With sacred horror thrill'd, Melinda's Lord
Held up the eager hand, and caught the word,
Oh wondrous faith of ancient days, he cries,
Conceal'd in mystic lore, and dark disguise!
Taught by their sires, our hoary fathers tell,
On these rude shores a giant spectre fell,
What time from heaven the rebel band were thrown:
And oft the wandering swain has heard his moan.
While o'er the wave the clouded moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears
O'er the wild storm. Deep in the days of yore
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly shore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghostly spells controll'd,
His fate, mysterious, thus the spectre told:
By forceful Titan's warm embrace compress'd
The rock-ribb'd mother Earth his love confess'd;
The hundred-handed Giant at a birth
And Me she bore: nor slept my hopes on earth:
My heart avow'd my sire's ethereal flame;
Great Adamastor then my dreaded name.
In my bold brothers' glorious toils engaged,
Tremendous war against the gods I waged:
Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try,
With mountain piled on mountain to the sky;
To me the conquest of the seas befel,
In his green realm the second Jove to quell.
Nor did ambition all my passions hold,
'Twas love that prompted an attempt so bold.
Ah me, one summer in the cool of day
I saw the Nereids on the sandy bay

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With lovely Thetis from the wave advance
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.
In all her charms reveal'd the goddess trode;
With fiercest fires my struggling bosom glow'd;
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeless languish with the raging smart.
For her, each goddess of the heavens I scorn'd,
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.
In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed;
From my grim form with horror mute she fled.
Mad'ning with love, by force I ween to gain
The silver goddess of the blue domain:
To the hoar mother of the Nereid band
I tell my purpose, and her aid command:
By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,
And win the spouse of Peleus to my love.
The silver goddess with a smile replies,
What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize!
Yet from the horrors of a war to save,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,
Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,
That let him hope his wish shall soon attain.
The promised grace infused a bolder fire,
And shook my mighty limbs with fierce desire.
But ah, what error spreads its dreamful might,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's sight!
The war resign'd, my steps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread,
Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.
Swift as the wind with open arms I sprung,
And round her waist with joy delirious clung:
In all the transports of the warm embrace,
An hundred kisses on her angel face,
On all its various charms my rage bestows,
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.
When, oh, what anguish while my shame I tell!
What fix'd despair, what rage my bosom swell!

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Here was no goddess, here no heavenly charms,
A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,
Whose rocky top o'erhung with matted brier,
Received the kisses of my amorous fire.
Waked from my dream cold horror freezed my blood;
Fix'd as a rock before the rock I stood;
O fairest goddess of the ocean train,
Behold the triumph of thy proud disdain.
Yet why, I cried, with all I wish'd decoy,
And when exulting in the dream of joy,
An horrid mountain to mine arms convey!—
Mad'ning I spoke, and furious sprung away.
Far to the south I sought the world unknown,
Where I unheard, unscorn'd, might wail alone,
My foul dishonour and my tears to hide,
And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride.
My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan;
And I, who taught each echo to deplore,
And tell my sorrows to the desert shore,
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue;
My stiffening flesh to earthy ridges grew,
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,
To horrid piles and ribs of rock transformed,
Yon dark-brow'd cape of monstrous size became,
Where round me still, in triumph o'er my shame,
The silvery Thetis bids her surges roar,
And waft my groans along the dreary shore.
Melinda's monarch thus the tale pursued
Of ancient faith; and Gama thus renew'd—
Now from the wave the chariot of the day
Whirl'd by the fiery coursers springs away,
When full in view the giant Cape appears,
Wide spreads its limbs, and high its shoulders rears;
Behind us now it curves the bending side.
And our bold vessels plough the eastern tide.
Nor long excursive off at sea we stand,
A cultured shore invites us to the land.

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Here their sweet scenes the rural joys bestow,
And give our wearied minds a lively glow.
The tenants of the coast, a festive band,
With dances meet us on the yellow sand;
Their brides on slow-paced oxen rode behind;
The spreading horns with flowery garlands twined,
Bespoke the dew-lapp'd beeves their proudest boast,
Of all their bestial store the valued most.
By turns the husbands and the brides prolong
The various measures of the rural song.
Now to the dance the rustic reeds resound;
The dancers' heels light-quivering beat the ground;
And now the lambs around them bleating stray,
Feed from their hands, or round them frisking play.
Methought I saw the silvan reign of Pan,
And heard the music of the Mantuan swan—
With smiles we hail them, and with joy behold
The blissful manners of the age of gold.
With that mild kindness, by their looks display'd,
Fresh stores they bring, with cloth of red repaid:
Yet from their lips no word we knew could flow,
Nor sign of India's strand their hands bestow.
Fair blow the winds; again with sails unfurl'd
We dare the main, and seek the eastern world.
Now round black Afric's coast our navy veer'd,
And to the world's mid circle northward steer'd:
The southern pole low to the wave declined,
We leave the isle of Holy Cross * behind;
That isle where erst a Lusian, when he pass'd
The tempest-beaten Cape, his anchors cast,
And own'd his proud ambition to explore
The kingdoms of the morn, could dare no more.

* *We leave the isle of Holy Cross*—A small island, named *Santa Cruz* by Bartholomew Diaz, who discovered it. According to *Faria y Sousa* he went twenty-five leagues further, to the river *del Infante*, which, till passed by Gama, was the utmost extent of the Portuguese discoveries.

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From thence, still on, our daring course we hold
Through trackless gulfs, whose billows never roll'd
Around the vessel's pitchy sides before;
Through trackless gulfs, where mountain surges roar,
For many a night, when not a star appear'd,
Nor infant moon's dim horns the darkness cheer'd;
For many a dreary night, and cheerless day,
In calms now fetter'd, now the whirlwind's play,
By ardent hope still fired, we forced our dreadful way.
Now smooth as glass the shining waters lie,
No cloud slow moving sails the azure sky;
Slack from their height the sails unmoved decline,
The airy streamers form the downward line;
No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale,
Nor gentlest swell distends the ready sail;
Fix'd as in ice the slumbering prows remain,
And silence wide extends her solemn reign.
Now to the waves the bursting clouds descend,
And heaven and sea in meeting tempests blend;
The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean sweep,
And from his bottom roars the staggering deep.
Driven by the yelling blast's impetuous sway
Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away.
And now escaped the fury of the storm,
New danger threatens in a various form;
Though fresh the breeze the swelling canvass swell'd,
A current's headlong sweep * our prows withheld:
The rapid force impress'd on every keel,
Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling vessels reel:
When from their southern caves the winds, enraged
In horrid conflict with the waves engaged;
Beneath the tempest groans each loaded mast,
And o'er the rushing tide our bounding navy pass'd.

* *A current's headlong sweep*—It was the force of this rushing current which retarded the further discoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the assistance of a tempest. It runs between Cape Corrientes and the south-west of Madagascar. It is now easily avoided.

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Now shined the sacred morn, when from the East
Three kings the holy cradled Babe address'd,
And hailed him Lord of Heaven: that festive day
We drop our anchors in an opening bay;
The river from the sacred day we name,
And stores, the wandering seaman's right, we claim.
Stores we received; our dearest hope in vain;
No word they utter'd could our ears retain;
Nought to reward our search for India's sound,
By word or sign our ardent wishes crown'd.
Behold, O King, how many a shore we try'd!
How many a fierce barbarian's rage defy'd!
Yet still in vain for India's shore we try,
The long-sought shores our anxious search defy.
Beneath new heavens, where not a star we knew,
Through changing climes, where poison'd air we drew;
Wandering new seas, in gulfs unknown, forlorn,
By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn;
Our food corrupted, pregnant with disease,
And pestilence on each expected breeze;
Not even a gleam of hope's delusive ray
To lead us onward through the devious way;
That kind delusion which full oft has cheer'd
The bravest minds, till glad success appear'd;
Worn as we were each night with dreary care,
Each day with danger that increased despair,
Oh! Monarch, judge, what less than Lusian fire
Could still the hopeless scorn of fate inspire!
What less, O King, than Lusian faith withstand,
When dire despair and famine gave command
Their chief to murder, and with lawless power
Sweep Afric's seas, and every coast devour!
What more than Men in wild despair still bold!
These more than Men in these my band behold!
Sacred to death, by death alone subdued,
These all the rage of fierce despair withstood;
Firm to their faith, though fondest hope no more
Could give the promise of their native shore!

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Now the sweet waters of the stream we leave,
And the salt waves our gliding prows receive;
Here to the left, between the bending shores,
Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars,
And boiling raves against the sounding coast,
Whose mines of gold Sofala's merchants boast:
Full to the gulf the showery south-winds howl,
Aslant against the wind our vessels roll:
Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven,
Our helms resigning to the care of heaven,
By hope and fear's keen passions toss'd, we roam,
When our glad eyes beheld the surges foam
Against the beacons of a cultured bay,
Where sloops and barges cut the watery way.
The river's opening breast some upward ply'd,
And some came gliding down the sweepy tide.
Quick throbs of transport heaved in every heart
To view the knowledge of the seaman's art;
For here we hoped our ardent wish to gain,
To hear of India's strand, nor hoped in vain.
Though Ethiopia's sable hue they bore
No look of wild surprise the natives wore:
Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban swell'd,
And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd.
Their speech, though rude and dissonant of sound,
Their speech a mixture of Arabian own'd.
Fernando, skill'd in all the copious store
Of fair Arabia's speech and flowery lore,
In joyful converse heard the pleasing tale,
That o'er these seas full oft the frequent sail,
And lordly vessels, tall as ours, appear'd,
Which to the regions of the morning steer'd,
And back returning to the southmost land,
Convey'd the treasures of the Indian strand;
Whose cheerful crews, resembling ours, display
The kindred face * and colour of the day.

* *The kindred face*—Gama and his followers were at several ports, on their first arrival in the East, thought to be Moors. See the note, p. 16.

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Elate with joy we raise the glad acclaim,
And, River of Good Signs*, the port we name:
Then, sacred to the angel guide, who led
The young Tobiah to the spousal bed,
And safe return'd him through the perilous way,
We rear a column† on the friendly bay.
Our keels, that now had steer'd through many a clime,
By shell-fish roughen'd, and incased with slime,
Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field
The fleecy dams the smiling natives yield:
But while each face an honest welcome shows,
And big with sprightly hope each bosom glows,
(Alas! how vain the bloom of human joy!
How soon the blasts of woe that bloom destroy!)
A dread disease its rankling horrors shed,
And death's dire ravage through mine army spread.
Never mine eyes such dreary sight beheld,
Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous swell'd‡;
And instant, putrid like a dead man's wound,
Poison'd with fetid steams the air around.
No sage physician's ever-watchful zeal,
No skilful surgeon's gentle hand to heal,
Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave
Some brave companion to a foreign grave:
A grave, the awful gift of every shore!
Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!

* *Rio dos bons sinais.*

† *We rear a column*—It was the custom of the Portuguese navigators to erect crosses on the shores of the new-discovered countries. Gama carried materials for pillars of stone along with him, and erected six of these crosses during his expedition. They bore the name and arms of the King of Portugal, and were intended as proofs of the title which accrues from the first discovery.

‡ *Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous swell'd*—This poetical description of the Scurvy is by no means exaggerated above what sometimes really happens in the course of a long voyage, and in an unhealthful climate, to which the constitution is unhabituated.

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Long, long endear'd by fellowship in woe,
O'er their cold dust we give the tears to flow;
And in their hapless lot forbode our own,
A foreign burial, and a grave unknown!
Now deeply yearning o'er our deathful fate,
With joyful hope of India's shore elate,
We loose the haulsers and the sail expand,
And upward coast the Ethiopian strand.
What danger threaten'd at Quiloa's isle,
Mozambic's treason, and Mombassa's guile;
What miracles kind heaven, our guardian, wrought,
Loud Fame already to thine ears has brought:
Kind heaven again that guardian care display'd,
And to thy port our weary fleet convey'd,
Where thou, O king, heaven's regent power below,
Bidst thy full bounty and thy truth to flow:
Health to the sick, and to the weary rest,
And sprightly hope revived in every breast,
Proclaim thy gifts, with grateful joy repaid,
The brave man's tribute for the brave man's aid.
And now in honour of thy fond command,
The glorious annals of my native land;
And what the perils of a rout so bold,
So dread as ours, my faithful lips have told.
Then judge, great Monarch, if the world before
Ere saw the prow such length of seas explore!
Nor sage Ulysses, nor the Trojan pride,
Such raging gulfs, such whirling storms defy'd;
Nor one poor tenth of my dread course explored,
Though by the Muse as demigods adored.
O thou whose breast all Helicon inflamed,
Whose birth seven vaunting cities proudly claim'd;
And thou whose mellow lute and rural song,
In softest flow, led Mincio's waves along;
Whose warlike numbers as a storm impell'd,
And Tyber's surges o'er his borders swell'd;
Let all Parnassus lend creative fire,
And all the Nine with all their warmth inspire;

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Your demigods conduct through every scene
Cold fear can paint, or wildest fancy feign;
The Syren's guileful lay, dire Circe's spell,
And all the horrors of the Cyclop's cell;
Bid Scylla's barking waves their mates o'erwhelm,
And hurl the guardian Pilot from the helm*;
Give sails and oars to fly the purple shore †,
Where love of absent friend awakes no more;
In all their charms display Calypso's smiles,
Her flowery arbours and her amorous wiles;
In skins confined the blustering winds control ‡,
Or o'er the feast bid loathsome harpies prowl §;
And lead your heroes through the dread abodes
Of tortured spectres ‖ and infernal gods;
Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill
To grace your fables with divinest skill;
Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall,
Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them all.
While thus illustrious Gama charm'd their ears,
The look of wonder each Melindian wears,
And pleased attention witness'd the command
Of every movement of his lips or hand.

* *And hurl the guardian pilot from the helm*—See Æn. V. 833.

† *The purple shore*—The Lotophagi, so named from the plant Lotus, which is a shrub like a bramble, the berries like the myrtle, but purple when ripe, and about the bigness of an olive. Mixed with bread-corn it was used as food for slaves. They also made an agreeable wine of it, but which would not keep above ten days.

‡ *In skins confin'd the blustering winds control*—The gift of Æolus to Ulysses. The companions of Ulysses imagined that these bags contained some valuable treasure, and opened them while their leader slept. The tempests bursting out drove the fleet from Ithaca, which was then in sight, and was the cause of a new train of miseries. See Pope, Odyss. X.

§ —— *harpies prowl*—See the third Æneid.

‖ *Of tortur'd spectres*—See the sixth Æneid, and the eleventh Odyssey.

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The king enraptured own'd the glorious fame
Of Lisboa's monarchs, and the Lusian name;
What warlike rage the victor-kings inspired,
Nor less their warriors loyal faith admired.
Nor less his menial train, in wonder lost,
Repeat the gallant deeds that please them most,
Each to his mate; while fixed in fond amaze
The Lusian features every eye surveys;
While present to the view, by Fancy brought,
Arise the wonders by the Lusians wrought;
And each bold feature to their wondering sight
Displays the raptured ardour of the fight.
Apollo now withdrew the cheerful day,
And left the western sky to twilight grey;
Beneath the wave he sought fair Thetis' bed,
And to the shore Melinda's sovereign sped.
What boundless joys are thine, O just Renown,
Thou hope of Virtue, and her noblest crown;
By thee the seeds of conscious worth are fired,
Hero by hero, fame by fame inspired:
Without thine aid how soon the hero dies!
By thee upborne his name ascends the skies.
This Ammon knew, and own'd his Homer's lyre
The noblest glory of Pelides' ire.
This knew Augustus, and from Mantua's shade
To courtly ease the Roman bard convey'd;
And soon exulting flow'd the song divine,
The noblest glory of the Roman line.
Dear was the Muse to Julius: ever dear
To Scipio; though the ponderous conquering spear
Roughen'd his hand, th' immortal pen he knew,
And to the tented field the gentle Muses drew.
Each glorious chief of Greek or Latian line
Or barbarous race, adorn'd th' Aonian shrine;
Each glorious name, e'er to the Muse endear'd,
Or wooed the Muses, or the Muse revered.
Alas, on Tago's hapless shores alone
The Muse is slighted, and her charms unknown;

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For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
On Tago's shores are Scipios, Cæsars born,
And Alexanders Lisboa's clime adorn.
But heaven has stamp'd them in a rougher mould,
Nor gave the polish to their genuine gold.
Careless and rude or to be known or know,
In vain to them the sweetest numbers flow;
Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.
Even he whose veins * the blood of Gama warms,
Walks by, unconscious of the Muse's charms:
For him no Muse shall leave her golden loom,
No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom;
Yet shall my labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal, and by Gama's shade:
Him shall the song on every shore proclaim,
The first of heroes, first of naval fame.
Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example shall be taught by Me,
"Where'er the hero's worth demands the skies,
To crown that worth some generous bard shall rise."

* *Even he whose veins*—Don Fran. de Gama grandson of the hero of the Lusiad.

END OF BOOK V.

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THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VI.

WITH heart sincere the royal Pagan joy'd,
And hospitable rites each hour employ'd;
For much the king the Lusian band admired,
And much their friendship and their aid desired;
Each hour the gay festivity prolongs,
Melindian dances, and Arabian songs;
Each hour in mirthful transport steals away,
By night the banquet, and the chase by day:
And now the bosom of the deep invites,
And all the pride of Neptune's festive rites;
Their silken banners waving o'er the tide,
A jovial band, the painted galleys ride;
The net and angle various hands employ,
And Moorish timbrels sound the notes of joy.
Such was the pomp, when Egypt's beauteous queen
Bade all the pride of naval show convene,
In pleasure's downy bosom to beguile
Her love-sick warrior: o'er the breast of Nile
Dazzling with gold the purple ensigns flow'd,
And to the lute the gilded barges row'd,
While from the wave, of many a shining hue,
The anglers' lines the panting fishes drew.
Now from the West the sounding breezes blow,
And far the hoary flood was yet to plough;

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The fountain and the field bestow'd their store,
And friendly pilots from the friendly shore,
Train'd in the Indian deep, were now aboard,
When Gama, parting from Melinda's lord,
The holy vows of lasting peace renew'd,
For still the king for lasting friendship sued;
That Lusus' heroes in his port supplied,
And tasted rest, he own'd his dearest pride,
And vow'd that ever while the seas they roam,
The Lusian fleets should find a bounteous home,
And ever from the generous shore receive
Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could give*.
Nor less his joy the grateful Chief declared;
And now to seize the valued hours prepared.
Full to the wind the swelling sails he gave,
And his red prows divide the foamy wave:
Full to the rising sun the pilot steers,
And far from shore through middle ocean bears.
The vaulted sky now widens o'er their heads,
Where first the infant morn his radiance sheds.
And now with transport sparkling in his eyes
Keen to behold the Indian mountains rise,
High on the decks each Lusian hero smiles,
And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils.
When the stern Demon, burning with disdain,
Beheld the fleet triumphant plough the main:
The Powers of heaven, and heaven's dread Lord he knew,
Resolved in Lisboa glorious to renew
The Roman honours—raging with despair
From high Olympus' brow he cleaves the air,
On earth new hopes of vengeance to devise,
And sue that aid deny'd him in the skies:
Blaspheming heaven, he pierced the dread abode
Of ocean's Lord, and sought the ocean's God.

* —— *whate'er his land could give*—The friendship of the Portuguese and Melindians was of long continuance.

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Deep where the bases of the hills extend,
And earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend,
Where roaring through the caverns roll the waves
Responsive as the aërial tempest raves,
The ocean's Monarch, by the Nereid train,
And watery Gods encircled, holds his reign.
Wide o'er the deep, which line could ne'er explore,
Shining with hoary sands of silver ore,
Extends the level, where the palace rears
Its crystal towers, and emulates the spheres;
So starry bright the lofty turrets blaze,
And vie in lustre with the diamond's rays.
Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold,
The golden gates their massy leaves unfold:
Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars shine;
The sculptured walls confess an hand divine.
Here various colours in confusion lost,
Old Chaos' face and troubled image boast.
Here rising from the mass; distinct and clear,
Apart the four fair Elements appear.
High o'er the rest ascends the blaze of fire,
Nor fed by matter did the rays aspire,
But glow'd ethereal, as the living flame,
Which, stolen from heaven, inspired the vital frame.
Next, all-embracing Air was spread around,
Thin as the light, incapable of wound;
The subtle power the burning south pervades,
And penetrates the depth of polar shades.
Here mother Earth, with mountains crown'd, is seen,
Her trees in blossom, and her lawns in green;
The lowing beeves adorn the clover vales,
The fleecy dams bespread the sloping dales;
Here land from land the silver streams divide;
The sportive fishes through the crystal tide,
Bedrop'd with gold their shining sides display;
And here old Ocean rolls his billows grey;
Beneath the moon's pale orb his current flows,
And round the earth his giant arms he throws.

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Another scene display'd the dread alarms
Of war in heaven, and mighty Jove in arms:
Here Titan's race their swelling nerves distend
Like knotted oaks, and from their bases rend
And tower the mountains to the thundering sky,
While round their heads the forky lightnings fly:
Beneath huge Ætna vanquish'd Typhon lies,
And vomits smoke and fire against the darken'd skies.
Here seems the pictured wall possess'd of life;
Two Gods contending in the noble strife,
The choicest boon to humankind to give,
Their toils to lighten, or their wants relieve *:
While Pallas here appears to wave her hand,
The peaceful olive's silver boughs expand:
Here, while the Ocean's God indignant frown'd,
And raised his trident from the wounded ground,
As yet entangled in the earth appears
The warrior-horse, his ample chest he rears,
His wide red nostrils smoke, his eye-balls glare,
And his fore-hoofs, high pawing, smite the air.
Though wide and various o'er the sculptured stone
The feats of Gods, and godlike heroes shone,
On speed the vengeful Demon views no more:
Forward he rushes through the golden door,
Where Ocean's king, enclosed with nymphs divine,
In regal state receives the king of Wine:
O Neptune! instant as he came, he cries,
Here let my presence wake no cold surprise,

* *Their wants relieve*—According to fable, Neptune and Minerva disputed the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. They agreed to determine the contest by a display of their wisdom and power, in conferring the most beneficial gift on mankind. Neptune struck the earth with his trident and produced the horse, whose bounding motions are emblematical of the agitation of the sea. Minerva commanded the olive tree, the symbol of peace and of riches, to spring forth. The victory was adjudged to the goddess, from whom the city was named Athens.

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A friend I come, your friendship to implore
Against the Fates unjust, and Fortune's power;
Beneath whose shafts the great Celestials bow,
Yet ere I more, if more you wish to know,
The watery Gods in awful senate call,
For all should hear the wrong that touches all.
Neptune alarm'd, with instant speed commands
From every shore to call the watery bands:
Triton, who boasts his high Neptunian race,
Sprung from the God by Salace's embrace
Attendant on his sire the trumpet sounds,
Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds;
Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue;
His bushy beard and hairs that never knew
The smoothing comb, of sea-weed rank and long,
Around his breast and shoulders dangling hung,
And on the matted locks black muscles clung;
A shell of purple on his head he bore,
Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,
But all was cover'd with the slimy brood,
The snaily offspring of the unctuous flood.
And now obedient to his dreadful sire,
High o'er the wave his brawny arms aspire;
To his black mouth his crooked shell applied,
The blast rebellows o'er the ocean wide:
Wide o'er their shores, where'er their waters flow,
The watery Powers the awful summons know;
And instant darting to the palace hall,
Attend the founder of the Dardan wall*.
Old father Ocean, with his numerous race
Of daughters and of sons, was first in place.
Nereus and Doris, from whose nuptials sprung
The lovely Nereid train for ever young,
Who people every sea on every strand
Appear'd, attended with their filial band;

* Neptune.

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And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic mind *
The secret cause of Bacchus' rage divined,
Attending, left the flocks, his scaly charge,
To graze the bitter weedy foam at large.
In charms of power the raging waves to tame,
The lovely spouse of Ocean's sovereign came†:
From heaven and Vesta sprung the birth divine;
Her snowy limbs bright through the vestments shine.
Here with the dolphin, who persuasive led
Her modest steps to Neptune's spousal bed,
Fair Amphitrité moved, more sweet, more gay,
Than vernal fragrance and the flowers of May;
Together with her sister spouse she came,
The same their wedded Lord, their love the same;
The same the brightness of their sparkling eyes,
Bright as the sun and azure as the skies.
She who the rage of Athamas to shun ‡
Plunged in the billows with her infant son;
A Goddess now, a God the smiling boy
Together sped; and Glaucus lost to joy §,

* *And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic mind*—The fullest and best account of the fable of Proteus is in the fourth Odyssey.

† Thetis.

‡ *She who the rage of Athamas to shun*—Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and second spouse of Athamas, King of Thebes.

§ —— *and Glaucus lost to joy*—A fisherman, says the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a sea-god. Circe was enamoured of him, and in revenge of her slighted love, poisoned the fountain where his mistress usually bathed. By the force of the enchantment the favoured Scylla was changed into an hideous monster, whose loins were surrounded with the ever-barking heads of dogs and wolves. Scylla, on this, threw herself into the sea, and was metamorphosed into the rock which bears her name. The rock Scylla at a distance appears like the statue of a woman: the furious dashing of the waves in the cavities which are level with the water, resembles the barking of wolves and dogs. Hence the fable.

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Curs'd in his love by vengeful Circe's hate,
Attending wept his Scylla's hapless fate.
And now assembled in the hall divine,
The ocean Gods in solemn council join;
The Goddesses on pearl embroidery sate,
The Gods on sparkling crystal chairs of state;
And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,
Beside the ocean's Lord, Thyoneus shone *.
High from the roof the living amber glows,
High from the roof the stream of glory flows,
And richer fragrance far around exhales
Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.
Attention now in listening silence waits:
The Power, whose bosom raged against the Fates,
Rising, casts round his vengeful eyes, while rage
Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled seams of age;
O thou, he cries, whose birthright sovereign sway,
From pole to pole, the raging waves obey;
Of human race 'tis thine to fix the bounds,
And fence the nations with thy watery mounds:
And thou, dread Power, O father Ocean, hear,
Thou, whose wide arms embrace the world's wide sphere,
'Tis thine the haughtiest victor to restrain,
And bind each nation in its own domain:
And you, ye Gods, to whom the seas are given,
Your just partition with the Gods of heaven;
You who, of old unpunish'd never bore
The daring trespass of a foreign oar;
You who beheld, when Earth's dread offspring strove
To scale the vaulted sky, the seat of Jove:
Indignant Jove deep to the nether world
The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd.
Alas! the great monition lost on you,
Supine you slumber, while a roving crew,
With impious search, explore the watery way,
And unresisted through your empire stray:

* Thyoneus, a name of Bacchus.

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To seize the sacred treasures of the main
Their fearless prows your ancient laws disdain:
Where far from mortal sight his hoary head
Old Ocean hides, their daring sails they spread,
And their glad shouts are echoed where the roar
Of mounting billows only howl'd before.
In wonder, silent, ready Boreas sees
Your passive languor, and neglectful ease;
Ready with force auxiliar to restrain
The bold intruders on your awful reign;
Prepared to burst his tempests, as of old,
When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd,
And rent the Mynian sails *, whose impious pride
First braved their fury, and your power defied.
Nor deem that, fraudful, I my hope deny;
My darken'd glory sped me from the sky.
How high my honours on the Indian shore!
How soon these honours must avail no more!
Unless these rovers, who with doubled shame
To stain my conquests, bear my vassal's name,
Unless they perish on the billowy way—
Then rouse, ye Gods, and vindicate your sway.
The Powers of heaven in vengeful anguish see
The Tyrant of the skies, and Fate's decree;
The dread decree, that to the Lusian train
Consigns, betrays your empire of the main:
Say, shall your wrong alarm the high abodes?
Are men exalted to the rank of gods,
O'er you exalted, while in careless ease
You yield the wrested trident of the seas,
Usurp'd your monarchy, your honours stain'd,
Your birthright ravish'd, and your waves profaned!
Alike the daring wrong to me, to you,
And shall my lips in vain your vengeance sue!

* *And rent the Mynian sails*—The sails of the Argonauts, inhabitants of Mynia.

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This, this to me from high Olympus bore—
More he attempts, but rage permits no more.
Fierce bursting wrath the watery gods inspires,
And their red eyeballs burn with livid fires:
Heaving and panting struggles every breast,
With the fierce billows of hot ire oppress'd.
Twice from his seat divining Proteus rose,
And twice he shook enraged his sedgy brows:
In vain; the mandate was already given,
From Neptune sent, to loose the winds of heaven:
In vain; though prophecy his lips inspired,
The ocean's queen his silent lips required.
Nor less the storm of headlong rage denies,
Or council to debate, or thought to rise.
And now the God of Tempests swift unbinds
From their dark caves the various rushing winds:
High o'er the storm the Power impetuous rides,
His howling voice the roaring tempest guides;
Right to the dauntless fleet their rage he pours,
And first their headlong outrage tears the shores;
A deeper night involves the darken'd air,
And livid flashes through the mountains glare:
Uprooted oaks, with all their leafy pride,
Roll thundering down the groaning mountains' side;
And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,
The rocking towers and crashing woods to shun.
While thus the council of the watery state,
Enraged, decree the Lusian heroes' fate,
The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope displayed the steady sail;
Through the smooth deep they ploughed the lengthening way;
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To sable night the eastern sky resign'd,
And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.
All but the watch in warm pavilions slept;
The second watch the wonted vigils kept;

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Supine their limbs, the mast supports the head,
And the broad yard-sail o'er their shoulders spread
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,
And sleep's soft dews their heavy eyes assail.
Languid against the languid Power they strive,
And sweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive.
When Leonardo, whose enamour'd thought
In every dream the plighted fair one sought,
The dews of sleep what better to remove
Than the soft, woful, pleasing tales of love?
Ill-timed, alas, the brave Veloso cries,
The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.
The dear enchantments of the fair I know,
The fearful transport and the rapturous woe:
But with our state ill suits the grief or joy;
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:
With dangers threatened, let the tale inspire
The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire.
His mates with joy the brave Veloso hear,
And on the youth the speaker's toil confer.
The brave Veloso takes the word with joy,
And truth, he cries, shall these slow hours decoy.
The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame;
The twelve of England give the noble theme.
When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John,
Gave war's full splendour to the Lusian throne,
In haughty England, where the winter spreads
His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads,
The seeds of strife the fierce Erynnis sows;
The baleful strife from court dissension rose.
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
That spreads its magic o'er the female face,
Twelve ladies shined the courtly train among,
The first, the fairest of the courtly throng:
But Envy's breath reviled their injured name,
And stain'd the honour of their virgin fame.
Twelve youthful barons own'd the foul report,
The charge at first, perhaps, a tale of sport.

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Ah, base the sport that lightly dares defame
The sacred honour of a lady's name!
What knighthood asks the proud accusers yield,
And dare the damsels' champions to the field.
"There let the cause, as honour wills, be tried,
And let the lance and ruthless sword decide."
The lovely dames implore the courtly train,
With tears implore them, but implore in vain:
So famed, so dreaded tower'd each boastful knight,
The damsels' lovers shunn'd the proffer'd fight.
Of arm unable to repel the strong,
The heart's each feeling conscious of the wrong,
When robb'd of all the female breast holds dear,
Ah Heaven, how bitter flows the female tear!
To Lancaster's bold duke the damsels sue;
Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue
Of snowdrops trembling to the chilly gale,
The slow-paced crystal tears their wrongs bewail.
When down the beauteous face the dewdrop flows,
What manly bosom can its force oppose!
His hoary curls th' indignant hero shakes,
And all his youthful rage restored awakes:
Though loth, he cries, to plunge my bold compeers
In civil discord, yet appease your tears:
From Lusitania—for on Lusian ground
Brave Lancaster had strode with laurel crown'd;
Had mark'd how bold the Lusian heroes shone,
What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne *,
How matchless pour'd the tempest of their might,
When thundering at his side they ruled the fight:

* *What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne.*—*John* of *Gaunt*, duke of Lancaster, claimed the crown of Castile in the right of his wife Donna *Constantia*, daughter of Don *Pedro*, the late king. Assisted by his son-in-law, John I. of Portugal, he entered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Castile at the city of St. Jago de Compostella. He afterwards relinquished his pretensions on the marriage of his daughter *Catalina* with the infant Don *Henry* of Castile. See the note, p. 97.

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Nor less their ardent passion for the fair,
Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering care,
When crown'd with roses to the nuptial bed
The warlike John his lovely daughter led—
From Lusitania's clime, the hero cries,
The gallant champions of your fame shall rise:
Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know,
To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.
Let courtly phrase the heroes' worth admire,
And for your injured names that worth require:
Let all the soft endearments of the fair,
And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare.
Myself the heralds to the chiefs will send,
And to the king, my valiant son, commend.
He spoke; and twelve of Lusian race he names,
All noble youths, the champions of the dames.
The dames by lot their gallant champions choose,
And each her hero's name exulting views.
Each in a various letter hails her chief,
And earnest for his aid relates her grief:
Each to the king her courtly homage sends,
And valiant Lancaster their cause commends.
Soon as to Tagus' shores the heralds came,
Swift through the palace pours the sprightly flame
Of high-soul'd chivalry: the monarch glows
First on the listed field to dare the foes;
But regal state withheld. Alike their fires,
Each courtly noble to the toil aspires:
High on his helm, the envy of his peers,
Each chosen knight the plume of combat wears.
In that proud port half circled by the wave *,
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,

* *In that proud port half circled by the wave,*
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathless name—Oporto, called by the Romans *Calle*. Hence Portugal.

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A deathless name, a speedy sloop receives
The sculptured bucklers, and the clasping greaves,
The swords of Ebro, spears of lofty size,
And breast-plates flaming with a thousand dyes,
Helmets high plumed, and, pawing for the fight,
Bold steeds, whose harness shone with silvery light
Dazzling the day. And now the rising gale
Invites the heroes, and demands the sail,
When brave Magricio thus his peers address'd,
Oh! friends in arms, of equal powers confess'd,
Long have I hoped through foreign climes to stray,
Where other streams than Douro wind their way;
To note what various shares of bliss and woe
From various laws and various customs flow.
Nor deem that, artful, I the fight decline;
England shall know the combat shall be mine.
By land I speed, and should dark Fate prevent,
For death alone shall blight my firm intent,
Small may the sorrow for my absence be,
For yours were conquest, though unshared by me.
Yet something more than human warms my breast,
And sudden whispers, In our fortunes bless'd,
Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor whelmy tide,
Shall our glad meeting at the list divide.
He said; and now the rites of parting friends
Sufficed, through Leon and Casteel he bends.
On many a field enrapt the hero stood,
And the proud scenes of Lusian conquest viewed.
Navar he pass'd, and pass'd the dreary wild,
Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning glyns are piled;
The wolf's dread range, where to the evening skies
In clouds involved the cold Pyrenians rise.
Through Gallia's flowery vales and wheaten plains
He strays, and Belgia now his steps detains.
There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,
In various cares the fleeting days he spent:
His peers the while direct to England's strand,
Plough'd the chill northern wave; and now at land,

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Adorn'd in armour, and embroidery gay,
To lordly London hold the crowded way.
Bold Lancaster receives the knights with joy;
The feasts and warlike song each hour employ.
The beauteous dames attending wake their fire,
With tears enrage them, and with smiles inspire.
And now with doubtful blushes rose the day,
Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay.
The English monarch gives the listed bounds,
And, fix'd in rank, with shining spears surrounds.
Before their dames the gallant knights advance,
Each like a Mars, and shake the beamy lance:
The dames, adorn'd in silk and gold, display
A thousand colours glittering to the day:
Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came,
Unhonour'd by her knight, Magricio's dame.
Fear not our prowess, cry the bold Eleven,
In numbers, not in might, we stand uneven;
More could we spare, secure of dauntless might,
When for the injured female name we fight.
Beneath a canopy of regal state,
High on a throne the English monarch sate;
All round, the ladies and the barons bold,
Shining in proud array, their stations hold.
Now o'er the theatre the champions pour,
And facing three to three, and four to four,
Flourish their arms in prelude. From the bay
Where flows the Tagus, to the Indian sea,
The sun beholds not in his annual race
A twelve more sightly, more of manly grace
Than tower'd the English knights. With frothing jaws
Furious each steed the bit restrictive gnaws;
And rearing to approach the rearing foe,
Their wavy manes are dash'd with foamy snow:
Cross darting to the sun a thousand rays
The champions' helmets as the crystal blaze.
Ah now, the trembling ladies' cheeks how wan!
Cold crept their blood; when through the tumult ran

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A shout loud gathering : turn'd was every eye
Where rose the shout, the sudden cause to spy.
And lo ! in shining arms a warrior rode,
With conscious pride his snorting courser trod ;
Low to the monarch and the dames he bends,
And now the great Magricio joins his friends.
With looks that glow'd, exulting rose the fair,
Whose wounded honour claimed the hero's care :
Aside the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,
In dazzling purple and in gold she shone.
Now loud the signal of the fight rebounds
Quivering the air ; the meeting shock resounds
Hoarse crashing uproar ; griding splinters spring
Far round ; and bucklers dash'd on bucklers ring :
Their swords flash lightning ; darkly reeking o'er
The shining mail-plates flows the purple gore.
Torn by the spur, the loosened reins at large,
Furious the steeds in thundering plunges charge ;
Trembles beneath their hoofs the solid ground,
And thick the fiery sparkles flash around,
A dreadful blaze ! with pleasing horror thrill'd
The crowd behold the terrors of the field.
Here stunn'd, and staggering with the forceful blow,
A bending champion grasps the saddle-bow ;
Here backward bent a falling knight reclines,
His plumes dishonour'd lash the courser's loins.
So tired and stagger'd toil the doubtful fight,
When great Magricio kindling all his might
Gave all his rage to burn : with headlong force,
Conscious of victory, his bounding horse
Wheels round and round the foe ; the hero's spear
Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,
Mows down their firmest battle ; groans the ground,
Beneath his courser's smiting hoofs ; far round
The cloven helms and splinter'd shields resound.
Here, torn and trail'd in dust the harness gay,
From the fall'n master springs the steeds away ;

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Obscene with dust and gore, slow from the ground
Rising the master rolls his eyes around,
Pale as a spectre on the Stygian coast,
In all the rage of shame confused and lost.
Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,
The wallowing coursers and the riders groan:
Before their glimmering vision dies the light,
And deep descends the gloom of death's eternal night.
They now who boasted, "Let the sword decide,"
Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide:
Loud to the sky the shout of joy proclaims
The spotless honour of the ladies' names.
In painted halls of state and rosy bowers,
The twelve brave Lusians crown the festive hours.
Bold Lancaster the princely feast bestows,
The goblet circles, and the music flows;
And every care, the transport of their joy,
To tend the knights the lovely dames employ;
The green-bough'd forests by the lawns of Thames
Behold the victor-champions and the dames
Rouse the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,
While through the dales of Kent resounds the bugle-horn.
The sultry noon the princely banquet owns,
The minstrel's song of war the banquet crowns;
And when the shades of gentle evening fall,
Loud with the dance resounds the lordly hall:
The golden roofs, while Vesper shines, prolong
The trembling echoes of the harp and song.
Thus pass'd the days on England's happy strand,
Till the dear memory of their natal land
Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breast
Of brave Magricio spurns the thoughts of rest:
In Gaul's proud court he sought the listed plain,
In arms an injured lady's knight again.

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As Rome's Corvinus * o'er the field he strode,
And on the foe's huge cuirass proudly trod.
No more by Tyranny's proud tongue reviled,
The Flandrian countess on her hero smiled †.
The Rhine another pass'd, and proved his might ‡,
A fraudful German dared him to the fight;
Strain'd in his grasp the fraudful boaster fell—
Here sudden stopp'd the youth; the distant yell
Of gathering tempest sounded in his ears,
Unheard, unheeded by his listening peers.
Earnest at full they urge him to relate
Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.
When shrilly whistling through the decks resounds
The master's call, and loud his voice rebounds:
Instant from converse and from slumber start
Both bands, and instant to their toils they dart.
Aloft, oh speed, down, down the topsails, cries
The master, sudden from my earnest eyes
Vanish'd the stars, slow rolls the hollow sigh,
The storm's dread herald.—To the topsails fly
The bounding youths, and o'er the yard-arms whirl
The whizzing ropes, and swift the canvass furl;
When from their grasp the bursting tempests bore
The sheets half-gathered, and in fragments tore.
Strike, strike the main-sail, loud again he rears
His echoing voice; when roaring in their ears,

* *As Rome's Corvinus*—Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and slew a Gaul of enormous stature, in single combat. During the duel, a raven perched on the helm of his antagonist, sometimes pecked his face and hand, and sometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The victor was thence name Corvinus.

† *The Flandrian countess on her hero smiled*—The princess, for whom Magricio signalized his valour, was Isabella of Portugal, and spouse to Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and earl of Flanders.

‡ *The Rhine another pass'd, and proved his might*—" This was Alvaro Vaz d'Almada."

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As if the starry vault by thunders riven,
Rush'd downward to the deep the walls of heaven:
With headlong weight a fiercer blast descends,
And with sharp whirring crash the main-sail rends;
Loud shrieks of horror through the fleet resound,
Bursts the torn cordage, rattle far around
The splinter'd yard-arms; from each bending mast,
In many a shred, far streaming on the blast
The canvass floats; low sinks the leeward side,
O'er the broad vessels rolls the swelling tide;
Oh! strain each nerve the frantic pilot cries,
Oh now—and instant every nerve applies,
Tugging what cumbrous lay with strainful force;
Dash'd by the ponderous loads the surges hoarse
Roar in new whirls: the dauntless soldiers ran
To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began
The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown
In grovelling heaps the stagger'd soldiers groan:
So rolls the vessel, not the boldest Three,
Of arm robustest, and of firmest knee,
Can guide the starting rudder; from their hands
The helm bursts; scarce a cable's strength commands
The staggering fury of its starting bounds,
While to the forceful beating surge resounds
The hollow crazing hulk: with kindling rage
The adverse winds the adverse winds engage:
As from its base of rock their banded power
Strove in the dust to strew some lordly tower,
Whose dented battlements in middle sky
Frown on the tempest and its rage defy;
So roar'd the winds: high o'er the rest upborne
On the wide mountain-wave's slant ridge forlorn,
At times discover'd by the lightnings blue,
Hangs Gama's lofty vessel, to the view
Small as her boat; o'er Paulus' shatter'd prore
Falls the tall main-mast prone with crashing roar;
Their hands, yet grasping their uprooted hair,
The sailors lift to Heaven in wild despair;

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The Saviour God each yelling voice implores:
Nor less from brave Coello's war-ship pours
The shriek, shrill rolling on the tempest's wings:
Dire as the bird of death at midnight sings
His dreary howlings in the sick man's ear,
The answering shriek from ship to ship they hear.
Now on the mountain-billows upward driven,
The navy mingles with the clouds of heaven;
Now rushing downward with the sinking waves,
Bare they behold old Ocean's vaulty caves.
The eastern blast against the western pours,
Against the southern storm the northern roars:
From pole to pole the flashy lightnings glare,
One pale-blue twinkling sheet enwraps the air;
In swift succession now the volleys fly,
Darted in pointed curvings o'er the sky,
And through the horrors of the dreadful night,
O'er the torn waves they shed a ghastly light;
The breaking surges flame with burning red,
Wider and louder still the thunders spread,
As if the solid heavens together crush'd,
Expiring worlds on worlds expiring rush'd,
And dim-brow'd Chaos struggled to regain
The wild confusion of his ancient reign.
Not such the volley when the arm of Jove
From heaven's high gates the rebel Titans drove;
Not such fierce lightnings blazed athwart the flood,
When, saved by Heaven, Deucalion's vessel rode *

* —— *Deucalion's vessel rode*—Deucalion, son of Prometheus, king of Thessaly. According to the ancients the impiety of the world irritated Jupiter to destroy mankind, and immediately the earth exhibited a boundless scene of waters, and the highest mountains were overflowed. Prometheus advised his son to make himself a ship, by which means he saved himself and his wife Pyrrha. The vessel was tossed about nine successive days, and at last stopped on the top of Mount Parnassus.

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High o'er the deluged hills. Along the shore
The halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore * ;
As beating round on trembling wings they fly,
Shrill through the storm their woeful clamours die.
So from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,
With shrill, faint voice, th' untimely ghost complains.
The amorous dolphins to their deepest caves
In vain retreat to fly the furious waves ;
High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,
And tears the aged forests from their brows :
The pine and oak's huge sinewy roots uptorn,
And from their beds the dusky sands, upborne
On the rude whirlings of the billowy sweep,
Imbrown the surface of the boiling deep.
High to the poop the valiant Gama springs,
And all the rage of grief his bosom wrings,
Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd
The meed of all his toils, that hope destroy'd.
In awful horror lost the Hero stands,
And rolls his eyes to Heaven, and spreads his hands,
While to the clouds his vessel rides the swell,
And now her black keel strikes the gates of hell ;
O Thou ! he cries, whom trembling heaven obeys,
Whose will the tempest's furious madness sways,
Who, through the wild waves, led'st thy chosen race,
While the high billows stood like walls of brass :
O Thou, while ocean bursting o'er the world
Roar'd o'er the hills, and from the sky down hurl'd
Rush'd other headlong oceans ; Oh ! as then
The second father of the race of men
Safe in thy care the dreadful billows rode,
Oh ! save us now, be now the Saviour God !

* *The halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore*— Vulgarly called the king, or martin fisher. The halcyons very seldom appear but in the finest weather, whence they are fabled to build their nests on the waves.

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Safe in thy care, what dangers have we pass'd!
And shalt thou leave us, leave us now at last
To perish here—our dangers and our toils
To spread thy laws unworthy of thy smiles;
Our vows unheard—Heavy with all thy weight,
Oh, horror, come! and come, eternal night!
He paused;—then round his eyes and arms he threw
In gesture wild, and thus; O happy you!
You, who in Afric fought for holy faith,
And, pierced with Moorish spears, in glorious death
Beheld the smiling heavens your toils reward,
By your brave mates beheld the conquests shared,
O happy you, on every shore renown'd!
Your vows respected, and your wishes crown'd.
He spoke; redoubled raged the mingled blasts;
Through the torn cordage and the shattered masts
The winds loud whistled, fiercer lightnings blazed,
And louder roars the doubled thunders raised,
The sky and ocean blending, each on fire,
Seem'd as all nature struggled to expire.
When now the silver star of Love appear'd,
Bright in the east her radiant front she rear'd;
Fair through the horrid storm the gentle ray
Announced the promise of the cheerful day;
From her bright throne celestial Love beheld
The tempest burn, and blast on blast impell'd:
And must the furious demon still, she cries,
Still urge his rage, nor all the past suffice!
Yet as the past, shall all his rage be vain—
She spoke, and darted to the roaring main;
Her lovely nymphs she calls, the nymphs obey,
Her nymphs the Virtues who confess her sway;
Round every brow she bids the rose buds twine,
And every flower adown the locks to shine,
The snow-white lily and the laurel green,
And pink and yellow as at strife be seen.
Instant amid their golden ringlets strove
Each flowret, planted by the hand of Love;

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At strife, who first th' enamour'd powers to gain,
Who rule the tempests and the waves restrain:
Bright as a starry band the Nereids shone,
Instant old Eolus' * sons their presence own;
The winds die faintly, and in softest sighs
Each at his fair one's feet desponding lies.
The bright Orithia, threatening, sternly chides
The furious Boreas, and his faith derides;
The furious Boreas owns her powerful bands:
Fair Galatea, with a smile commands
The raging Notus, for his love, how true,
His fervent passion and his faith, she knew.
Thus every nymph her various lover chides;
The silent winds are fetter'd by their brides;
And to the goddess of celestial loves,
Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves
In flowery bands are brought. Their amorous flame
The Queen approves, and ever burn the same,
She cries, and joyful on the Nymphs' fair hands,
Th' Eolian race receive the Queen's commands,
And vow, that henceforth her Armada's sails
Should gently swell with fair propitious gales.
Now morn, serene in dappled grey, arose
O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows;
Pale shone the wave beneath the golden beam;
Blue o'er the silver flood Malabria's mountains gleam:
The sailors on the main-top's airy round,
Land! land! aloud, with waving hands, resound;
Aloud the pilot of Melinda cries,
Behold, O Chief, the shores of India rise!
Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod,
And every breast with swelling raptures glow'd;
Gama's great soul confess'd the rushing swell,
Prone on his manly knees the Hero fell,
O bounteous Heaven! he cries, and spreads his hands
To bounteous Heaven, while boundless joy commands

* For the fable of Eolus see the tenth Odyssey.

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No further word to flow. In wonder lost,
As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools toss'd,
Now snatch'd by demons rides the flaming air,
And howls, and hears the howlings of despair;
Awaked, amazed, confused with transport glows,
And, trembling still, with troubled joy o'erflows;
So, yet affected with the sickly weight
Left by the horrors of the dreadful night,
The Hero wakes in raptures to behold
The Indian shores before his prows unfold:
Bounding he rises, and with eyes on fire
Surveys the limits of his proud desire.

O glorious Chief, while storms and oceans raved,
What hopeless toils thy dauntless valour braved!
By toils like thine the brave ascend to heaven;
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.
Not he, who daily moves in ermine gown,
Who nightly slumbers on the couch of down;
Who proudly boasts through heroes old to trace
The lordly lineage of his titled race;
Proud of the smiles of every courtier lord,
A welcome guest at every courtier's board;
Not he, the feeble son of ease, may claim,
Thy wreath, O Gama, or may hope thy fame.
'Tis he, who nurtured on the tented field,
From whose brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd,
With manly face unmoved, secure, serene,
Amidst the thunders of the deathful scene,
From horror's mouth dares snatch the warrior's crown,
His own his honours, all his fame his own:
Who proudly just to honour's stern commands,
The dog-star's rage on Afric's burning sands,
Or the keen air of midnight polar skies,
Long watchful by the helm, alike defies:
Who on his front, the trophies of the wars,
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honest scars;
Who clothed in steel, by thirst, by famine worn,
Through raging seas by bold ambition borne,

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Scornful of gold, by noblest ardour fired,
Each wish by mental dignity inspired,
Prepared each ill to suffer or to dare,
To bless mankind, his great, his only care;
Him whom her son mature experience owns,
Him, him alone heroic glory crowns *.

* Once more the translator is tempted to confess his opinion, that the contrary practice of Homer and Virgil affords in reality no reasonable objection against the exclamatory exuberances of Camoens. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been already observed, which violently trespass against the first rule of the Epopœia, the unity of the action: a rule which, strictly speaking, is not outraged by the digressive exclamations of Camoens. The one now before us, as the severest critic must allow, is happily adapted to the subject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered, are particularly described. He is afterwards brought in safety to the Indian shore, the object of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore on the grand hinge of the poem, has its propriety, and discovers the warmth of its author's genius.

END OF BOOK VI.

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THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VII.

HAIL, glorious Chief! where never chief before
Forced his bold way, all hail on India's shore!
And hail, ye Lusian heroes! fair and wide
What groves of palm, to haughty Rome deny'd,
For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold!
What laurel forests on the shores of gold
For you their honours ever verdant rear,
Proud with their leaves to twine the Lusian spear!
Ah heaven! what fury Europe's sons controls!
What self-consuming discord fires their souls!
'Gainst her own breast her sword Germania turns;
Through all her states fraternal rancour burns;
Some, blindly wandering, holy Faith disclaim,
And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.
High sound the titles of the English crown,
King of Jerusalem, his old renown!
Alas, delighted with an airy name,
The thin dim shadow of departed fame,
England's stern Monarch, sunk in soft repose,
Luxurious riots mid his northern snows:
Or if the starting burst of rage succeed,
His brethren are his foes, and Christians bleed;
While Hagar's brutal race his titles stain,
In weeping Salem unmolested reign,

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And with their rites impure her holy shrines profane.
And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,
Most Christian named; alas, in vain assumed!
What impious lust of empire steels thy breast
From their just Lords the Christian lands to wrest!
While Holy Faith's hereditary foes
Possess the treasures where Cynifio flows *;
And all secure, behold their harvests smile
In waving gold along the banks of Nile.
And thou, O lost to glory, lost to fame,
Thou dark oblivion of thy ancient name,
By every vicious luxury debased,
Each noble passion from thy breast erased,
Nerveless in sloth, enfeebling arts thy boast,
Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how lost!
In vain to thee the call of glory sounds,
Thy sword alone thy own soft bosom wounds.
Ah, Europe's sons, ye brother-powers, in you
The fables old of Cadmus now are true:
Fierce rose the brothers from the dragon teeth,
And each fell crimson'd with a brother's death.
So fall the bravest of the Christian name,
While dogs unclean Messiah's lore blaspheme,
And howl their curses o'er the holy tomb,
While to the sword the Christian race they doom.
From age to age, from shore to distant shore,
By various princes led, their legions pour;
United all in one determined aim,
From every land to blot the Christian name.
Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake,
And from the foe the great example take.
If empire tempt ye, lo, the east expands,
Fair and immense, her summer-garden lands:
There boastful wealth displays her radiant store;
Pactol and Hermus' streams o'er golden ore
Roll their long way; but not for you they flow;
Their treasures blaze on the stern Soldan's brow:

* —— *where Cynifio flows*—A river in Africa.

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For him Assyria plies the loom of gold,
And Afric's sons their deepest mines unfold
To build his haughty throne. Ye western powers
To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours,
Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire;
Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire
Against the walls of proud Byzantium roar,
Till headlong driven from Europe's ravish'd shore
To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens,
By Caspian mountains, and uncultured fens,
Their fathers' seats beyond the Wolgian lake *,
The barbarous race of Saracen betake.
And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims,
The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames,
Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn,
A dreadful tribute †, loud imploring mourn.
Alas, in vain! their offspring captive led,
In Hagar's sons unhallow'd temples bred,
To rapine train'd, arise a brutal host,
The Christian terror, and the Turkish boast.
Yet sleep, ye powers of Europe, careless sleep,
To you in vain your eastern brethren weep;
Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears shall sue;
Though small the Lusian realms, her legions few,
The guardian oft by heaven ordain'd before,
The Lusian race shall guard Messiah's lore.

* —— *beyond the Wolgian lake*—The Caspian sea, so called from the large river Volga or Wolga, which empties itself into it.

† *Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn,*
A dreadful tribute!—By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long sustained. The troops of the Turkish infantry and cavalry, known by the name of Janizaries, and Spahis, are thus supported, and the scribes in office called Mufti, says Sandys, "are the sons of Christians (and those the most completely furnished by nature) taken in their childhood from their miserable parents by a levy made every five years, or oftener or seldomer, as occasion requireth."

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When heaven decreed to crush the Moorish foe,
Heaven gave the Lusian spear to strike the blow.
When heaven's own laws o'er Afric's shores were heard,
The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes rear'd;
Nor shall their zeal in Asia's bounds expire,
Asia subdued shall fume with hallowed fire:
When the red sun the Lusian shore forsakes,
And on the lap of deepest west * awakes,
O'er the wild plains, beneath unincensed skies
The sun shall view the Lusian altars rise.
And could new worlds by human step be trod,
Those worlds should tremble at the Lusian nod.
And now their ensigns blazing o'er the tide
On India's shore the Lusian heroes ride.
High to the fleecy clouds resplendent far
Appear the regal towers of Malabar,
Imperial Calicut, the lordly seat
Of the first monarch of the Indian state.
Right to the port the valiant Gama bends,
With joyful shouts a fleet of boats attends;
Joyful their nets they leave and finny prey,
And crowding round the Lusians, point the way.
A herald now, by Vasco's high command
Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian strand;
The sacred staff he bears, in gold he shines,
And tells his office by majestic signs.
As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,
The harvest waves along the yellow dale,
So round the herald press the wondering throng,
Recumbent waving as they pour along;
And much his manly port and strange attire,
And much his fair and ruddy hue admire:
When speeding through the crowd with eager haste,
And honest smiles, a son of Afric press'd:
Enrapt with joy the wondering herald hears
Castilia's manly tongue salute his ears.

* —— *of deepest west*—Alludes to the discovery and conquest of the Brazils by the Portuguese.

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What friendly angel from thy Tago's shore
Has led thee hither? cries the joyful Moor.
Then hand in hand, the pledge of faith, conjoin'd,
O joy beyond the dream of hope to find,
To hear a kindred voice, the Lusian cried,
Beyond unmeasured gulfs and seas untry'd;
Untry'd before our daring keels explored
Our fearless way—Oh heaven, what tempests roared,
While round the vast of Afric's southmost land
Our eastward bowsprits sought the Indian strand!
Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly stranger stood;
A path now open'd through the boundless flood!
The hope of ages, and the dread despair,
Accomplish'd now, and conquer'd—stiff his hair
Rose thrilling, while his labouring thoughts pursued
The dreadful course by Gama's fate subdued.
Homeward, with generous warmth o'erflow'd, he leads
The Lusian guest, and swift the feast succeeds:
The purple grape and golden fruitage smile;
And each choice viand of the Indian soil
Heap'd o'er the board, the master's zeal declare;
The social feast the guest and master share;
The sacred pledge of eastern faith approved,
By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved.
Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends,
With earnest pace the heaven-sent friend attends:
Now down the river's sweepy stream they glide,
And now their pinnace cuts the briny tide:
The Moor, with transport sparkling in his eyes,
The well-known make of Gama's navy spies,
The bending bowsprit, and the mast so tall,
The sides black frowning as a castle wall,
The high-tower'd stern, the lordly nodding prore,
And the broad standard slowly waving o'er
The anchor's moony fangs. The skiff he leaves,
Brave Gama's deck his bounding step receives;
And, Hail, he cries: in transport Gama sprung,
And round his neck with friendly welcome hung;

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Enrapt so distant o'er the dreadful main
To hear the music of the tongue of Spain.
And now beneath a painted shade of state
Beside the Admiral the stranger sate:
Of India's clime, the natives and the laws,
What monarch sways them, what religion awes?
Why from the tombs devoted to his sires
The son so far? the valiant Chief enquires.
In act to speak the stranger waves his hand,
The joyful crew in silent wonder stand,
Each gently pressing on with greedy ear,
As erst the bending forests stoop'd to hear
In Rhodope, when Orpheus' heavenly strain,
Deplored his lost Eurydice in vain;
While with a mien that generous friendship won
From every heart, the stranger thus begun:
Your glorious deeds, ye Lusians, well I know,
To neighbouring earth the vital air I owe;
Yet though my faith the Koran's lore revere;
So taught my sires; my birth at proud Tangier,
An hostile clime to Lisboa's awful name,
I glow enraptured o'er the Lusian fame;
Proud though your nation's warlike glories shine,
These proudest honours yield, O Chief, to thine;
Beneath thy dread achievements low they fall,
And India's shore, discovered, crowns them all.
Won by your fame, by fond affection sway'd,
A friend I come, and offer friendship's aid.
As on my lips Castilia's language glows,
So from my tongue the speech of India flows:
Mozaide my name, in India's court beloved,
For honest deeds, but time shall speak, approved.
When India's Monarch greets his court again,
For now the banquet on the tented plain
And sylvan chase his careless hours employ*;
When India's mighty Lord, with wondering joy,

* *For now the banquet on the tented plain,*
And sylvan chase his careless hours employ—

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Shall hail you welcome on his spacious shore
Through oceans never plough'd by keel before,
Myself shall glad Interpreter attend,
Mine every office of the faithful friend.
Ah! but a stream, the labour of the oar,
Divides my birth-place from your native shore;
On shores unknown, in distant worlds, how sweet
The kindred tongue the kindred face to greet!
Such now my joy; and such, O heaven, be yours!
Yes, bounteous heaven, your glad success secures.
Till now impervious, heaven alone subdued
The various horrors of the trackless flood;
Heaven sent you here for some great work divine,
And heaven inspires my breast your sacred toils to join.
Vast are the shores of India's wealthful soil;
Southward sea-girt she forms a demi-isle:
His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd forests crown'd,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:
From Caspia's lake th' enormous mountain * spreads,
And bending eastward rears a thousand heads:
Far to extremest sea the ridges thrown,
By various names through various tribes are known:
Here down the waste of Taurus' rocky side
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,
Indus the one, and one the Ganges named,
Darkly of old through distant nations famed:
One eastward curving holds his crooked way,
One to the west gives his swoln tide to stray:
Declining southward many a land they lave,
And widely swelling roll the sea-like wave,

The Great Mogul and other eastern sovereigns, attended with their courtiers, spend annually some months of the finest season in encampments in the field, in hunting parties, and military amusements.

* —— *th' enormous mountain*—Properly an immense chain of mountains, known by various names, Caucasus, Taurus, Hemodus, Paropamissus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus, extended through Tartary to the sea of Kamschatka.

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Till the twin offspring of the mountain sire
Both in the Indian deep ingulf'd expire.
Between these streams, fair smiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domains display,
And many a league, far to the south they bend,
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the shores to Ceylon's isle oppose,
In conic form the Indian regions close.
To various laws the various tribes incline,
And various are the rites esteem'd divine:
Some as from heaven receive the Koran's lore,
Some the dread monsters of the wild adore;
Some bend to wood and stone the prostrate head,
And rear unhallowed altars to the dead.
By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions tell,
Of old the tribes lived healthful by the smell;
No food they knew, such fragrant vapours rose
Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows:
Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan
Feed their fair flocks; and here, an heathen clan,
Stern Decam's sons the fertile valleys till,
A clan, whose hope to shun eternal ill,
Whose trust from every stain of guilt to save,
Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave;
If to the stream the breathless corpse be given
They deem the spirit wings her way to heaven.
Here by the mouths, where hallowed Ganges ends,
Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends;
Unrivall'd smile her fair luxurious vales:
And here Cambaya * spreads her palmy dales;
A warlike realm, where still the martial race
From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.
Narsinga here displays her spacious line;
In native gold her sons and ruby shine:

* *And here Cambaya*—Now called Gazarate. This country was known to the ancients by the name of Gedrosia.

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Alas, how vain! these gaudy sons of fear,
Trembling, bow down before each hostile spear.
And now behold;—and while he spoke he rose;
Now with extended arm the prospect shows,—
Behold these mountain-tops of various size
Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy skies;
Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.
Here from the mountain to the surgy main,
Fair as a garden spreads the smiling plain:
And lo, the Empress of the Indian powers,
There lofty Calicut resplendent towers;
Hers every fragrance of the spicy shore,
Hers every gem of India's countless store:
Great Samoreem, her Lord's imperial style,
The mighty Lord of India's utmost soil:
To him the kings their duteous tribute pay,
And at his feet confess their borrowed sway.
Yet higher tower'd the monarchs ancient boast,
Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast.
A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore,
What time great Perimal the sceptre bore,
From bless'd Arabia's groves to India came:
Life were their words, their eloquence a flame
Of holy zeal: fired by the powerful strain
The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,
And vows, at fair Medina's shrine, to close
His life's mild eve in prayer and sweet repose.
Gifts he prepares to deck the Prophet's tomb,
The glowing labours of the Indian loom,
Orixa's spices and Golconda's gems;
Yet, ere the fleet th' Arabian ocean stems,
His final care his potent regions claim,
Nor his the transport of a father's name;
His servants now the regal purple wear,
And high enthroned the golden sceptres bear.
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé sways,
The spicy Isle another Lord obeys:

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Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various Lords he yields.
While these and others thus the monarch graced,
A noble youth his care unmindful pass'd:
Save Calicut, a city poor and small,
Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall:
Grieved to behold such merit thus repaid,
The sapient youth the king of kings he made,
And honour'd with the name, great Samoreem,
The lordly titled boast of power supreme.
And now great Perimal * resigns his reign,
The blissful bowers of Paradise to gain:
Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,
And India sinks for ever from his eyes.
And soon to Calicut's commodious port
The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, resort:
Wide o'er the shore extend the warlike piles,
And all the landscape round luxurious smiles.
And now her flag to every gale unfurl'd,
She towers the Empress of the eastern world:
Such are the blessings sapient kings bestow,
And from thy stream such gifts, O Commerce, flow.
From that sage youth, who first reign'd king of kings,
He now who sways the tribes of India springs.
Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,
Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.
All, save where Nature whispers modest care,
Naked they blacken in the sultry air.
The haughty nobles and the vulgar race
Never must join the conjugal embrace;

* *And now great Perimal*—According to tradition, about 800 years before Gama's voyage, Perimal, the sovereign of India, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, in which he had been instructed by some Arabian merchants, resolved to end his days as a hermit at Mecca. He divided his empire into different sovereignties, but rendered them all tributary to the Zamorim of Calicut.

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Nor may the stripling, nor the blooming maid,
Oh lost to joy, by cruel rites betray'd!
To spouse of other than their father's art,
At Love's connubial shrine unite the heart:
Nor may their sons, the genius and the view
Confined and fetter'd, other art pursue.
Vile were the stain, and deep the foul disgrace,
Should other tribe touch one of noble race;
A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er,
Can scarce his tainted purity restore.
Poleas the labouring lower clans are named;
By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claimed;
The toils of culture, and of art they scorn,
The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn;
The shining falchion brandish'd in the right,
Their left arm wields the target in the fight;
Of danger scornful, ever arm'd they stand
Around the king, a stern barbarian band.
Whate'er in India holds the sacred name
Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim:
In wildest rituals, vain and painful, lost,
Brahma their founder* as a God they boast.
To crown their meal no meanest life expires,
Pulse, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires:
Alone in lewdness riotous and free,
No spousal ties withhold, and no degree:
Lost to the heart ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing husband yields his spouse's charms:
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the husband's kindred may ascend
The nuptial couch: alas, too bless'd, they know
Nor jealousy's suspense, nor burning woe;
The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow.

* *Brahma their founder*—According to Indian mythology, Brahma was one of three beings created by God, and with whose assistance he formed the world.

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But should my lips each wondrous scene unfold,
Which your glad eyes will soon amazed behold,
Oh, long before the various tale could run,
Deep in the west would sink yon eastern sun.
In few, all wealth from China to the Nile,
All balsams, fruit, and gold on India's bosom smile.
While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd,
Wide o'er the coast the voice of Rumour swell'd;
As first some upland vapour seems to float
Small as the smoke of lonely shepherd cot,
Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkness spreads,
And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads,
The leafless forest and the utmost lea;
And wide its black wings hover o'er the sea:
The tear-drop'd bough hangs weeping in the vale,
And distant navies rear the mist-wet sail.
So Fame increasing, loud and louder grew,
And to the silvan camp resounding flew;
A lordly band, she cries, of warlike mien,
Of face and garb in India never seen,
Of tongue unknown, through gulfs undared before,
Unknown their aim, have reach'd the Indian shore.
To hail their Chief the Indian Lord prepares,
And to the fleet he sends his banner'd Nayres:
As to the bay the nobles press along,
The wondering city pours th' unnumber'd throng.
And now brave Gama and his splendid train,
Himself adorn'd in all the pride of Spain,
In gilded barges slowly bend to shore,
While to the lute the gently-falling oar
Now breaks the surges of the briny tide,
And now the strokes the cold fresh stream divide.
Pleased with the splendour of the Lusian band,
On every bank the crowded thousands stand.
Begirt with high-plumed nobles, by the flood
The first great Minister of India stood,
The Catual his name in India's tongue;
To Gama swift the lordly Regent sprung;

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His open arms the valiant Chief enfold,
And now he lands him on the shore of gold:
With pomp unwonted India's nobles greet
The fearless heroes of the warlike fleet,
A couch on shoulders borne, in India's mode,
With gold the canopy and purple glow'd,
Receives the Lusian captain; equal rides
The lordly Catual, and onward guides,
While Gama's train, and thousands of the throng
Of India's sons, encircling pour along.
To hold discourse in various tongues they try;
In vain; the accents unremember'd die
Instant as utter'd. Thus on Babel's plain
Each builder heard his mate, and heard in vain.
Gama the while, and India's second Lord,
Hold glad responses, as the various word
The faithful Moor unfolds. The city gate
They pass'd, and onward, tower'd in sumptuous state,
Before them now the sacred temple rose;
The portals wide the sculptured shrines disclose.
The Chiefs advance, and, entered now, behold
The gods of wood, cold stone, and shining gold;
Various of figure, and of various face,
As the foul Demon will'd the likeness base.
Taught to behold the rays of Godhead shine
Fair imaged in the human face divine,
With sacred horror thrill'd, the Lusians viewed
The monster forms, Chimera-like, and rude.
Here spreading horns an human visage bore;
So frown'd stern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his shrine appear'd.
An hundred arms another brandish'd wide;
So Titan's son* the race of heaven defy'd.
And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd:
Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed shade

* So *Titan's son*—Briareu.

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Grinn'd horrible. With vile prostrations low
Before these shrines the blinded Indians bow.
And now again the splendid pomp proceeds;
To India's Lord the haughty Regent leads.
To view the glorious Leader of the fleet
Increasing thousands swell o'er every street;
High o'er the roofs the struggling youths ascend,
The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend,
The windows sparkle with the glowing blaze
Of female eyes, and mingling diamonds' rays.
And now the train with solemn state and slow,
Approach the royal gate, through many a row
Of fragrant wood walks, and of balmy bowers,
Radiant with fruitage, ever gay with flowers.
Spacious the dome its pillar'd grandeur spread,
Nor to the burning day high tower'd the head;
The citron groves around the windows glow'd,
And branching palms their grateful shade bestow'd;
The mellow light a pleasing radiance cast;
The marble walls Dædalian sculpture graced.
Here India's fate, from darkest times of old,
The wondrous Artist on the stone enroll'd;
Here o'er the meadows, by Hydaspes' stream,
In fair array the marshall'd legions seem:
A youth of gleeful eye the squadrons led,
Smooth was his cheek, and glow'd with purest red;
Around his spear the curling vine-leaves waved;
And by a streamlet of the river laved,
Behind her founder, Nysa's walls were rear'd;
So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd,
Had Semele * beheld the smiling boy,
The mother's heart had proudly heav'd with joy.
Unnumber'd here were seen th' Assyrian throng,
That drank whole rivers as they march'd along:

* *Had Semele beheld the smiling boy*—The Theban Bacchus, to whom the Greek fabulists ascribed the Indian expedition of Sesostris or Osiris king of Egypt.

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Each eye seem'd earnest on their warrior queen,
High was her port, and furious was her mien;
Her valour only equall'd by her lust;
Fast by her side her courser paw'd the dust,
Her son's vile rival *; reeking to the plain
Fell the hot sweat-drops as he champt the rein.
And here display'd, most glorious to behold,
The Grecian banners opening many a fold,
Seem'd trembling on the gale; at distance far
The Ganges laved the wide extended war.
Here the blue marble gives the helmet's gleam,
Here from the cuirass shoots the golden beam.
A proud-ey'd youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,
Of the bold veterans led the brown array;
Scornful of mortal birth enshrin'd he rode,
Called Jove his father, and assumed the god.
While dauntless Gama and his train survey'd
The sculptured walls, the lofty Regent said;
For nobler wars than these you wondering see
That ample space th' eternal fates decree:
Sacred to these th' unpictured wall remains,
Unconscious yet of vanquish'd India's chains.
Assured we know the awful day shall come,
Big with tremendous fate, and India's doom,
The sons of Brahma, by the god their sire
Taught to illume the dread divining fire,
From the drear mansions of the dark abodes
Awake the dead, or call th' infernal gods;
Then round the flame, while glimmering ghastly blue,
Behold the future scene arise to view.
The sons of Brahma in the magic hour
Beheld the foreign foe tremendous low'r;

* *Her son's vile rival*—"The infamous passion of Semiramis for a horse, has all the air of a fable invented by the Greeks to signify the extreme libidiny of that queen. Her incestuous passion for her son Nynias, however, is confirmed by the testimony of the best authors. Shocked at such an horrid amour, Nynias ordered her to be put to death." *Castera.*

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Unknown their tongue, their face, and strange attire,
And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire:
They saw the chief o'er prostrate India rear
The glittering terrors of his awful spear.
But swift behind these wintry days of woe
A spring of joy arose in liveliest glow,
Such gentle manners leagued with wisdom reign'd
In the dread victors, and their rage restrain'd:
Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,
Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India smiled.
So to the prophets of the Brahmin train
The visions rose, that never rose in vain.
The Regent ceased; and now with solemn pace
The Chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.
The tap'stried walls with gold were pictured o'er,
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor.
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,
High on a blazing couch the Monarch sate,
With starry gems the purple curtains shined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around the silver pillars: high o'er head
The golden canopy its radiance shed:
Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,
And his high turban flamed with precious stone.
Sublime and awful was his sapient mien,
Lordly his posture, and his brow serene.
An hoary sire submiss on bended knee,
(Low bow'd his head,) in India's luxury,
A leaf *, all fragrance to the glowing taste,
Before the king each little while replaced.
The patriarch Brahmin, soft and slow he rose,
Advancing now to lordly Gama bows,

* *A leaf*—The Betel. This is a particular luxury of the East. The Indians powder it with the fruit of *Areca*, or *drunken date-tree*, and chew it, swallowing the juice. Its virtues, they say, preserve the teeth, strengthen the stomach, and incite to venery.

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And leads him to the throne: in silent state
The Monarch's nod assigns the Captain's seat;
The Lusian train in humbler distance stand:
Silent the Monarch eyes the foreign band
With awful mien; when valiant Gama broke
The solemn pause, and thus majestic spoke:
From where the crimson sun of evening laves
His blazing chariot in the western waves,
I come, the herald of a mighty King,
And holy vows of lasting friendship bring
To thee, O Monarch, for resounding Fame
Far to the west has borne thy princely name,
All India's sovereign Thou! Nor deem I sue,
Great as thou art, the humble suppliant's due.
Whate'er from western Tagus to the Nile,
Inspires the monarch's wish, the merchant's toil,
From where the north-star gleams o'er seas of frost,
To Ethiopia's utmost burning coast,
Whate'er the sea, whate'er the land bestows,
In My great Monarch's realm unbounded flows.
Pleased thy high grandeur and renown to hear,
My Sovereign offers friendship's bands sincere:
Mutual he asks them, naked of disguise,
Then every bounty of the smiling skies
Shower'd on his shore and thine, in mutual flow,
Shall joyful Commerce on each shore bestow.
Our might in war, what vanquish'd nations fell
Beneath our spear, let trembling Afric tell;
Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear,
Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear.
If friendship then thy honest wish explore,
That dreadful thunder on thy foes shall roar.
Our banners o'er the crimson field shall sweep,
And our tall navies ride the foamy deep,
Till not a foe against thy land shall rear
Th' invading bowsprit, or the hostile spear:
My King, thy brother, thus thy wars shall join,
The glory his, the gainful harvest thine.

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Brave Gama spake: the Pagan King replies,
From lands which now behold the morning rise,
While eve's dim clouds the Indian sky enfold,
Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.
Yet shall our will in silence rest unknown,
Till what your land, and who the King you own,
Our Council deeply weigh. Let joy the while,
And the glad feast the fleeting hours beguile.
Ah! to the wearied mariner, long toss'd
O'er briny waves, how sweet the long-sought coast!
The night now darkens; on the friendly shore
Let soft repose your wearied strength restore,
Assured an answer from our lips to bear,
Which, not displeased, your Sovereign Lord shall hear.
More now we add not—From the hall of state
Withdrawn, they now approach the Regent's gate;
The sumptuous banquet glows; all India's pride
Heap'd on the board the royal feast supplied.
Now o'er the dew-drops of the eastern lawn
Gleamed the pale radiance of the star of dawn,
The valiant Gama on his couch reposed,
And balmy rest each Lusian eye-lid closed;
When the high Catual, watchful to fulfil
The cautious mandates of his Sovereign's will,
In secret converse with the Moor retires,
And, earnest, much of Lusus' sons inquires;
What laws, what holy rites, what monarch sway'd
The warlike race? When thus the just Mozaide:
The land from whence these warriors well I know,
(To neighbouring earth my hapless birth I owe)
Illustrious Spain, along whose western shores
Grey-dappled eve the dying twilight pours.—
A wondrous prophet gave their holy lore,
The Godlike Seer a virgin-mother bore,
Th' Eternal Spirit on the human race,
So be they taught, bestow'd such awful grace.
In war unmatch'd they rear the trophied crest:
What terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breast,

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When their brave deeds my wondering fathers told;
How from the lawns, where crystaline and cold,
The Guadiana rolls his murmuring tide;
And those where, purple by the Tago's side,
The lengthening vineyards glisten o'er the field;
Their warlike sires my routed sires expell'd.
Nor passed their rage; the furious seas they braved;
Nor loftiest walls, nor castled mountains saved;
Round Afric's thousand bays their navies rode,
And their proud armies o'er our armies trod.
Nor less, let Spain through all her kingdoms own,
O'er other foes their dauntless valour shone:
Let Gaul confess, her mountain ramparts wild,
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.
No foreign lance could e'er their rage restrain,
Unconquer'd still the warrior race remain.
More would you hear, secure your care may trust
The answer of their lips, so nobly just,
Conscious of inward worth, of manners plain,
Their manly souls the gilded lie disdain.
Then let thine eyes their lordly might admire,
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire:
The shore with trembling hears the dreadful sound,
And rampired walls lie smoking on the ground.
Speed to the fleet; their arts, their prudence weigh,
How wise in peace, in war how dread, survey.
With keen desire the craftful Pagan burn'd;
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,
To view the fleet his splendid train prepares;
And now attended by the lordly Nayres,
The shore they cover, now the oar-men sweep
The foamy surface of the azure deep:
And now brave Paulus gives the friendly hand,
And high on Gama's lofty deck they stand.
Bright to the day the purple sail-cloths glow,
Wide to the gale the silken ensigns flow;
The pictured flags display the warlike strife;
Bold seem the heroes as inspired by life.

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Here arm to arm the single combat strains,
Here burns the battle on the tented plains
General and fierce; the meeting lances thrust,
And the black blood seems smoking on the dust.
With earnest eyes the wondering Regent views
The pictured warriors, and their history sues.
But now the ruddy juice, by Noah found *,
In foaming goblets circled swiftly round,
And o'er the deck swift rose the festive board;
Yet smiling oft, refrains the Indian Lord:
His faith forbad with other tribe to join
The sacred meal, esteem'd a rite divine †.
In bold vibrations, thrilling on the ear,
The battle sounds the Lusian trumpets rear;
Loud burst the thunders of the arms of fire,
Slow round the sails the clouds of smoke aspire,
And rolling their dark volumes o'er the day,
The Lusian war, in dreadful pomp, display.
In deepest thought the careful Regent weigh'd
The pomp and power at Gama's nod bewray'd,
Yet seem'd alone in wonder to behold
The glorious heroes and the wars half told
In silent poesy—Swift from the board
High crown'd with wine, uprose the Indian Lord;
Both the bold Gamas, and their generous Peer,
The brave Coello, rose, prepared to hear,
Or, ever courteous, give the meet reply:
Fix'd and inquiring was the Regent's eye:
The warlike image of an hoary sire,
Whose name shall live till earth and time expire,

* —— the ruddy juice by Noah found—Gen. ix. 20. *And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine, &c.*

† *His faith forbade with other tribe to join*
The sacred meal, esteem'd a rite divine.—The opinion of the sacredness of the table is very ancient in the East. It is plainly to be discovered in the history of Abraham and the Hebrew patriarchs.

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His wonder fix'd; and more than human glow'd
The hero's look; his robes of Grecian mode;
A bough, his ensign, in his right he waved,
A leafy bough—But I, fond man depraved!
Where would I speed, as mad'ning in a dream,
Without your aid, ye Nymphs of Tago's stream!
Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers!
Without your aid how vain my wearied powers!
Long yet and various lies my arduous way
Through low'ring tempests and a boundless sea.
Oh then, propitious hear your son implore,
And guide my vessel to the happy shore.
Ah! see how long what per'lous days, what woes
On many a foreign coast around me rose,
As dragg'd by Fortune's chariot wheels along
I sooth'd my sorrows with the warlike song *;
Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around,
And now my footsteps trod the hostile ground;
Yet mid each danger of tumultuous war
Your Lusian heroes ever claim'd my care:
As Canace of old, ere self-destroy'd,
One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.
Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,
The guest dependent at the Lordling's board:
Now bless'd with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
For ever lost †; myself escaped alone,
On the wild shore all friendless, hopeless, thrown;
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore ‡,
By miracle prolong'd; yet not the more

* —— *the warlike song*—Though Camoens began his Lusiad in Portugal, almost the whole of it was written while on the ocean, while in Africa, and in India. See his Life.

† *Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave*
For ever lost—See the Life of Camoens.

‡ *My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore*—Hezekiah. See Isaiah xxxviii.

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To end my sorrows: woes succeeding woes
Belied my earnest hopes of sweet repose:
In place of bays around my brows to shed
Their sacred honours, o'er my destined head
Foul Calumny proclaim'd the fraudful tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary jail *.
Such was the meed, alas! on me bestow'd,
Bestow'd by those for whom my numbers glow'd,
By those who to my toils their laurel honours owed.
Ye gentle Nymphs of Tago's rosy bowers,
Ah, see what letter'd Patron-Lords are yours!
Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
To them in vain the injured Muse bewails:
No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow,
Though to the Muse their fairest fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future Priest of Fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not disclaim
Your smiles, ye Muses of Mondego's shade,
Be still my dearest joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow; Nor king, nor loftiest peer
Shall e'er from Me the song of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains;
His king's worst foe: Nor he whose raging ire,
And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire;
True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Proteus, insolent and loud;
Nor he whose honest mien secures applause,
Grave though he seem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies
Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:

* *And left me mourning in a dreary jail*—This, and the whole paragraph from

Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,

alludes to his fortunes in India. The latter circumstance relates particularly to the base and inhuman treatment he received on his return to Goa, after his unhappy shipwreck. See his Life.

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Who spurns the Muse, nor feels the raptured strain,
Useless by him esteem'd, and idly vain:
For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine;
On other brows th' immortal rays shall shine:
He who the path of honour ever trod,
True to his King, his country, and his God,
On his bless'd head my hands shall fix the crown
Wove of the deathless laurels of Renown *.

* In several parts of the Lusiad the Portuguese Poet has given ample proof that he could catch the genuine spirit of Homer and Virgil. The seventh Lusiad throughout bears a striking resemblance to the seventh and eighth Æneid. Much of the action is naturally the same; Æneas lands in Italy, and Gama in India; but the conduct of Camoens, in his masterly imitation of his great model, particularly demands observation.

END OF BOOK VII.

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THE
LUSIAD.

BOOK VIII.

WITH eye unmoved the silent Catnal view'd
The pictured Sire with seeming life endued;
A verdant vine-bough waving in his right,
Smooth flowed his sweepy beard of glossy white;
When thus, as swift the Moor unfolds the word,
The valiant Paulus to the Indian lord:
Bold though these figures frown, yet bolder far
These godlike heroes shined in ancient war.
In that hoar sire, of mien serene, august,
Lusus behold, no robber-chief unjust;
His cluster'd bough, the same which Bacchus bore,
He waves, the emblem of his care of yore;
The friend of savage man, to Bacchus dear,
The son of Bacchus, or the bold compeer,
What time his yellow locks with vine-leaves curl'd,
The youthful god subdued the savage world,
Bade vineyards glisten o'er the dreary waste,
And humanized the nations as he pass'd.
Lusus, the loved companion of the god,
In Spain's fair bosom fix'd his last abode,
Our kingdom founded, and illustrious reign'd
In those fair lawns, the bless'd Elysium feign'd,
Where winding oft the Guadiana roves,
And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves.

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Here with his bones be left his deathless fame,
And Lusitania's clime shall ever bear his name.
That other chief th' embroider'd silk displays,
Toss'd o'er the deep whole years of weary days,
On Tago's banks at last his vows he paid:
To Wisdom's godlike power, the Jove-born Maid,
Who fired his lips with eloquence divine,
On Tago's banks he reared the hallowed shrine:
Ulysses he, though fated to destroy
On Asian ground the heaven-built towers of Troy *,
On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,
He bade th' eternal walls of Lisboa rise.
But who that godlike terror of the plain,
Who strews the smoking field with heaps of slain?
What numerous legions fly in dire dismay,
Whose standards wide the eagle's wings display?
The Pagan asks; the brother Chief † replies,
Unconquer'd deem'd proud Rome's dread standard flies.
His crook thrown by, fired by his nation's woes,
The hero shepherd Viriatus rose;
His country saved proclaim'd his warlike fame,
And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.
That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore,
To him they show'd not; for they fear'd him more.
Not on the field o'ercome by manly force;
Peaceful he slept, and now a murder'd corse
By treason slain he lay. How stern, behold,
That other hero, firm, erect, and bold:
The power by which he boasted he divined,
Beside him pictured stands, the milk-white hind:
Injured by Rome, the stern Sertorius fled
To Tago's shore, and Lusus' offspring led;
Their worth he knew; in scatter'd flight he drove
The standards painted with the birds of Jove.

* ——*the heaven-built towers of Troy*—Alluding to the fable of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.
† ——*the brother Chief*—Paulus de Gama.

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And lo! the flag whose shining colours own
The glorious Founder of the Lusian throne!
Some deem the warrior of Hungarian race,
Some from Loraine the godlike hero trace.
From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd,
Gallicia's sons, and Leon's warriors quell'd,
To weeping Salem's ever-hallowed meads,
His warlike bands the holy Henry leads,
By holy war to sanctify his crown,
And to his latest race auspicious waft it down.
And who this awful Chief! aloud exclaims
The wondering Regent, o'er the field he flames
In dazzling steel, where'er he bends his course
The battle sinks beneath his headlong force;
Against his troops, though few, the numerous foes
In vain their spears and towery walls oppose.
With smoking blood his armour sprinkled o'er,
High to the knees his courser paws in gore;
O'er crowns and blood-stain'd ensigns scatter'd round
He rides; his courser's brazen hoofs resound.
In that great chief, the second Gama cries,
The first Alonzo * strikes thy wondering eyes.
From Lusus' realm the Pagan Moors he drove;
Heaven, whom he loved, bestowed on him such love,
Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound,
The Moorish strength lay prostrate on the ground.
Nor Ammon's son, nor greater Julius dared
With troops so few, with hosts so numerous warr'd:
Nor less shall Fame the subject heroes own:
Behold that hoary warrior's rageful frown!
On his young pupil's flight his burning eyes
He darts, and, Turn thy flying host, he cries,
Back to the field—The Veteran and the Boy
Back to the field exult with furious joy:
Their ranks mow'd down, the boastful foe recedes,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victor bleeds.

* *The first Alonzo*—King of Portugal.

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Again that mirror of unshaken faith,
Egaz behold, a chief self-doom'd to death.
Beneath Castilia's sword his monarch lay;
Homage he vow'd his helpless king should pay;
His haughty king relieved, the treaty spurns,
With conscious pride the noble Egaz burns;
His comely spouse, and infant race he leads,
Himself the same, in sentenced felon's weeds;
Around their necks the knotted halters bound,
With naked feet they tread the flinty ground;
And prostrate now before Castilia's throne
Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone.
Ah Rome! no more thy generous consul boast *,
Whose lorn submission sav'd his ruin'd host:
No father's woes assail'd his stedfast mind;
The dearest ties the Lusian chief resign'd.
There, by the stream, a town besieged behold,
The Moorish tents the shatter'd walls enfold.
Fierce as the lion from the covert springs,
When hunger gives his rage the whirlwind's wings;
From ambush, lo, the valiant Fuaz pours,
And whelms in sudden rout th' astonish'd Moors.
The Moorish king in captive chains he sends;
And low at Lisboa's throne the royal captive bends.
Fuaz again the artist's skill displays;
Far o'er the ocean shine his ensign's rays:
In crackling flames the Moorish galleys fly,
And the red blaze ascends the blushing sky:
O'er Avila's high steep the flames aspire,
And wrap the forests in a sheet of fire:
There seem the waves beneath the prows to boil;
And distant far around for many a mile
The glassy deep reflects the ruddy blaze;
Far on the edge the yellow light decays,

* *Ah Rome! no more thy generous consul boast*— Sc. Posthumus, who, overpowered by the Samnites, submitted to the indignity of passing under the yoke or gallows.

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And blends with hovering blackness. Great and dread
Thus shone the day when first the combat bled,
The first our heroes battled on the main,
The glorious prelude of our naval reign,
Which now the waves beyond the burning zone,
And northern Greenland's frost-bound billows own.
Again behold brave Fuaz dares the fight!
O'erpower'd he sinks beneath the Moorish might;
Smiling in death the martyr-hero lies,
And lo! his soul triumphant mounts the skies.
Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd,
A foreign navy brings the pious aid *.
Lo! marching from the decks the squadrons spread,
Strange their attire, their aspect firm and dread.
The holy Cross their ensigns bold display,
To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way;
Yet first, the cause the same, on Tago's shore
They die their maiden swords in Pagan gore.
Proud stood the Moor on Lisboa's warlike towers;
From Lisboa's walls they drive the Moorish powers:
Amid the thickest of the glorious fight,
Lo! Henry falls, a gallant German knight,
A martyr falls: That holy tomb behold,
There waves the blossom'd palm the boughs of gold:
O'er Henry's grave the sacred plant arose,
And from the leaves, heaven's gift, gay health redundant flows †.
Aloft, unfurl; the valiant Paulus cries;
Instant new wars on new-spread ensigns rise.

* *A foreign navy brings the pious aid*—A navy of crusaders, mostly English.

† *And from the leaves*—This legend is mentioned by some ancient Portuguese chronicles. Homer would have availed himself, as Camoens has done, of a tradition so enthusiastical, and characteristic of the age. Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologne. His tomb, says Castera, is still to be seen in the monastery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

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In robes of white behold a priest advance *!
His sword in splinters smites the Moorish lance:
Arronchez won revenges Lira's fall:
And lo! on fair Savilia's batter'd wall,
How boldly calm amid the crashing spears,
That hero-form the Lusian standard rears.
There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain:
Lo! rushing through the Moors o'er hills of slain
The hero rides, and proves by genuine claim
The son of Egas, and his worth the same.
Pierced by his dart the standard-bearer dies;
Beneath his feet the Moorish standard lies:
High o'er the field, behold the glorious blaze!
The victor-youth the Lusian flag displays.
Lo! while the moon through midnight azure rides,
From the high wall adown his spear-staff glides
The dauntless Gerrald †: in his left he bears
Two watchmen's heads, his right the falchion rears:
The gate he opens; swift from ambush rise
His ready bands, the city falls his prize:
Evora still the grateful honour pays,
Her banner'd flag the mighty deed displays:

* *In robes of white behold a priest advance*—Theotonius, prior of the Regulars of St. Augustine of Conymbra.

† *The dauntless Gerrald*—"He was a man of rank, who, in order to avoid the legal punishment to which several crimes rendered him obnoxious, put himself at the head of a party of freebooters. Tiring, however, of that life, he resolved to reconcile himself to his sovereign by some noble action. Full of this idea, one evening he entered Evora, which then belonged to the Moors. In the night he killed the centinels of one of the gates, which he opened to his companions, who soon became masters of the place. This exploit had its desired effect. The king pardoned Gerrald, and made him governor of Evora. A knight with a sword in one hand, and two heads in the other, from that time became the armorial bearing of the city." *Castera.*

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There frowns the hero; in his left he bears
The two cold heads, his right the falchion rears.
Wrong'd by his king *, and burning for revenge,
Behold his arms that proud Castilian change;
The Moorish buckler on his breast he bears,
And leads the fiercest of the Pagan spears.
Abrantes falls beneath his raging force,
And now to Tago bends his furious course.
Another fate he met on Tago's shore,
Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore;
His bleeding army strew'd the thirsty ground,
And captive chains the rageful Leader bound.
Resplendent far that holy chief behold!
Aside he throws the sacred staff of gold,
And wields the spear of steel. How bold advance
The numerous Moors, and with the rested lance
Hem round the trembling Lusians! Calm and bold
Still towers the priest, and lo, the skies unfold †:
Cheer'd by the vision brighter than the day
The Lusians trample down the dread array
Of Hagar's legions: on the reeking plain
Low with their slaves four haughty kings lie slain.

* *Wrong'd by his king*—Don Pedro Fernando de Castro, injured by the family of *Lara*, and denied redress by the King of Castile, took the infamous revenge of bearing arms against his native country. At the head of a Moorish army he committed several outrages in Spain; but was totally defeated in Portugal.

† —— *and lo! the skies unfold*—"According to some ancient Portuguese histories, Don Matthew, Bishop of Lisbon, in the reign of Alonzo I. attempted to reduce Alcazar, then in possession of the Moors. His troops being suddenly surrounded by a numerous party of the enemy, were ready to fly, when, at the prayers of the Bishop, a venerable old man, clothed in white, with a red cross on his breast, appeared in the air. The miracle dispelled the fears of the Portuguese; the Moors were defeated, and the conquest of Alcazar crowned the victory." *Castera.*

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In vain Alcasar rears her brazen walls,
Before his rushing host Alcazar falls.
There, by his altar, now the hero shines,
And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines.
That chief behold: though proud Castilia's host
He leads, his birth shall Tagus ever boast.
As a pent flood bursts headlong o'er the strand
So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land:
Nor rampired town, nor castled rock afford
The refuge of defence from Payo's sword.
By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prey,
And Tavila's high walls at middle day
Fearless he scales: her streets in blood deplore
The seven brave hunters murdered by the Moor *.
These three bold knights how dread †! Through Spain and France
At just and tournay with the tilted lance
Victors they rode: Castilia's court beheld
Her peers o'erthrown; the peers with rancour swell'd;
The bravest of the Three their swords surround;
Brave Ribeir strews them vanquish'd o'er the ground.

* ——— *her streets in blood deplore*
The seven brave hunters murder'd by the Moor
—"During a truce with the Moors, six cavaliers of the order of St. James were, while on a hunting party, surrounded and killed by a numerous body of the Moors. During the fight, in which the gentlemen sold their lives dear, a common carter, named Garcias Rodrigo, who chanced to pass that way, came generously to their assistance, and lost his life along with them. The Poet, in giving all seven the same title, shows us that virtue constitutes true nobility. Don Payo de Correa, grand master of the order of St. James, revenged the death of these brave unfortunates, by the sack of Tavila, where his just rage put the garrison to the sword." *Castera.*

† *These three bold knights how dread!*—Goncalo Ribeiro; Fernando Martinez de Santarene; and Vasco Anez, foster-brother to Mary, Queen of Castile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

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Now let thy thoughts, all wonder, and on fire,
That darling son of warlike Fame admire!
Prostrate at proud Castilia's monarch's feet
His land lies trembling: lo, the nobles meet:
Softly they seem to breathe, and forward bend
The servile neck; each eye distrusts his friend;
Fearful each tongue to speak; each bosom cold:
When colour'd with stern rage, erect and bold
The hero rises; Here no foreign throne
Shall fix its base; my native king alone
Shall reign—Then rushing to the fight he leads;
Low vanquish'd in the dust Castilia bleeds.
Where proudest hope might deem it vain to dare,
God led him on, and crown'd the glorious war.
Though fierce as numerous are the hosts that dwell
By Betis' stream, these hosts before him fell.
The fight behold: while absent from his bands,
Press'd on the step of flight his army stands,
To call the chief an herald speeds away:
Low on his knees the gallant chief survey!
He pours his soul, with lifted hands implores,
And Heaven's assisting arm, inspired, adores.
Panting and pale the herald urges speed:
With holy trust of victory decreed,
Careless he answers, Nothing urgent calls:
And soon the bleeding foe before him falls.
To Numa thus the pale Patricians fled;
The hostile squadrons o'er the kingdom spread,
They cry; unmoved the holy king replies,
And I, behold, am offering sacrifice!
Earnest I see thy wondering eyes inquire
Who this illustrious chief, his country's sire
The Lusian Scipio well might speak his fame,
But nobler Nunio shines a greater name:
On earth's green bosom, or on ocean grey,
A greater never shall the sun survey.
Known by the silver cross and sable shield,
Two knights of Malta there command the field;

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From Tago's banks they drive the fleecy prey,
And the tired ox lows on his weary way:
When, as the falcon through the forest glade
Darts on the leveret, from the brown-wood shade
Darts Roderic on their rear; in scatter'd flight
They leave the goodly herds the victor's right.
Again, behold, in gore he bathes his sword;
His captive friend *, to liberty restored,
Glows to review the cause that wrought his woe,
The cause, his loyalty as taintless snow.
Here Treason's well-earned meed allures thine eyes †,
Low grovelling in the dust the Traitor dies;
Great Elvas gave the blow: Again, behold,
Chariot and steed in purple slaughter roll'd:

* *His captive friend*—Before John I. mounted the throne of Portugal, one Vasco Porcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. Roderic de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Cuytado, having discovered that he was in the interest of the King of Castile, drove him from his town and fortress. On the establishment of King John, Porcallo had the art to obtain the favour of that prince, but no sooner was he reinstated in the garrison, than he delivered it up to the Castilians; and plundered the house of Cuytado, whom, with his wife, he made prisoner; and under a numerous party, ordered to be sent to Olivenca. Roderic de Landroal hearing of this, attacked and defeated the escort, and set his friend at liberty. *Castera.*

† *Here Treason's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes*—While the kingdom of Portugal was divided, some holding with John the newly-elected king, and others with the King of Castile, Roderic Marin, governor of Campo Major, declared for the latter. Fernando D'Elvas endeavoured to gain him to the interest of his native prince, and a conference with the usual assurances of safety, was agreed to. Marin, at this meeting, seized upon Elvas, and sent him prisoner to his castle. Elvas having recovered his liberty, a few days after met his enemy in the field, whom in his turn he made captive; and the traitorous Marin, notwithstanding the endeavours of their captain to save his life, met the reward of his treason from the soldiers of Elvas. *Partly from Castera.*

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Great Elvas triumphs; wide o'er Xeres' plain
Around him reeks the noblest blood of Spain.
Here Lisboa's spacious harbour meets the view;
How vast the foe's, the Lusian fleet how few!
Casteel's proud war-ships, circling round, inclose
The Lusian galleys; through their thundering rows,
Fierce pressing on, Pereira fearless rides,
His hooked irons grasp the Ammiral's sides:
Confusion maddens; on the dreadless knight
Castilia's navy pours its gather'd might:
Pereira dies, their self-devoted prey,
And safe the Lusian galleys speed away.
Lo, where the lemon-trees from yon green hill
Throw their cool shadows o'er the crystal rill;
There twice two hundred fierce Castilian foes
Twice eight, forlorn, of Lusian race enclose:
Forlorn they seem; but taintless flow'd their blood
From those three hundred who of old withstood,
Withstood, and from a thousand Romans tore
The victor-wreath, what time the shepherd * bore
The leader's staff of Lusus: equal flame
Inspired these few †, their victory the same.
Though twenty lances brave each single spear,
Never the foes superior might to fear
Is our inheritance, our native right,
Well tried, well proved in many a dreadful fight.
That dauntless earl behold; on Libya's coast,
Far from the succour of the Lusian host‡,

* —— *the shepherd*—Viriatus.

† —— *equal flame inspired these few*—The Castilians having laid siege to Almada, a fortress on a mountain near Lisbon, the garrison, in the utmost distress for water, were obliged at times to make sallies to the bottom of the hill in quest of it. Seventeen Portuguese thus employed, were one day attacked by four hundred of the enemy. They made a brave defence and happy retreat into their fortress. *Castera.*

‡ *Far from the succour of the Lusian host*—When Alonzo V. took Ceuta, Don Pedro de Menezes

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Twice hard besieged he holds the Ceutan towers
Against the banded might of Afric's powers.
That other earl *;—behold the port he bore;
So trod stern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.
What groves of spears Alcazar's gates surround!
There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground.
A thousand ensigns glittering to the day
The waning moon's slant silver horns display;
In vain their rage; no gate, no turret falls,
The brave De Vian guards Alcazar's walls.
In hopeless conflict lost his king appears;
Amid the thickest of the Moorish spears
Plunges bold Vian: in the glorious strife
He dies, and dying saves his sovereign's life.
Illustrious, lo, two brother-heroes shine †,
Their birth, their deeds, adorn the royal line;
To every king of princely Europe known,
In every court the gallant Pedro shone.
The glorious Henry—kindling at his name
Behold my sailors' eyes all sparkle flame!
Henry the chief, who first, by heaven inspired,
To deeds unknown before, the sailor fired;
The conscious sailor left the sight of shore,
And dared new oceans, never ploughed before.
The various wealth of every distant land
He bade his fleets explore, his fleets command.

was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortress; which, on account of the uncertainty of succour from Portugal, and the earnest desire of the Moors to regain it, was deemed untenable. He gallantly defended his post in two severe sieges.

* *That other earl*—He was the natural son of Don Pedro de Menezes. Alonzo V. one day having rode out from Ceuta with a few attendants, was attacked by a numerous party of the Moors, when De Vian, and some others under him, at the expense of their own lives, purchased the safe retreat of their sovereign.

† —— *two brother-heroes shine*—The sons of John I.

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The ocean's great Discoverer he shines;
Nor less his honours in the martial lines:
The painted flag the cloud-wrapt siege displays;
There Ceuta's rocking wall its trust betrays.
Black yawns the breach; the point of many a spear
Gleams through the smoke; loud shouts astound the ear.
Whose step first trod the dreadful pass? whose sword
Hew'd its dark way, first with the foe begored?
'Twas thine, O glorious Henry, first to dare
The dreadful pass, and thine to close the war.
Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore
The boastful pride of Afric tower'd no more.
Numerous though these, more numerous warriors shine
Th' illustrious glory of the Lusian line.
But ah, forlorn, what shame to barbarous pride!
Friendless the master of the pencil died;
Immortal fame his deathless labours gave;
Poor man, He sunk neglected to the grave!
The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd
The various deeds the pictured flags retain'd.
Still o'er and o'er, and still again untired,
The wondering Regent of the wars inquired;
Still wondering heard the various pleasing tale,
Till o'er the decks cold sighed the evening gale:
The falling darkness dimm'd the eastern shore,
And twilight hover'd o'er the billows hoar
Far to the west, when with his noble band
The thoughtful Regent sought his native strand.
O'er the tall mountain-forest's waving boughs
Aslant the new-moon's slender horns arose;
Near her pale chariot shone a twinkling star,
And, save the murmuring of the wave afar,
Deep-brooding silence reign'd; each labour closed
In sleep's soft arms the sons of toil reposed.
And now no more the moon her glimpses shed,
A sudden black-wing'd cloud the sky o'erspread,
A sullen murmur through the woodland groan'd,
In woe-swoln sighs the hollow winds bemoan'd;

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Borne on the plaintive gale a pattering shower,
Increased the horrors of the evil hour.
Thus when the God of Earthquakes rocks the ground,
He gives the prelude in a dreary sound;
O'er Nature's face a horrid gloom he throws,
With dismal note the cock unusual crows,
A shrill-voiced howling trembles through the air
As passing ghosts were weeping in despair;
In dismal yells the dogs confess their fear,
And shivering own some dreadful presence near.
So lower'd the night, the sullen howl the same,
And mid the black-wing'd gloom stern Bacchus came;
The form and garb of Hagar's son he took,
The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening look *,
Then o'er the pillow of a furious priest,
Whose burning zeal the Koran's lore profess'd,
Revealed he stood conspicuous in a dream,
His semblance shining as the moon's pale gleam:
And guard, he cries, my son, O timely guard,
Timely defeat the dreadful snare prepared:
And canst thou careless, unaffected sleep,
While these stern lawless rovers of the deep
Fix on thy native shore a foreign throne,
Before whose steps thy latest race shall groan!
He spoke; cold horror shook the Moorish priest;
He wakes, but soon reclines in wonted rest:
An airy phantom of the slumbering brain
He deem'd the vision; when the Fiend again,
With sterner mien and fiercer accent spoke;
Oh faithless! worthy of the foreign yoke!
And knowest thou not thy Prophet sent by heaven,
By whom the Koran's sacred lore was given,

* *The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening look.* —Mohammed, by all historians, is described as of a pale livid complexion, and *trux aspectus et vox terribilis*, of a fierce threatening aspect, voice, and demeanour.

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God's chiefest gift to men? and must I leave
The bowers of Paradise, for you to grieve,
For you to watch, while thoughtless of your woe
Ye sleep, the careless victims of the foe;
The foe, whose rage will soon with cruel joy,
If unopposed, my sacred shrines destroy?
Then while kind heaven th' auspicious hour bestows,
Let every nerve their infant strength oppose.
When softly ushered by the milky dawn
The sun first rises o'er the daisied lawn,
His silver lustre, as the shining dew
Of radiance mild, unhurt the eye may view:
But when on high the noon-tide flaming rays
Give all the force of living fire to blaze,
A giddy darkness strikes the conquer'd sight,
That dares in all his glow the Lord of light.
Such, if on India's soil the tender shoot
Of these proud cedars fix the stubborn root,
Such shall your power before them sink decay'd,
And India's strength shall wither in their shade.
He spoke; and instant from his vot'ry's bed
Together with repose, the Demon fled;
Again cold horror shook the zealot's frame,
And all his hatred of Messiah's name
Burn'd in his venom'd heart, while veil'd in night
Right to the palace sped the Demon's flight.
Sleepless the king he found in dubious thought;
His conscious fraud a thousand terrors brought:
All gloomy as the hour, around him stand
With haggard looks the hoary magi band *;
To trace what fates on India's wide domain
Attend the rovers from unheard-of Spain,
Prepared in dark futurity to prove
The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove:

* ——— *around him stand*
With haggard looks the hoary magi band—The Brahmins, the diviners of India.

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Muttering their charms and spells of dreary sound,
With naked feet they beat the hollow ground;
Blue gleams the altar's flame along the walls,
With dismal hollow groans the victim falls;
With earnest eyes the priestly band explore
The entrails throbbing in the living gore.
And lo, permitted by the Power Divine,
The hovering Demon gives the dreadful sign *.
Here furious War her gleamy falchion draws;
Here lean-ribb'd Famine writhes her falling jaws;
Dire as the fiery pestilential star
Darting his eyes, high on his trophied car
Stern Tyranny sweeps wide o'er India's ground,
On vulture wings fierce Rapine hovers round;
Ills after ills, and India's fetter'd might,
Th' eternal yoke—loud shrieking at the sight
The starting wizards from the altar fly,
And silent horror glares in every eye:
Pale stands the Monarch, lost in cold dismay,
And now impatient waits the lingering day.

With gloomy aspect rose the lingering dawn,
And dropping tears flow'd slowly o'er the lawn;
The Moorish Priest with fear and vengeance fraught,
Soon as the light appear'd his kindred sought;
Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,
In secret council met, his tale they hear;
As check'd by terror or impell'd by hate
Of various means they ponder and debate,
Against the Lusian train what arts employ,
By force to slaughter, or by fraud destroy;
Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear,
As boiling rage prevails or boding fear;

* *The hovering demon gives the dreadful sign*—This has an allusion to the truth of history. Barros relates, that an Augur being brought before the Zamorim, "In a vessel of water he showed him some ships which from a great distance came to India, the people of which would effect the utter subversion of the Moors."

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Beneath their shady brows their eye-balls roll,
Nor one soft gleam bespeaks the generous soul:
Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath,
While their dark fraud decrees the works of death:
Nor unresolved the power of gold to try
Swift to the lordly Catual's gate they hie—
Ah, what the wisdom, what the sleepless care
Efficient to avoid the traitor's snare!
What human power can give a king to know
The smiling aspect of the lurking foe!
So let the tyrant plead—the patriot king
Knows men, knows whence the patriot virtues spring;
From inward worth, from conscience firm and bold,
Not from the man whose honest name is sold,
He hopes that virtue, whose unalter'd weight
Stands fix'd, unveering with the storms of state.
Lured was the Regent with the Moorish gold,
And now agreed their fraudful course to hold,
Swift to the king the Regent's steps they tread;
The king they found o'erwhelm'd in sacred dread.
The word they take, their ancient deeds relate,
Their ever faithful service of the state;
For ages long, from shore to distant shore
For thee our ready keels the traffic bore:
For thee we dared each horror of the wave;
Whate'er thy treasures boast our labours gave.
And wilt thou now confer our long-earn'd due,
Confer thy favour on a lawless crew?
The race they boast, as tigers of the wold
Bear their proud sway by justice uncontroll'd.
Yet for their crimes, expell'd that bloody home,
These, o'er the deep, rapacious plunderers roam.
Their deeds we know; round Afric's shores they came,
And spread, where'er they pass'd, devouring flame;
Mozambic's towers, enroll'd in sheets of fire,
Blazed to the sky, her own funereal pyre.
Imperial Calicut shall feel the same,
And these proud state-rooms feed the funeral flame;

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While many a league far round, their joyful eyes
Shall mark old ocean reddening to the skies.
Such dreadful fates, o'er thee, O king, depend,
Yet with thy fall our fate shall never blend:
Ere o'er the east arise the second dawn
Our fleets, our nation from thy land withdrawn,
In other climes, beneath a kinder reign
Shall fix their port: yet may the threat be vain!
If wise thou with us thy powers employ
Soon shall our powers the robber-crew destroy,
By their own arts and secret deeds o'ercome,
Here shall they meet the fate escaped at home.
While thus the Priest detain'd the Monarch's ear,
His cheeks confess'd the quivering pulse of fear.
Unconscious of the worth that fires the brave,
In state a monarch, but in heart a slave,
He view'd brave Vasco and his generous train,
As his own passions stamp'd the conscious stain:
Nor less his rage the fraudful Regent fired;
And valiant Gama's fate was now conspired.
Ambassadors from India Gama sought,
And oaths of peace, for oaths of friendship brought;
The glorious tale, 'twas all he wished, to tell;
So Ilion's fate was seal'd when Hector fell.
Again convoked before the Indian throne,
The Monarch meets him with a rageful frown;
And own, he cries, the naked truth reveal,
Then shall my bounteous grace thy pardon seal.
Feign'd is the treaty thou pretend'st to bring,
No country owns thee, and thou own'st no king.
Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know,
A lawless robber, every man thy foe.
And think'st thou credit to thy tale to gain?
Mad were the sovereign, and the hope were vain,
Through ways unknown, from utmost western shore,
To bid his fleets the utmost east explore.
Great is thy monarch, so thy words declare;
But sumptuous gifts the proof of greatness bear:

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Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur show;
Thus prove thy truth, thus We thy truth allow.
If not, what credence will the wise afford?
What monarch trust the wandering seaman's word?
No sumptuous gift Thou bring'st *—Yet, though some crime
Has thrown thee banish'd from thy native clime,
(Such oft of old the hero's fate has been)
Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unseen:
Each land the brave man nobly calls his home:
Or if, bold pirates, o'er the deep you roam,
Skill'd the dread storm to brave, O welcome here!
Fearless of death or shame confess sincere:
My Name shall then thy dread protection be,
My captain Thou, unrivall'd on the sea.
Oh now, ye Muses, sing what goddess fired
Gama's proud bosom, and his lips inspired.
Fair Acidalia, Love's celestial queen,
The graceful goddess of the fearless mien,
Her graceful freedom on his look bestow'd,
And all collected in his bosom glow'd.
Sovereign, he cries, oft witness'd, well I know
The rageful falsehood of the Moorish foe;
Their fraudful tales, from hatred bred, believed,
Thine ear is poison'd, and thine eye deceived.
What light, what shade the courtier's mirror gives,
That light, that shade the guarded king receives.
Me hast thou viewed in colours not mine own,
Yet bold I promise shall my truth be known.

* *No sumptuous gift Thou bring'st*—As the Portuguese did not expect to find any people but savages beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they only brought with them some preserves and confections, with trinkets of coral, of glass, and other trifles. This opinion however deceived them. In Melinda and in Calicut they found civilized nations, where the arts flourished; who wanted nothing; who were possessed of all the refinements and delicacies on which we value ourselves. *Castera.*

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If o'er the seas a lawless pest I roam,
A blood-stain'd exile from my native home,
How many a fertile shore and beauteous isle,
Where Nature's gifts unclaim'd, unbounded smile,
Mad have I left, to dare the burning zone,
And all the horrors of the gulfs unknown
That roar beneath the axle of the world,
Where ne'er before was daring sail unfurl'd!
And have I left these beauteous shores behind,
And have I dared the rage of every wind,
That now breathed fire, and now came wing'd with frost,
Lured by the plunder of an unknown coast?
Not thus the robber leaves his certain prey
For the gay promise of a nameless day.
Dread and stupendous, more than death-doom'd man
Might hope to compass, more than wisdom plan,
To thee my toils, to thee my dangers rise:
Ah! Lisboa's kings behold with other eyes.
Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way
No dangers move them, and no toils dismay.
Long have the kings of Lusus' daring race
Resolved the limits of the deep to trace,
Beneath the morn to ride the furthest waves,
And pierce the furthest shore old Ocean laves.
Sprung from the Prince *, before whose matchless power
The strength of Afric wither'd as a flower
Never to bloom again, great Henry shone,
Each gift of nature and of art his own;
Bold as his sire, by toils on toils untired,
To find the Indian shore his pride aspired.
Beneath the stars that round the Hydra shine,
And where fam'd Argo hangs the heavenly sign,
Where thirst and fever burn on every gale
The dauntless Henry rear'd the Lusian sail.

* *Sprung from the Prince*—John I.

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Emboldened by the meed that crown'd his toils,
Beyond the wide-spread shores and numerous isles,
Where both the tropics pour the burning day,
Succeeding heroes forced th' exploring way:
That race which never view'd the Pleiad's car,
That barbarous race beneath the southern star,
Their eyes beheld—Dread roar'd the blast—the wave
Boils to the sky, the meeting whirlwinds rave
O'er the torn heavens: loud on their awe-struck ear
Great Nature seem'd to call, Approach not here—
At Lisboa's court they told their dread escape,
And from her raging tempests, named the Cape.
"Thou southmost point," the joyful king exclaim'd,
"Cape of Good Hope, be thou for ever named!
Onward my fleets shall dare the dreadful way,
And find the regions of the infant day."
In vain the dark and ever-howling blast
Proclaimed, This ocean never shall be pass'd—
Through that dread ocean, and the tempests' roar,
My king commanded, and my course I bore.
The pillar thus of deathless fame, begun
By other chiefs, beneath the rising sun
In thy great realm now to the skies I raise,
The deathless pillar of my nation's praise.
Through these wild seas no costly gift I brought;
Thy shore alone and friendly peace I sought.
And yet to thee the noblest gift I bring
The world can boast, the friendship of my king.
And mark the word, his greatness shall appear
When next my course to India's strand I steer,
Such proofs I'll bring as never man before
In deeds of strife or peaceful friendship bore.
Weigh now my words, my truth demands the light,
For truth shall ever boast, at last resistless might.
Boldly the Hero spake with brow severe,
Of fraud alike unconscious as of fear:
His noble confidence with truth impress'd
Sunk deep, unwelcome, in the Monarch's breast;

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Nor wanting charms his avarice to gain
Appear'd the commerce of illustrious Spain.
Yet as the sick man loathes the bitter draught,
Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught;
His health without it, self-deceiv'd, he weighs,
Now hastes to quaff the drug, and now delays;
Reluctant thus as wavering passion veer'd,
The Indian Lord the dauntless Gama heard:
The Moorish threats yet sounding in his ear,
He acts with caution, and is led by fear.
With solemn pomp he bids his lords prepare
The friendly banquet, to the Regent's care
Commends brave Gama, and with pomp retires:
The Regent's hearths awake the social fires;
Wide o'er the board the royal feast is spread,
And fair embroidered shines De Gama's bed.
The Regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay
Where Gama's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor lay.
Ah, why the voice of ire and bitter woe
O'er Tago's banks, ye nymphs of Tagus, show;
The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn,
Why wandering wild with trembling steps forlorn!
The demon's rage you saw, and mark'd his flight
To the dark mansions of eternal night:
You saw how howling through the shades beneath
He waked new horrors in the realms of death.
What trembling tempests shook the thrones of hell,
And groan'd along her caves, ye Muses, tell.
The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire
Of powerless hate, with tenfold flames conspire;
From every eye the tawny lightnings glare,
And hell, illumined by the ghastly flare,
(A drear blue gleam) in tenfold horror shows
Her darkling caverns; from his dungeon rose
Hagar's stern son, pale was his earthy hue,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the lightnings blue;
Convulsed with rage the dreadful shade demands
The last assistance of the infernal bands.

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As when the whirlwinds, sudden bursting, bear
Th' autumnal leaves high floating through the air;
So rose the legions of th' infernal state,
Dark Fraud, base Art, fierce Rage, and burning Hate;
Wing'd by the Furies to the Indian strand
They bend; the Demon leads the dreadful band,
And in the bosoms of the raging Moors
All their collected living strength he pours.
One breast alone against his rage was steel'd,
Secure in spotless Truth's celestial shield.
One evening pass'd, another evening closed,
The Regent still brave Gama's suit opposed;
The Lusian Chief his guarded guest detain'd,
With arts on arts, and vows of friendship feign'd.
His fraudful art, though veil'd in deep disguise,
Shone bright to Gama's manner-piercing eyes.
As in the sun's bright beam the gamesome boy
Plays with the shining steel or crystal toy,
Swift and irregular, by sudden starts,
The living ray with viewless motion darts,
Swift o'er the wall, the floor, the roof, by turns
The sunbeam dances, and the radiance burns.
In quick succession thus a thousand views
The sapient Lusian's lively thought pursues;
Quick as the lightning every view revolves,
And, weighing all, fix'd are his dread resolves.
O'er India's shore the sable night descends,
And Gama, now, secluded from his friends,
Detain'd a captive in the room of state,
Anticipates in thought to-morrow's fate;
For just Mozaide no generous care delays,
And Vasco's trust with friendly toils repays.

END OF BOOK VIII.

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THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK IX.

RED rose the dawn; roll'd o'er the low'ring sky,
The scattering clouds of tawny purple fly.
While yet the day-spring struggled with the gloom,
The Indian Monarch sought the Regent's dome.
In all the luxury of Asian state
High on a gem-starr'd couch the Monarch sate;
Then on th' illustrious Captive bending down
His eyes, stern darken'd with a threatening frown,
Thy truthless tale, he cries, thy art appears,
Confess'd inglorious by thy cautious fears.
Yet still if friendship, honest, thou implore,
Yet now command thy vessels to the shore:
Generous as to thy friends thy sails resign,
My will commands it, and the power is mine:
In vain thy art, in vain thy might withstands,
Thy sails, and rudders too, my will demands *
Such be the test, thy boasted truth to try,
Each other test despised, I fix'd deny.

* *Thy sails, and rudders too, my will demands*—The Zamorim employed many stratagems to get the Portuguese into his power, and at length made a demand of their sails and rudders.

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And has my Regent sued two days in vain!
In vain my mandate, and the captive chain!
Yet not in vain, proud Chief, Ourself shall sue
From thee the honour to my friendship due:
Ere force compel thee, let the grace be thine,
Our grace permits it, freely to resign,
Freely to trust our friendship, ere too late
Our injured honour fix thy dreadful fate.
While thus he spake his changeful look declared,
In his proud breast what starting passions warr'd.
No feature mov'd on Gama's face was seen,
Stern he replies, with bold yet anxious mien,
In Me my Sovereign represented see,
His state is wounded, and he speaks in Me;
Unawed by threats, by dangers uncontroll'd,
The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold.
No more thy justice holds the righteous scale,
The arts of falsehood and the Moors prevail;
I see the doom my favour'd foes decree,
Yet, though in chains I stand, my fleet is free.
The bitter taunts of scorn the brave disdain;
Few be my words, your arts, your threats are vain.
My Sovereign's fleet I yield not to your sway;
Safe shall my fleet to Lisboa's strand convey
The glorious tale of all the toils I bore,
Afric surrounded, and the Indian shore
Discovered—These I pledged my life to gain;
These to my country shall my life maintain.
One wish alone my earnest heart desires,
The sole impassion'd hope my breast respires;
My finish'd labours may my Sovereign hear!
Besides that wish, nor hope I know, nor fear.
And lo! the victim of your rage I stand,
And bare my bosom to the murderer's hand.
With lofty mien he spake. In stern disdain,
My threats, the Monarch cries, were never vain:
Swift give the sign—Swift as he spake, appear'd
The dancing streamer o'er the palace rear'd;

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Instant another ensign distant rose,
Where, jutting through the flood, the mountain throws
A ridge enormous, and on either side
Defends the harbours from the furious tide.
Proud on his couch th' indignant Monarch sate,
And awful silence fill'd the room of state.
With secret joy the Moors, exulting, glow'd,
And bent their eyes where Gama's navy rode;
Then, proudly heav'd with panting hope, explore
The wood-crown'd upland of the bending shore.
Soon o'er the palms a mast's tall pendant flows,
Bright to the sun the purple radiance glows;
In martial pomp, far streaming to the skies,
Vanes after vanes in swift succession rise,
And through the opening forest-boughs of green
The sails' white lustre moving on is seen;
When sudden rushing by the point of land
The bowsprits nod, and wide the sails expand;
Full pouring on the sight, in warlike pride,
Extending still the rising squadrons rise:
O'er every deck, beneath the morning rays,
Like melted gold the brazen spear-points blaze;
Each prore surrounded with an hundred oars,
Old Ocean boils around the crowded prores:
And five times now in number Gama's might,
Proudly their boastful shouts provoke the fight;
Far round the shore the echoing peal rebounds,
Behind the hill an answering shout resounds:
Still by the point new-spreading sails appear,
Till seven times Gama's fleet concludes the rear.
Again the shout triumphant shakes the bay;
Form'd as a crescent, wedg'd in firm array,
Their fleets wide borns the Lusian ships inclasp,
Prepared to crush them in their iron grasp.
Shouts echo shouts—with stern disdainful eyes
The Indian King to manly Gama cries,
Not one of thine on Lisboa's shore shall tell
The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell.

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With alter'd visage, for his eyes flash'd fire,
God sent me here, and God's avengeful ire
Shall smite thy perfidy, great Vasco cried,
And humble in the dust thy withered pride.
A prophet's glow inspired his panting breast;
Indignant smiles the Monarch's scorn confess'd.
Again deep silence fills the room of state,
And the proud Moors, secure, exulting wait:
And now inclasping Gama's in a ring,
Their fleet sweeps on—loud whizzing from the string
The black-wing'd arrows float along the sky,
And rising clouds the falling clouds supply.
The lofty crowding spears that bristling stood
Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood,
Bend sudden, levell'd for the closing fight;
The points wide-waving shed a gleamy light.
Elate with joy the King his aspect rears,
And valiant Gama, thrill'd with transport, hears
His drums' bold rattling raise the battle round;
Echo deep-toned hoarse vibrates far around;
The shivering trumpets tear the shrill-voiced air,
Quivering the gale, the flashing lightnings flare,
The smoke rolls wide, and sudden bursts the roar,
The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the shore
Groans; quick and quicker blaze embraces blaze
In flashing arms; louder the thunders raise
Their roaring, rolling o'er the bended skies
The burst incessant; awe-struck Echo dies
Faltering and deafen'd; from the brazen throats,
Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkness, floats,
Curling their sulph'rous folds of fiery blue,
Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue,
And roll wide o'er the sky; wide as the sight
Can measure heaven, slow rolls the cloudy white:
Beneath, the smoky blackness spreads afar
Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war
Deep in its horrid breast; the fierce red glare
Chequering the rifted darkness, fires the air,

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Each moment lost and kindled, while around,
The mingling thunders swell the lengthen'd sound.
When piercing sudden through the dreadful roar
The yelling shrieks of thousands strike the shore:
Presaging horror through the Monarch's breast
Crept cold; and gloomy o'er the distant east,
Through Gata's hills* the whirling tempest sigh'd,
And westward sweeping to the blacken'd tide,
Howl'd o'er the trembling palace as it pass'd,
And o'er the gilded walls a gloomy twilight cast;
Then, furious rushing to the darken'd bay,
Resistless swept the black-wing'd night away,
With all the clouds that hover'd o'er the fight,
And o'er the weary combat pour'd the light.

As by an Alpine mountain's pathless side
Some traveller strays, unfriended of a guide;
If o'er the hills the sable night descend,
And gathering tempest with the darkness blend,
Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath, aghast
He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blast;
Above resounds the crash, and down the steep
Some rolling weight groans on with foundering sweep;
Aghast he stands amid the shades of night,
And all his soul implores the friendly light;
It comes; the dreary lightning's quivering blaze,
The yawning depth beneath his lifted step betrays;
Instant unmann'd, aghast in horrid pain,
His knees no more their sickly weight sustain;
Powerless he sinks, no more his heart-blood flows;
So sunk the Monarch, and his heart-blood froze;
So sunk he down, when o'er the clouded bay
The rushing whirlwind pour'd the sudden day:
Disaster's giant arm in one wide sweep
Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep;

* *Through Gata's hills*—The hills of Gata or Gate, mountains which form a natural barrier on the eastern side of the kingdom of Malabar.

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The sheeted masts drove floating o'er the tide,
And the torn hulks roll'd tumbling on the side;
Some shatter'd plank each heaving billow toss'd,
And by the hand of heaven dash'd on the coast
Groan'd prores ingulf'd, the lashing surges rave
O'er the black keels upturn'd, the swelling wave
Kisses the lofty mast's reclining head;
And far at sea some few torn galleys fled.
Amid the dreadful scene triumphant rode
The Lusian war-ships, and their aid bestow'd:
Their speedy boats far round assisting plied,
Where plunging, struggling, in the rolling tide,
Grasping the shatter'd wrecks, the vanquish'd foes
Rear'd o'er the dashing waves their haggard brows.
No word of scorn the lofty Gama spoke,
Nor India's King the dreadful silence broke.
Slow pass'd the hour, when to the trembling shore
In awful pomp the victor-navy bore:
Terrific, nodding on, the bowsprits bend,
And the red streamers other war portend:
Soon bursts the roar; the bombs tremendous rise,
And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the skies;
O'er Calicut's proud domes their rage they pour,
And wrap her temples in a sulphrous shower.
'Tis o'er—In threatening silence rides the fleet:
Wild rage and horror yell in every street;
Ten thousands pouring round the palace gate,
In clamorous uproar wail their wretched fate:
While round the dome with lifted hands they kneel'd,
Give justice, justice to the strangers yield—
Our friends, our husbands, sons, and fathers slain!
Happier, alas, than these that yet remain—
Curs'd be the counsels, and the arts unjust—
Our friends in chains *—our city in the dust—

* *Our friends in chains*—The Zamorim having imprisoned several Portuguese, who were on shore for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty; the Portuguese retaliated by capturing an Indian vessel,

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Yet, yet prevent——
——The silent Vasco saw
The weight of horror and o'erpowering awe
That shook the Moors, that shook the Regent's knees,
And sunk the Monarch down—By swift degrees
The popular clamour rises. Lost, unmann'd,
Around the King the trembling Council stand;
While wildly glaring on each other's eyes
Each lip in vain the trembling accent tries;
With anguish sicken'd, and of strength bereft,
Earnest each look inquires, What hope is left!
In all the rage of shame and grief aghast,
The Monarch, faltering, takes the word at last:
By whom, great Chief, are these proud war ships sway'd,
Are there thy mandates honour'd and obey'd?
Forgive, great Chief, let gifts of price restrain
Thy just revenge—Shall India's gifts be vain!—
Oh! spare my people and their doom'd abodes—
Prayers, vows, and gifts appease the injured gods:
Shall man deny—Swift are the brave to spare:
The weak, the innocent confess their care—
Helpless as innocent of guile to thee,
Behold these thousands bend the suppliant knee—
Thy navy's thundering sides black to the land
Display their terrors—yet mayst Thou command—
O'erpower'd he paused. Majestic and serene
Great Vasco rose, then pointing to the scene
Where bled the war, Thy fleet, proud King, behold
O'er ocean and the strand in carnage roll'd!

on board of which were six Nayres or Nobles, with their attendants: the servants were set on shore, but the Nobles they detained. The friends of the captive noblemen surrounded the palace, and the city of Calicut became in such commotion, that the Zamorim, in the greatest alarm, delivered up the Portuguese, and submitted to the terms which De Gama had proposed.

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So shall this palace smoking in the dust,
And you proud city weep thy arts unjust.
The Moors I knew, and for their fraud prepar'd,
I left my fixed command my navy's guard:
Whate'er from shore my name or seal convey'd
Of other weight, that fix'd command forbade;
Thus, ere its birth destroyed, prevented fell
What fraud might dictate, or what force compel.
This morn the sacrifice of Fraud I stood,
But hark, there lives the brother of my blood,
And lives the friend, whose cares conjoin'd control
These floating towers, both brothers of my soul.
If thrice, I said, arise the golden morn,
Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return,
Dark Fraud with all her Moorish arts withstands,
And force or death withholds me from my bands:
Thus judge, and swift unfurl the homeward sail,
Catch the first breathing of the eastern gale,
Unmindful of my fate on India's shore:
Let but my Monarch know, I wish no more—
Each, panting while I spoke, impatient cries,
The tear-drop bursting in their manly eyes,
In all but one thy mandates we obey,
In one we yield not to thy generous sway:
Without thee never shall our sails return;
India shall bleed, and Calicut shall burn—
Thrice shall the morn arise; a flight of bombs
Shall then speak vengeance to their guilty domes:
Till noon we pause; then shall our thunders roar,
And desolation sweep the treacherous shore—
Behold, proud King, their signal in the sky,
Near his meridian tower the Sun rides high.
O'er Calicut no more the evening shade
Shall spread her peaceful wings, my wrath unstay'd;
Dire through the night her smoking dust shall gleam,
Dire through the night shall shriek the female scream.
Thy worth, great Chief, the pale-lipt Regent cries,
Thy worth, we own; oh, may these woes suffice!

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To thee each proof of India's wealth we send;
Ambassadors, of noblest race, attend—
Slow as he falter'd Gama catch'd the word,
On terms I talk not, and no truce afford:
Captives enough shall reach the Lusian shore:
Once you deceived me, and I treat no more.
E'en now my faithful sailors, pale with rage,
Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage;
Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band
Watch the first movement of my brother's hand;
E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire
They wave their eager canes betipp'd with fire;
Methinks my brother's anguish'd look I see,
The panting nostril and the trembling knee,
While keen he eyes the sun: on hasty strides,
Harried along the deck, Coello chides
His cold slow lingering, and impatient cries,
Oh, give the sign, illume the sacrifice,
A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood—
He spake; and stern the dreadful warrior stood;
So seem'd the terrors of his awful nod,
The Monarch trembled as before a God;
The treacherous Moors sunk down in faint dismay,
And speechless at his feet the Council lay:
Abrupt, with out-stretch'd arms, the Monarch cries,
What yet—but dared not meet the Hero's eyes,
What yet may save!—Great Vasco stern rejoins,
Swift, undisputing, give th' appointed signs:
High o'er thy loftiest tower my flag display,
Me and my train swift to my fleet convey:
Instant command—behold the sun rides high—
He spake, and rapture glow'd in every eye;
The Lusian standard o'er the palace flow'd,
Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd.
A dreary gloom a sudden whirlwind threw,
Amid the howling blast, enraged, withdrew
The vanquish'd Demon—Soon in lustre mild,
As April smiles, the Sun auspicious smiled,

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Elate with joy, the shouting thousands trod,
And Gama to his fleet triumphant rode.
Soft came the eastern gale on balmy wings:
Each joyful sailor to his labour springs;
Some o'er the bars their breasts robust recline,
And with firm tugs the rollers * from the brine,
Reluctant dragg'd, the slime-brown'd anchors raise;
Each gliding rope some nimble hand obeys;
Some bending o'er the yard-arm's length on high
With nimble hands the canvass wings untie,
The flapping sails their widening folds distend,
And measured echoing shouts their sweaty toils attend.
Nor had the captives lost the Leader's care,
Some to the shore the Indian barges bear;
The noblest few the Chief detains to own
His glorious deeds before the Lusian throne,
To own the conquest of the Indian shore;
Nor wanted every proof of India's store:
What fruits in Ceylon's fragrant woods abound,
With woods of cinnamon her hills are crown'd:
Dried in its flower the nut of Banda's grove,
The burning pepper and the sable clove;
The clove, whose odour on the breathing gale
Far to the sea Malucco's plains exhale:
All these provided by the faithful Moor,
All these, and India's gems, the navy bore:
The Moor attends, Mozaide, whose zealous care
To Gama's eyes unveil'd each treach'rous snare:
So burn'd his breast with heaven illumined flame,
And holy reverence of Messiah's name.
Oh, favour'd African, by Heaven's own light
Call'd from the dreary shades of error's night;
What man may dare his seeming ills arraign,
Or what the grace of Heaven's design explain!
Far didst thou from thy friends a stranger roam,
There wast thou call'd to thy celestial home.

* ——*the rollers*—The capstans.

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With rustling sound now swell'd the steady sail;
The lofty masts reclining to the gale
On full-spread wings the navy springs away,
And far behind them foams the ocean grey:
Afar the lessening hills of Geta fly,
And mix their dim blue summits with the sky;
Beneath the wave low sinks the spicy shore,
And roaring through the tide each nodding prore
Points to the Cape, Great Nature's southmost bound,
The Cape of Tempests, now of Hope renown'd.
Their glorious tale on Lisbon's shore to tell
Inspires each bosom with a rapt'rous swell;
Now through their breasts the chilly tremors glide,
To dare once more the dangers dearly tried—
Soon to the winds are these cold fears resign'd,
And all their country rushes on the mind;
How sweet to view their native land, how sweet
The father, brother, and the bride to greet!
While listening round the hoary parent's board
The wondering kindred glow at every word;
How sweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore,
The tribes and wonders of each various shore!
These thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ,
And swell each bosom with unutter'd joy.
The Queen of Love, by Heaven's eternal grace,
The guardian goddess of the Lusian race;
The Queen of Love, elate with joy, surveys
Her heroes, happy, plough the watery maze:
Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,
And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought;
These toils, these woes her yearning cares employ,
To bathe and balsam in the streams of joy.
Amid the bosom of the watery waste,
Near where the bowers of Paradise were placed *,

* *Near where the bowers of Paradise were placed*—According to the opinion of those who placed the garden of Eden near the mountains of Imaus, from whence the Ganges and Indus derive their source.

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An isle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,
Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragrant bowers,
She means to offer to their homeward prows,
The place of glad repast and sweet repose;
And there before their raptured view to raise
The heaven-topp'd column of their deathless praise.
The Goddess now ascends her silver car,
Bright was its hue as Love's transiucent star;
Beneath the reins the stately birds, that sing
Their sweet-toned death-song, spread the snowy wing;
The gentle winds beneath her chariot sigh,
And virgin-blushes purple o'er the sky:
On milk-white pinions borne, her cooing doves
Form playful circles round her as she moves;
And now their beaks in fondling kisses join,
In amorous nods their fondling necks entwine.
O'er fair Idalia's bowers the Goddess rode,
And by her altars sought Idalia's god:
The youthful bowyer of the heart was there;
His falling kingdom claim'd his earnest care.
His bands he musters, through the myrtle groves
On buxom wings he trains the little Loves.
Against the world, rebellious and astray,
He means to lead them, and resume his sway:
For base-born passions, at his shrine 'twas told,
Each nobler transport of the breast controll'd.
A young Actæon, scornful of his love,
Morn after morn pursues the foamy boar,
In desert-wilds devoted to the chase:
Each dear enchantment of the female face
Spurn'd and neglected: Him enraged he sees,
And sweet, and dread his punishment decrees.
Before his ravish'd sight, in sweet surprise,
Naked in all her charms shall Dian rise;
With love's fierce flames his frozen heart shall burn,
Coldly his suit, the nymph, unmoved, shall spurn.

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Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway,
Ah, may he never fall the hapless prey *!
Enraged he sees a venal herd the shame
Of human race, assume the titled name;
And each, for some base interest of his own,
With Flattery's manna'd lips assail the throne.
He sees the men, whom holiest sanctions bind
To poverty, and love of human kind;
While soft as drop the dews of balmy May,
Their words preach virtue and her charms display,
He sees their eyes with lust of gold on fire,
And every wish to lordly state aspire;
He sees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power;
Sleepless at night's mid hour to raze the laws,
The sacred bulwarks of the people's cause,
Fram'd ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm-hack'd swords was dry.
Nor these alone, each rank, debased and rude,
Mean objects, worthless of their love, pursued:
Their passions thus rebellious to his lore,
The God decrees to punish and restore.
The little loves, light hovering in the air,
Twang their silk bow-strings, and their arms prepare:
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,
With power resistless to inflame the heart;
Their arrow-heads they tip with soft desires,
And all the warmth of love's celestial fires;
Some sprinkle o'er the shafts the tears of woe,
Some store the quiver, some steel-spring the bow;

* Don Sebastian, the modern Actæon here alluded to, ascended the throne when a child, he was a prince of great abilities and great spirit, but his youth was poisoned with the most romantic ideas of military glory. The affairs of state were left to his ministers, his other studies were neglected, and military exercises and the pleasures of the chase engrossed his whole attention.

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Each chanting as he works the tuneful strain
Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain:
Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,
Divine the melody, the song divine.
Already now began the vengeful war,
The witness of the God's benignant care;
On the hard bosoms of the stubborn crowd
An arrowy shower the bowyer train bestow'd;
Pierced by the whizzing shafts deep sighs the air,
And answering sighs the wounds of love declare.
Though various featured and of various hue,
Each nymph seems loveliest in her lover's view;
Fired by the darts, by novice archers sped,
Ten thousand wild fantastic loves are bred:
In wildest dreams the rustic hind aspires,
And haughtiest lords confess the humblest fires.
The snowy swans of Love's celestial Queen
Now land her chariot on the shore of green;
One knee display'd she treads the flowery strand,
The gather'd robe falls loosely from her hand;
Half-seen her bosom heaves the living snow,
And on her smiles the living roses glow.
The bowyer God, whose subtle shafts ne'er fly
Misaim'd, in vain, in vain on earth or sky,
With rosy smiles the Mother Power receives;
Around her climbing, thick as ivy leaves,
The vassal Loves in fond contention join
Who first and most shall kiss her hand divine.
Swift in her arms she caught her wanton Boy,
And, O my son! she cries, my pride, my joy,
Against thy might the dreadful Typhon fail'd,
Against thy shaft nor heaven nor Jove prevail'd;
Unless thine arrow wake the young desires,
My strength, my power, in vain each charm expires:
My son, my hope, I claim thy powerful aid,
Nor be the boon thy mother sues delay'd:
Where'er, so will th' Eternal Fates, where'er
The Lusian race the victor standards rear,

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There shall my hymns resound, my altars flame,
And heavenly Love her joyful lore proclaim.
My Lusian heroes, as my Romans, brave,
Long toss'd, long hopeless on the storm-torn wave,
Wearied and weak, at last on India's shore
Arrived, new toils, repose denied, they bore;
For Bacchus there with tenfold rage pursued
My dauntless sons; but now his might subdued,
Amid these raging seas, the scene of woes,
Theirs shall be now the balm of sweet repose;
Theirs every joy the noblest heroes claim,
The raptured foretaste of immortal fame.
Then bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train,
The lovely daughters of the azure main;
And lead them, while they pant with amorous fire,
Right to the isle which all my smiles inspire:
Soon shall my care that beauteous isle supply,
Where Zephyr breathing love on Flora's lap shall sigh.
There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet,
And strew the pink and rose beneath their feet:
In crystal halls the feast divine prolong,
With wine nectareous and immortal song:
Let every nymph the snow-white bed prepare,
And, fairer far, resign her bosom there;
There to the greedy riotous embrace
Resign each hidden charm with dearest grace.
Thus from my native waves a hero line
Shall rise, and o'er the East illustrious shine *;
Thus shall the rebel world thy prowess know,
And what the boundless joys our friendly powers bestow.

She said; and smiling view'd her mighty Boy;
Swift to the chariot springs the god of joy;

* ——————————— *a hero line*
Shall rise, and o'er the East illustrious shine—
In allusion to the succeeding Portuguese adventurers, who, following the steps of Gama, settled in, and established illustrious colonies in India. *Castera.*

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His ivory bow, and arrows tipp'd with gold,
Blaz'd to the sun-beam as the chariot roll'd:
Their silver harness shining to the day
The swans on milk-white pinions spring away,
Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue!
And Fame, so will'd the God, before them flew:
A giant goddess, whose ungovern'd tongue
With equal zeal proclaims or right or wrong;
Oft had her lips the god of love blasphem'd,
And oft with tenfold praise his conquests nam'd:
An hundred eyes she rolls with ceaseless care,
And thousand tongues what these behold declare:
Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing she rides,
And though she shifts her colours swift as glides
The April rainbow, still the crowd she guides.
And now aloft her wondering voice she rais'd,
And with a thousand glowing tongues she prais'd
The bold Discoverers of the eastern world—
In gentle swells the listening surges curl'd,
And murmur'd to the sounds of plaintive love
Along the grottoes where the Nereids rove.
The drowsy Power on whose smooth easy mien
The smiles of wonder and delight are seen,
Whose glossy simpering eye bespeaks her name,
Credulity attends the goddess Fame.
Fired by the heroes' praise, the watery gods,
With ardent speed forsake their deep abodes;
Their rage by vengeful Bacchus rais'd of late,
Now stung remorse, and love succeeds to hate.
Ah, where remorse in female bosom bleeds,
The tenderest love in all its glow succeeds.
When fancy glows, how strong, O Love, thy power!
Nor slipp'd the eager God the happy hour;
Swift fly his arrows o'er the billowy main,
Wing'd with his fires, nor flies a shaft in vain:
Thus, ere the face the lover's breast inspires,
The voice of fame awakes the soft desires.

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While from the bow-string start the shafts divine,
His ivory moon's wide horns incessant join,
Swift twinkling to the view; and wide he pours
Omnipotent in love his arrowy showers.
E'en Thetis' self confess'd the tender smart,
And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart
Soft o'er the billows pants the amorous sigh;
With wishful languor melting on each eye
The love-sick nymphs explore the tardy sails
That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.
Give way, ye lofty billows, low subside,
Smooth as the level plain, your swelling pride,
Lo, Venus comes! Oh, soft, ye surges, sleep,
Smooth be the bosom of the azure deep,
Lo, Venus comes! and in her vigorous train
She brings the healing balm of love-sick pain.
White as her swans,—and stately as they rear
Their snowy crests when o'er the lake they steer,
Slow moving on, behold, the fleet appears,
And o'er the distant billow onward steers.
The beauteous Nereids flush'd in all their charms
Surround the Goddess of the soft alarms:
Right to the isle she leads the smiling train,
And all her arts her balmy lips explain;
The fearful languor of the asking eye,
The lovely blush of yielding modesty,
The grieving look, the sigh, the favouring smile,
And all th' endearments of the open wile,
She taught the nymphs—in willing breasts that heaved
To hear her lore, her lore the nymphs received.
As now triumphant to their native shore
Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore,
Earnest the pilot's eyes sought cape or bay,
For long was yet the various watery way;
Sought cape or isle from whence their boats might bring
The healthful bounty of the crystal spring:

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When sudden, all in nature's pride array'd,
The Isle of Love its glowing breast display'd.
O'er the green bosom of the dewy lawn
Soft blazing flow'd the silver of the dawn,
The gentle waves the glowing lustre share,
Arabia's balm was sprinkled o'er the air.
Before the fleet, to catch the heroes' view,
The floating isle fair Acidalia drew:
Soon as the floating verdure caught their sight,
She fix'd, unmov'd, the island of delight.
So when in childbirth of her Jove-sprung load,
The sylvan goddess and the bowyer god,
In friendly pity of Latona's woes *,
Amid the waves the Delian isle arose.
And now led smoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,
Right to the isle of joy the vessels glide:
The bay they enter, where on every hand,
Around them clasps the flower-enamell'd land;
A safe retreat, where not a blast may shake
Its fluttering pinions o'er the stilly lake.
With purple shells, transfus'd as marble veins,
The yellow sands celestial Venus stains.
With graceful pride three hills of softest green
Rear their fair bosoms o'er the sylvan scene;
Their sides embroider'd boast the rich array
Of flowery shrubs in all the pride of May;
The purple lotos and the snowy thorn,
And yellow pod-flowers every slope adorn.
From the green summits of the leafy hills
Descend with murmuring lapse three limpid rills;
Beneath the rose-trees loitering slow they glide,
Now tumbles o'er some rock their crystal pride;

* *In friendly pity of Latona's woes*—Latona, in pregnancy by Jupiter, was persecuted by Juno, who sent the serpent Python in pursuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her distress, raised the island of Delos for her refuge, where she was delivered of Apollo and Diana. *Ovid. Met.*

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Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,
Now plaintive tinkle in the secret shade,
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam
Of ruddy morn, like melted silver stream,
Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers.
Here bright reflected in the pool below
The vermil apples tremble on the bough;
Where o'er the yellow sands the waters sleep,
The primrosed banks, inverted, dew-drops weep;
Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the stream
The silver trouts in playful curvings gleam.
Long thus and various every riv'let strays,
Till closing now their long meand'ring maze,
Where in a smiling vale the mountains end,
Form'd in a crystal lake the waters blend:
Fring'd was the border with a woodland shade,
In every leaf of various green array'd,
Each yellow-ting'd, each mingling tint between
The dark ash-verdure and the silvery green.
The trees now bending forward slowly shake
Their lofty honours o'er the crystal lake;
Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire
With coy reserve, and now again admire
Their various liveries by the summer dress'd,
Smooth-gloss'd and soften'd in the mirror's breast.
So by her glass the wishful virgin stays,
And oft retiring steals the lingering gaze.
A thousand boughs aloft to heaven display
Their fragrant apples shining to the day;
The orange here perfumes the buxom air,
And boasts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.
Near to the ground each spreading bough descends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends;
The fragrant lemon scents the cooly grove;
Fair as when ripening for the days of love
The virgin breasts the gentle swell avow,
So the twin fruitage swell on every bough.

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Wild forest-trees the mountain sides array'd
With curling foliage and romantic shade:
Here spreads the poplar, to Alcides dear;
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,
The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,
The myrtle bowers belov'd of beauty's queen.
To Jove the oak his wide-spread branches rears;
And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears;
Where through the glades appear the cavern'd rocks,
The lofty pine-tree waves her sable locks;
Sacred to Cybele the whispering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine;
Here towers the cypress, preacher to the wise,
Less'ning from earth her spiral honours rise,
Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost spray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.
Here round her fostering elm the smiling vine
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine;
The numerous clusters pendant from the boughs,
The green here glistens, here the purple glows:
For here the genial seasons of the year
Danc'd hand in hand, no place for winter here;
His grisly visage from the shore expell'd,
United sway the smiling seasons held.
Around the swelling fruits of deepening red,
Their snowy hues the fragrant blossoms spread;
Between the bursting buds of lucid green
The apple's ripe vermilion blush is seen;
For here each gift Pomona's hand bestows
In cultured garden, free, uncultured flows,
The flavour sweeter, and the hue more fair,
Then e'er was foster'd by the hand of care.
The cherry here in shining crimson glows;
And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,
The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload*;
The bending boughs caress'd by Zephyr nod.

* *And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,*
The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload; —
Pyramus and Thisbe.

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The generous peach, that strengthens in exile
Far from his native earth, the Persian soil,
The velvet peach of softest glossy blue
Hangs by the pomegranate of orange hue,
Whose open heart a brighter red displays
Than that which sparkles in the ruby's blaze.
Here, trembling with their weight, the branches bear,
Delicious as profuse, the tapering pear.
For thee, fair fruit, the songsters of the grove
With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.
Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care
To grace the feast of heroes and the fair,
Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide
The green-ting'd orange of thy mellow side.
A thousand flowers of gold, of white and red
Far o'er the shadowy vale their carpets spread,
Of fairer tapestry, and of richer bloom,
Than ever glow'd in Persia's boasted loom:
As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,
O'er every woodland walk th' embroidery shone.
Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed
Narcissus, self-enamour'd, hangs the head;
And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,
The woe-mark'd flower of slain Adonis * rears
Its purple's head, prophetic of the reign
When lost Adonis shall revive again.
At strife appear the lawns and purpled skies,
Which from each other stole the beauteous dies:
The lawn in all Aurora's lustre glows,
Aurora steals the blushes of the rose,
The rose displays the blushes that adorn
The spotless virgin on the nuptial morn.
Zephyr and Flora emulous conspire
To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire;
The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue,
Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.

* *The woe-mark'd flower of slain Adonis*—The Anemone.

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Pale as the love-sick hopeless maid they die
The modest violet; from the curious eye
The modest violet turns her gentle head,
And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed,
Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn
The snow-white lily glitters o'er the lawn;
Lo, from the bough reclines the damask rose,
And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows.
Fresh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,
Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales.
The hyacinth bewrays the doleful *Ai* *,
And calls the tribute of Apollo's sigh;
Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dy'd the stripling's veins.
Pomona fired with rival envy views
The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues;
Where Flora bids the purple iris spread,
She hangs the wilding's blossom white and red;
Where wild thyme purples, where the daisy snows
The curving slopes, the melon's pride she throws;
Where by the stream the lily of the vale,
Primrose, and cowslip meek, perfume the gale,
Beneath the lily and the cowslip's bell
The scarlet strawberries luxurious swell.
Nor these alone the teeming Eden yields,
Each harmless bestial crops the flowery fields;
And birds of every note and every wing
Their loves responsive through the branches sing:
In sweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies,
High pois'd in air, the lark his warbling tries;
The swan slow sailing o'er the crystal lake
Tunes his melodious note; from every brake
The glowing strain the nightingale returns,
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.

* *The hyacinth bewrays the doleful* Ai—Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by whom he was accidentally slain, and afterwards turned into a flower.

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Pleased to behold his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer;
The hare starts trembling from the bushy shade,
And swiftly circling, crosses oft the glade.
Where from the rocks the bubbling founts distil,
The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill;
The dappled heifer seeks the vales below,
And from the thicket springs the bounding doe.
To his lov'd nest, on fondly fluttering wings,
In chirping bill the little songster brings
The food untasted; transport thrills his breast;
'Tis nature's touch; 'tis instinct's heav'n-like feast.
Thus bower and lawn were deck'd with Eden's flowers,
And song and joy imparadised the bowers.
And soon the fleet their ready anchors threw:
Lifted on eager tip-toe at the view,
On nimble feet that bounded to the strand
The second Argonauts elance to land.
Wide o'er the beauteous isle the lovely Fair
Stray through the distant glades, devoid of care.
From lowly valley and from mountain grove
The lovely nymphs renew the strains of love.
Here from the bowers that crown the plaintive rill
The solemn harp's melodious warblings thrill;
Here from the shadows of the upland grot
The mellow lute renews the swelling note.
As fair Diana and her virgin train
Some gaily ramble o'er the flowery plain,
In feign'd pursuit of hare or bounding roe,
Their graceful mien and beauteous limbs to show;
Now seeming careless, fearful now and coy,
(So taught the goddess of unutter'd joy,)
And gliding through the distant glades display
Each limb, each movement, naked as the day.
Some light with glee in careless freedom take
Their playful revels in the crystal lake;
One trembling stands no deeper than the knee
To plunge reluctant, while in sportful glee

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Another o'er her sudden laves the tide;
In pearly drops the wishful waters glide,
Reluctant dropping from her breasts of snow;
Beneath the wave another seems to glow;
The amorous waves her bosom fondly kiss'd,
And rose and fell, as panting, on her breast.
Another swims along with graceful pride,
Her silver arms the glistening waves divide,
Her shining sides the fondling waters lave,
Her glowing cheeks are brighten'd by the wave,
Her hair, of mildest yellow, flows from side
To side, as o'er it plays the wanton tide;
And careless as she turns, her thighs of snow
Their tapering rounds in deeper lustre show.
Some gallant Lusians sought the woodland prey,
And through the thickets forced the pathless way,
And some in shades impervious to the beam
Supinely listen'd to the murmuring stream;
When sudden through the boughs the various dies
Of pink, of scarlet, and of azure rise.
Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers spring,
Down drops the arrow from the half drawn string:
Soon they behold 'twas not the rose's hue,
The jonquil's yellow, nor the pansy's blue:
Dazzling the shades the nymphs appear—the zone
And flowing scarf in gold and azure shone.
Naked as Venus stood in Ida's bower,
Some trust the dazzling charms of native power;
Through the green boughs and darkling shades they show
The shining lustre of their native snow,
And every tapering, every rounded swell.
Of thigh, of bosom, as they glide, reveal.
As visions cloth'd in dazzling white they rise,
Then steal unnoted from the flurried eyes:
Again apparent, and again withdrawn,
They shine and wanton o'er the smiling lawn.
Amaz'd and lost in rapture or surprise,
All joy, my friends, the brave Velaso cries,

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Whate'er of goddesses old fable told,
Or poet sung of sacred groves, behold.
Sacred to goddesses divinely bright
These beauteous forests own their guardian might.
From eyes profane, from every age conceal'd,
To us, behold, all Paradise reveal'd!
Swift let us try if phantoms of the air,
Or living charms appear, divinely fair!
Swift at the word the gallant Lusians bound,
Their rapid footsteps scarcely touch the ground;
Through copse, through brake, impatient of their prey,
Swift as the wounded deer they spring away:
Fleet through the winding shades in rapid flight
The nymphs as wing'd with terror fly their sight.
Fleet though they fled the mild reverted eye,
And dimpling smile their seeming fear deny.
Fleet through the shades in parted rout they glide:
If winding paths the chosen pairs divide,
Another path by sweet mistake betrays,
And throws the lover on the lover's gaze:
If dark-brow'd bower conceal the lovely fair,
The laugh, the shriek, confess the charmer there.
Luxurious here the wanton zephyrs toy,
And every fondling favouring art employ.
Fleet as the fair ones speed, the busy gale
In wanton frolic lifts the trembling veil;
White through the veil, in fairer brighter glow
The lifted robe displays the living snow:
Quick flattering on the gale the robe conceals,
Then instant to the glance each charm reveals,
Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire,
Reveals, and with the shade inflames desire.
One, as her breathless lover hastens on,
With wily stumble sudden lies o'erthrown;
Confus'd, she rises with a blushing smile;
The lover falls the captive of her guile:
Tripp'd by the fair he tumbles on the mead,
The joyful victim of his eager speed.

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Afar, where sport the wantons in the lake,
Another band of gallant youths betake;
The laugh, the shriek, the revel and the toy,
Bespeak the innocence of youthful joy:
The laugh, the shriek, the gallant Lusians hear,
As through the forest glades they chase the deer;
For arm'd to chase the bounding roe they came,
Unhop'd the transport of a nobler game.
The naked wantons, as the youths appear,
Shrill through the woods resound the shriek of fear.
Some feign such terror of the forced embrace,
Their virgin modesty to this gives place,
Naked they spring to land and speed away
To deepest shades unpierc'd by glaring day;
Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes
That to the amorous arms their fear denies.
Some well assume Diana's virgin shame,
When on her naked sports the hunter came
Unwelcome—plunging in the crystal tide,
In vain they strive their beauteous limbs to hide;
The lucid waves, 'twas all they could, bestow
A milder lustre and a softer glow.
As lost in earnest care of future need,
Some to the banks to snatch their mantles speed,
Of present view regardless; every wile
Was yet, and every net of amorous guile.
Whate'er the terror of the feign'd alarm,
Display'd, in various force, was every charm.
Nor idle stood the gallant youth; the wing
Of rapture lifts them, to the fair they spring;
Some to the copse pursue their lovely prey;
Some cloth'd and shod, impatient of delay,
Impatient of the stings of fierce desire,
Plunge headlong in the tide to quench their fire.
So when the fowler to his cheek uprears
The hollow steel, and on the mallard bears,
His eager dog, ere bursts the flashing roar,
Fierce for the prey springs headlong from the shore.

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And barking cuts the wave with furious joy:
So mid the billow springs each eager boy,
Springs to the nymph whose eyes from all the rest
By singling him her secret wish confess'd.
A son of Mars was there, of generous race,
His every elegance of manly grace;
Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth
Glow'd on his cheek, his eye spoke simplest truth;
Yet love, capricious to th' accomplish'd boy,
Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy,
Had ever spurn'd his vows; yet still his heart
Would hope, and nourish still the tender smart:
The purest delicacy fann'd his fires,
And proudest honour mark'd his fond desires.
Not on the first that fair before him glow'd,
Not on the first the youth his love bestow'd.
In all her charms the fair Ephyre came,
And Leonardo's heart was all on flame.
Affection's melting transport o'er him stole,
And love's all generous glow entranced his soul;
Of selfish joy unconscious, every thought
On sweet delirium's ocean streamed afloat.
Pattern of beauty did Ephyre shine,
Nor less she wish'd these beauties to resign:
More than her sisters long'd her heart to yield,
Yet swifter fled she o'er the smiling field.
The youth now panting with the hopeless chase,
O turn, he cries, O turn thy angel face:
False to themselves can charms like these conceal
The hateful rigour of relentless steel;
And did the stream deceive me when I stood
Amid my peers reflected on the flood?
The easiest port and fairest bloom I bore—
False was the stream—while I in vain deplore.
My peers are happy; lo, in every shade,
In every bower, their love with love repaid!
I, I alone through brakes, through thorns pursue
A cruel fair—Ah, still my fate proves true,

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True to its rigour—who, fair nymph, to thee
Reveal'd, 'twas I that sued! unhappy me!
Born to be spurn'd though honesty inspire—
Alas, I faint, my languid sinews tire;
O stay thee—powerless to sustain their weight
My knees sink down, I sink beneath my fate!
He spoke; a rustling urges through the trees,
Instant new vigour strings his active knees,
Wildly he glares around, and raging cries,
And must another snatch my lovely prize!
In savage grasp thy beauteous limbs constrain!
I feel, I madden while I feel the pain!
Oh lost, thou fliest the safety of my arms,
My hand shall guard thee, softly seize thy charms,
No brutal rage inflames me, yet I burn!
Die shall thy ravisher—O goddess, turn,
And smiling view the error of my fear;
No brutal force, no ravisher is near;
A harmless roebuck gave the rustling sounds;
Lo, from the thicket swift as thee he bounds!
Ah, vain the hope to tire thee in the chase!
I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face.
Vain are thy fears; were even thy will to yield
The harvest of my hope, that harvest field
My fate would guard, and walls of brass would rear
Between my sickle and the golden ear.
Yet fly me not; so may thy youthful prime
Ne'er fly thy cheek on the grey wing of time.
Yet hear, the last my panting breath can say,
Nor proudest kings, nor mightiest hosts can sway
Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph divine,
Yet thou canst more, yet thou canst conquer mine.
Unmov'd each other yielding nymph I see;
Joy to their lovers, for they touch not thee!
But thee—Oh, every transport of desire,
That melts to mingle with its kindred fire,
For thee respires—alone I feel for thee
The dear wild rage of longing ecstasy:

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By all the flames of sympathy divine
To thee united, thou by right art mine.
From thee, from thee the hallowed transport flows
That severed rages, and for union glows;
Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lightning glare:
Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air
Grew dim; even now I heard him softly tread;
Oh rage, he waits thee on the flowery bed!
I see, I see thee rushing to his arms,
And sinking on his bosom, all thy charms
To him resigning in an eager kiss,
All I implored, the whelming tide of bliss!
And shall I see him riot on thy charms,
Dissolv'd in joy exulting in thine arms—
Oh burst, ye lightnings, round my destin'd head,
Oh pour your flashes—Madning as he said,
Amid the windings of the bowery wood
His tremblings footsteps still the nymph pursued.
Wooed to the flight she wing'd her speed to hear
His amorous accents melting on her ear.
And now she turns the wild walk's serpent maze:
A roseate bower its velvet couch displays;
The thickest moss its softest verdure spread,
Crocus and mingling pansy fring'd the bed,
The woodbine dropp'd its honey from above,
And various roses crown'd the sweet alcove.
Here as she hastens, on the hopeless boy
She turns her face all bathed in smiles of joy;
Then, sinking down, her eyes, suffus'd with love,
Glowing on his, one moment lost reprove.
Here was no rival, all he wish'd his own;
Lock'd in her arms soft sinks the stripling down—
Ah, what soft murmurs panting through the bowers
Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours;
The wishful sigh and melting smile conspire,
Devouring kisses fan the fiercer fire;
Sweet violence with dearest grace assails,
Soft o'er the purposed frown the smile prevails;

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The purposed frown betrays its own deceit,
In well-pleas'd laughter ends the rising threat;
The coy delay glides off in yielding love,
And transport murmurs through the sacred grove.
The joy of pleasing adds its sacred zest,
And all is love, embracing and embraced.
The golden morn beheld the scenes of joy;
Nor, sultry noon, mayst thou the bowers annoy;
The sultry noon-beam shines the lover's aid,
And sends him glowing to the secret shade.
O'er every shade and every nuptial bower
The love-sick strain the virgin turtles pour;
For nuptial faith and holy rites combin'd,
The Lusian heroes and the nymphs conjoin'd.
With flowery wreaths, and laurel chaplets, bound
With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'd:
By every spousal holy ritual tied,
No chance they vow shall e'er their hands divide,
In life, in death, attendant as their fame;
Such was the oath of ocean's sovereign Dame:
The Dame (from Heaven and holy Vesta sprung,
For ever beauteous and for ever young,)
Enraptured views the Chief whose deathless name
The wondering world and conquer'd seas proclaim.
With stately pomp she holds the Hero's hand,
And gives her empire to his dread command,
By spousal ties confirm'd; nor pass'd untold
What Fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old:
The world's vast globe in radiant sphere she show'd,
The shores immense, and seas unknown, unplough'd;
The seas, the shores, due to the Lusian keel
And Lusian sword, she hastens to reveal.
The glorious Leader by the hand she takes,
And, dim below, the flowery bowers forsakes.
High on a mountain's starry top divine
Her palace walls of living crystal shine;
Of gold and crystal blaze the lofty towers:
Here bathed in joy they pass the blissful hours:

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Ingulph'd in tides on tides of joy, the day
On downy pinions glides unknown away.
While thus the sovereigns in the palace reign,
Like transport riots o'er the humbler plain,
Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers
His lovely bride to every bride prefers.
Hence, ye profane—the song melodious rose,
By mildest zephyrs wafted through the boughs,
Unseen the warblers of the holy strain—
Far from these sacred bowers, ye lewd profane!
Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear;
Chaste and divine are all the raptures here.
The nymphs of ocean and the ocean's Queen,
The isle angelic, every raptured scene,
The charms of honour and its meed confess,
These are the raptures, these the wedded bliss
The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,
The ever blossom'd palms of fair renown,
By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy;
These are the transports of the Isle of Joy.
Such was Olympus and the bright abodes;
Renown was heaven, and heroes were the gods.
Thus ancient times, to virtue ever just,
To arts and valour rear'd the worshipp'd bust.
High, steep, and rugged, painful to be trod,
With toils on toils immense is virtue's road;
But smooth at last the walks umbrageous smile,
Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our isle.
Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes, strove,
All men like you, Apollo, Mars, and Jove:
Like you to bless mankind Minerva toil'd;
Diana bound the tyrants of the wild;
O'er the waste desert Bacchus spread the vine;
And Ceres taught the harvest field to shine.
Fame rear'd her trumpet; to the blest abodes
She raised, and hail'd them gods and sprung of gods.
The love of Fame, by heaven's own hand impress'd,
The first and noblest passion of the breast,

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May yet mislead—Oh guard, ye hero train,
No harlot robes of honours false and vain,
No tinsel yours, be yours all native gold,
Well-earn'd each honour, each respect you hold:
To your loved King return a guardian band,
Return the guardians of your native land;
To tyrant power be dreadful; from the jaws
Of fierce oppression guard the peasant's cause.
If youthful fury pant for shining arms,
Spread o'er the Eastern World the dread alarms;
There bends the Saracen the hostile bow,
The Saracen thy faith, thy nation's foe;
There from his cruel gripe tear empire's reins,
And break his tyrant sceptre o'er his chains.
On adamantine pillars thus shall stand
The throne, the glory of your native land,
And Lusian heroes, an immortal line,
Shall ever with us share our Isle divine.

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DISSERTATION

ON THE

FICTION OF THE ISLAND OF VENUS.

FROM the earliest ages, and in the most distant nations, palaces, forests, and gardens, have been the favourite themes of poets. And though, as in Homer's island of Radamanthus, the description is sometimes only cursory; at other times they have lavished all their powers, and have vied with each other in adorning their edifices and landscapes. The gardens of Alcinous in the Odyssey, and the Elysium in the Æneid, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many instances of these occur in the later writers. These subjects, however, it must be owned, are so natural to the genius of poetry, that it is scarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the classics, the innumerable descriptions of this kind which abound in the old Romances. In these, under different allegorical names, every passion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its inchanted bower, or its dreary cave.

Yet, though the fiction of bowers, of islands, and palaces, was no novelty in poetry, much however remains to be attributed to the poetical powers and invention of Camoens. The island of Venus contains, of all others, by much the completest gradation, and

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fullest assemblage of that species of luxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in fulness. Nor can the island of Armida in Tasso be compared to it, in poetical embroidery or passionate expression; though Tasso as undoubtedly built upon the model of Camoens, as Spenser appropriated the imagery of Tasso, when he described the bower of Acrasia, part of which he has literally translated from the Italian poet. The beautiful fictions of Armida and Acrasia, however, are much too long to be here inserted, and they are well known to every reader of taste.

But the chief praise of our poet is yet unmentioned. The introduction of so beautiful a fiction, as an essential part of the conduct and machinery of an Epic Poem, does the greatest honour to the invention of Camoens. The machinery of the former part of the poem not only acquires dignity, but is completed by it. And the conduct of Homer and Virgil has in this not only received a fine imitation, but a masterly contrast. In the finest allegory the heroes of the Lusiad receive their reward; and by means of this allegory our Poet gives a noble imitation of the noblest part of the Æneid. In the tenth Lusiad, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis sing the triumphs of their countrymen in the conquest of India: after this the Goddess gives Gama a view of the Eastern World, from the Cape of Good Hope to the furthest islands of Japan. She poetically describes every region and the principal islands, and concludes, *All these are given to the Western World by You.* It is impossible that any poem can be summed up with greater sublimity. The Fall of Troy is nothing to this. Nor is this all: the prophecy of Anchises, which forms the most masterly fiction, finest compliment, and ultimate purpose of the Æneid, is not only nobly imitated, but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the Iliad, as already observed, is paralleled, without one circumstance being borrowed. Poetical conduct

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cannot possibly bear a stronger resemblance, than the reward of the heroes of the Lusiad, the prophetic song, and the vision shown to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the subject of the Iliad. Nor is it a greater honour to resemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be resembled by a Milton. Though Milton perhaps never saw the Lusiad in the original tongue, he certainly *heard* of Fanshaw's translation, which was published fourteen years before he gave his Paradise Lost to the world. But whatever he knew of it, had the last book of the Lusiad been two thousand years known to the learned, every one would have owned that the two last books of the Paradise Lost were evidently formed upon it. But whether Milton borrowed any hint from Camoens, is of little consequence. That the genius of the great Milton suggested the conclusion of his immortal Poem in the manner and machinery of the Lusiad, is enough. It is enough that the part of Michael and Adam in the two last books of the Paradise Lost, are in point of conduct exactly the same with the part of Thetis and Gama in the conclusion of the Lusiad. Yet this difference must be observed; in the narrative of his last book, Milton has *flagged*, as Addison calls it, and fallen infinitely short of the untired spirit of the Portuguese Poet.

END OF BOOK IX.

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THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK X.

FAR o'er the western ocean's distant bed
Apollo now his fiery coursers sped,
Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic * roll'd
His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold:
The eastern sky was left to dusky grey,
And o'er the last hot breath of parting day,
Cool o'er the sultry noon's remaining flame,
On gentle gales the grateful twilight came.
Dimpling the lucid pools the fragrant breeze
Sighs o'er the lawns, and whispers through the trees;
Refresh'd the lily rears the silver head,
And opening jasmines o'er the arbours spread.
Fair o'er the wave that gleam'd like distant snow,
Graceful arose the moon, serenely slow;
Not yet full orb'd, in clouded splendour dress'd,
Her married arms embrace her pregnant breast.
Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young,
The nightingale his spousal anthem sung;
From every bower the holy chorus rose,
From every bower the rival anthem flows.

* *Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic*—The city of Mexico is environed with an extensive lake; or, according to Cortez, in his second narration to Charles V. with two lakes, one of fresh, the other of salt water, in circuit about fifty leagues.

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Translucent twinkling through the upland grove
In all her lustre shines the star of love;
Led by the sacred ray from every bower,
A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour:
Each with the youth above the rest approved,
Each with the nymph above the rest beloved,
They seek the palace of the sovereign dame;
High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame:
Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars shone,
The walls were crystal starr'd with precious stone.
Amid the hall arose the festive board
With nature's choicest gifts promiscuous stor'd:
So will'd the Goddess to renew the smile
Of vital strength, long worn by days of toil.
On crystal chairs that shined as lambent flame
Each gallant youth attends his lovely dame;
Beneath a purple canopy of state
The beauteous Goddess and the Leader sate:
The banquet glows—Not such the feast, when all
The pride of luxury in Egypt's hall
Before the lovesick Roman spread the boast
Of every teeming sea and fertile coast.
Sacred to noblest worth and Virtue's ear,
Divine as genial was the banquet here;
The wine, the song, by sweet returns inspire,
Now wake the lover's, now the hero's fire.
On gold and silver from th' Atlantic main,
The sumptuous tribute of the sea's wide reign,
Of various savour was the banquet piled;
Amid the fruitage mingling roses smiled.
In cups of gold that shed a yellow light,
In silver shining as the moon of night,
Amid the banquet flow'd the sparkling wine,
Nor gave Falernia's fields the parent vine:
Falernia's vintage, nor the fabled power
Of Jove's ambrosia in th' Olympian bower,
To this compare not; wild nor frantic fires,
Divinest transport this alone inspires.

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The beverage foaming o'er the goblet's breast
The crystal fountain's cooling aid * confess'd;
The while, as circling flow'd the cheerful bowl,
Sapient discourse, the banquet of the soul,
Of richest argument and brightest glow,
Array'd in dimpling smiles, in easiest flow
Pour'd all its graces: nor in silence stood
The powers of music, such as erst subdued
The horrid frown of Hell's profound † domains,
And sooth'd the torture'd ghosts to slumber on their chains.
To music's sweetest chords in loftiest vein,
An angel syren joins the vocal strain;
The silver roofs resound the living song,
The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong
The hallowed warblings; listening Silence rides
The sky, and o'er the bridled winds presides;
In softest murmurs flows the glassy deep,
And each, lull'd in his shade, the bestials sleep.
The lofty song ascends the thrilling skies,
The song of godlike heroes yet to rise;
Jove gave the dreams, whose glow the Syren fired,
And present Jove the prophecy inspired.
Not he, the bard of love-sick Dido's board,
Nor he, the minstrel of Phæacia's lord,
Though fam'd in song, could touch the warbling string,
Or with a voice so sweet, melodious sing.
And thou, my Muse, O fairest of the train,
Calliope, inspire my closing strain.
No more the summer of my life remains,
My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins;

* *The beverage—the fountain's cooling aid confess'd*—It was a custom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the coldest spring water with their wine, immediately before drinking; not, we may suppose, to render it less intoxicating, but on account of the heightened flavour it thereby received.

† *Music, such as erst subdued the horrid frown of Hell*, &c.—Alluding to the fable of Orpheus.

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Down the bleak stream of years by woes on woes
Wing'd on, I hasten to the tomb's repose,
The port whose deep dark bottom shall detain
My anchor never to be weigh'd again,
Never on other sea of life to steer
The human course—Yet thou, O Goddess, hear,
Yet let me live, though round my silver'd head
Misfortune's bitterest rage unpitying shed
Her coldest storms; yet let me live to crown
The song that boasts my nation's proud renown.
Of godlike heroes sung the nymph divine,
Heroes whose deeds on Gama's crest shall shine!
Who through the seas by Gama first explor'd
Shall bear the Lusian standard and the sword,
Till every coast where roars the orient main,
Bless'd in its sway shall own the Lusian reign;
Till every Pagan king his neck shall yield,
Or vanquish'd gnaw the dust on battle-field.
High Priest of Malabar, the goddess sung,
Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy * wrong;
Though for thy faith to Lusus' generous race
The raging Zamoreem thy fields deface:
From Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco sails,
To India wafted on auspicious gales.
Soon as his crooked prow the tide shall press,
A new Achilles shall the tide confess;
His ship's strong sides shall groan beneath his weight,
And deeper waves receive the sacred freight.
Soon as on India's strand he shakes his spear,
The burning east shall tremble, chill'd with fear;

* *Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy wrong*—P. Alvarez Cabral, the second Portuguese commander who sailed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara, King of Cochin, and high priest of Malabar. The Zamorim raised powerful armies to dethrone him, but his fidelity to the Portuguese was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the lowest ebb.

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Reeking with noble blood Cambalao's stream
Shall blaze impurpled to the evening beam.
Urged on by raging shame the Monarch brings,
Banded with all their powers, his vassal kings:
Narsinga's rocks their cruel thousands pour,
Bipur's stern king attends, and thine, Tanore;
To guard proud Calicut's imperial pride
All the wide North sweeps down its peopled tide:
Join'd are the sects that never * touch'd before,
By land the Pagan, and by sea the Moor.
O'er land, o'er sea, the great Pacheco strews
The prostrate spearmen, and the founder'd † proas.
Submiss and silent, palsied with amaze
Proud Malabar th' unnumbered slain surveys:
Yet burns the Monarch; to his shrine he speeds;
Dire howl the priests, the groaning victim bleeds;
The ground they stamp, and from the dark abodes
With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods.
Enraged with dog-like madness to behold
His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd,
Secure of promised victory, again
He fires the war, the lawns are heap'd with slain.
With stern reproach he brands his routed Nayres,
And for the dreadful field Himself prepares;
His harness'd thousands to the fight he leads,
And rides exulting where the combat bleeds:
Amid his pomp his robes are sprinkled o'er,
And his proud face dash'd with his menials' gore:
From his high couch he leaps, and speeds to flight
On foot inglorious, in his army's sight.
Hell then he calls, and all the powers of hell,
The secret poison and the chanted spell;

* —— *That never touch'd before*—To touch, or be touched by, one of an inferior *cast*, is esteemed among the Gentoos as the greatest pollution.

† *Proas*, or paraos, Indian vessels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry one hundred men and upwards.

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Vain as the spell the poison'd rage is shed,
For Heaven defends the hero's sacred head.
Still fiercer from each wound the Tyrant burns,
Still to the field with heavier force returns.
The seventh dread war he kindles; high in air
The hills dishonour'd lift their shoulders bare;
Their woods roll'd down now strew the river's side,
Now rise in mountain turrets o'er the tide;
Mountains of fire and spires of bickering flame,
While either bank resounds the proud acclaim,
Come floating down, round Lusus' fleet to pour
Their sulphrous entrails in a burning shower.
Oh, vain the hope—Let Rome her boast resign;
Her palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine;
Nor Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's red field,
Nor thine, Thermopylæ, such deeds beheld;
Nor Fabius' arts such rushing storms repell'd.
Swift as repulsed the famished wolf returns
Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns;
So swift, so fierce, seven times all India's might
Returns nunumber'd to the dreadful fight;
One hundred spears, seven times in dreadful stower
Strews in the dust all India's raging power.

The lofty song, for paleness o'er her spread,
The nymph suspends, and bows the languid head;
Her faltering words are breath'd on plaintive sighs,
Ah, Belisarius, injured Chief, she cries,
Ah, wipe thy tears; in war thy rival see,
Injured Pacheco falls despoil'd like thee;
In him, in thee dishonour'd virtue bleeds,
And valour weeps to view her fairest deeds,
Weeps o'er Pacheco, where, forlorn, he lies
Low on an alms-house* bed, and friendless dies.

* *Low on an alms-house bed, and friendless dies.*—Shortly after Pacheco's brilliant defence of Cochin he was recalled to Europe. The King of Portugal paid the highest compliments to his valour; and as he had acquired no fortune in India, in reward of his

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Yet shall the Muses plume his humble bier,
And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear;
Though by the king, alone to thee unjust,
Thy head, great Chief, was humbled in the dust,
Loud shall the Muse indignant sound thy praise,
"Thou gavest thy Monarch's throne its proudest blaze."
While round the world the sun's bright car shall ride,
So bright shall shine thy name's illustrious pride;
Thy Monarch's glory, as the moon's pale beam,
Eclipsed by thine, shall send a sickly gleam.
Such meed attends when soothing flattery sways,
And blinded State its sacred trust betrays!
Again the Nymph exalts her brow, again
Her swelling voice resounds the lofty strain:
Almeyda comes, the kingly name he bears,
Deputed royalty his standard rears:
In all the generous rage of youthful fire
The warlike son attends the warlike sire.
Quiloa's blood-stain'd tyrant now shall feel
The righteous vengeance of the Lusian steel.
Another prince, by Lisboa's throne beloved,
Shall bless the land, for faithful deeds approved.
Mombaze shall now her treason's meed behold,
When curling flames her proudest domes enfold:
Involved in smoke, loud crashing, low shall fall
The mounded temple and the castled wall.
O'er India's seas the young Almeyda pours,
Scorching the wither'd air, his iron showers;

services, gave him a lucrative government in Africa. But merit always has enemies. Pacheco was accused, and by the king's order brought to Lisbon in irons; and those hands which had preserved the Portuguese interest in India, were in Portugal chained to a dungeon, where Pacheco was suffered to remain a considerable time ere a legal sentence declared his integrity to his country. He was at length honourably acquitted of the charges preferred against him; but his merit was thought of no more, and he died neglected in an alms-house.

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Torn masts and rudders, hulks and canvass riven,
Month after month before his prows are driven.
But Heaven's dread will, where clouds of darkness rest,
That awful will, which knows alone the best,
Now blunts his spear: Cambaya's squadrons joined
With Egypt's fleets, in pagan rage combined,
Engrasp him round; red boils the staggering flood,
Purpled with volleying flames and hot with blood;
Whirl'd by the cannon's rage, in shivers torn
His thigh, far scatter'd o'er the wave, is borne.
Bound to the mast the godlike hero stands,
Waves his proud sword, and cheers his woeful bands.
Though winds and seas their wonted aid deny,
To yield he knows not, but he knows to die:
Another thunder tears his manly breast:
Oh fly, bless'd spirit, to thy heavenly rest—
Hark, rolling on the groaning storm I hear
Resistless vengeance thundering on the rear!
I see the transports of the furious sire,
As o'er the mangled corpse his eyes flash fire.
Swift to the fight, with stern though weeping eyes,
Fix'd rage fierce burning in his breast, he flies;
Fierce as the bull that sees his rival rove
Free with the heifers through the mounded grove,
On oak or beech his madning fury pours;
So pours Almeyda's rage on Dabul's towers.
His vanes wide waving o'er the Indian sky,
Before his prows the fleets of India fly:
On Egypt's chief his mortars' dreadful tire
Shall vomit all the rage of prison'd fire:
Heads, limbs, and trunks shall choke the struggling tide,
Till every surge with reeking crimson dyed,
Around the young Almeyda's hapless urn
His conquerors' naked ghosts shall howl and mourn.
As meteors flashing through the darken'd air
I see the victors' whirling falchions glare;
Dark rolls the sulphrous smoke o'er Dio's skies,
And shrieks of death and shouts of conquest rise,

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In one wide tumult blended: the rough roar
Shakes the brown tents on Ganges' trembling shore;
The waves of Indus from the banks recoil;
And matrons howling on the strand of Nile,
By the pale moon their absent sons deplore—
Long shall they wail; their sons return no more.
Ah, strike the notes of woe, the Syren cries,
A dreary vision swims before my eyes.
To Tago's shore triumphant as he bends,
Low in the dust the Hero's glory ends:
Though bended bow, nor thundering engine's hail,
Nor Egypt's sword, nor India's spear prevail,
Fall shall the Chief before a naked foe,
Rough clubs and rude hurl'd stones shall strike the blow;
The Cape of Tempests shall his tomb supply,
And in the desert sands his bones shall lie,
No boastful trophy o'er his ashes rear'd:
Such Heaven's dread will, and be that will rever'd!
But lo, resplendent shines another star,
Loud she resounds, in all the blaze of war!
Great * Cunia guards Melinda's friendly shore,
And dyes her seas with Oja's hostile gore;
Lamo and Brava's towers his vengeance tell:
Great Madagascar's flowery dales shall swell
His echoed fame, till ocean's southmost bound
On isles and shores unknown his name resound.
Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms!
Great Albuquerk awakes the dread alarms:
O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours,
While Heaven, the Hero's guide, indignant † showers
Their arrows backward on the Persian foe,
Tearing the breasts and arms that twang'd the bow.

* *Great Cunia*—Tristan de Cunha, or d'Acugna: he succeeded Almeyda in the government of India.

† *Heaven indignant showers their arrows backward.*—Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque besieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the arrows of the enemy backward upon their own ranks.

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Mountains of salt and fragrant gums in vain
Were spent untainted to embalm the slain.
Such heaps shall strew the sea and faithless strand
Of Gerum, Mazcate, and Calayat's land,
Till faithless Ormus own the Lusian sway,
And Barem's pearls her yearly safety pay.
What glorious palms on Goa's * isle I see,
Their blossoms spread, great Albuquerk, for thee!
Through castled walls the hero breaks his way,
And opens with his sword the dread array
Of Moors and Pagans; through their depth he rides,
Through spears and showering fire the battle guides.
As bulls enraged, or lion's smear'd with gore,
His bands sweep wide o'er Goa's purpled shore.
Nor eastward far through fair Malacca † lie,
Her groves embosom'd in the morning sky;
Though with her amorous sons the valiant line
Of Java's isle in battle rank combine,
Though poison'd shafts their ponderous quivers store;
Malacca's spicy groves and golden ore,
Great Albuquerk, thy dauntless toils shall crown!
Yet art thou stain'd—Here with a sighful frown
The Goddess paused, for much remain'd unsung,
But blotted with an humble soldier's wrong.
Alas, she cries, when war's dread horrors reign,
And thundering batteries rock the fiery plain,
When ghastly famine on a hostile soil,
When pale disease attends on weary toil,

* *What glorious palms on Goa's isle I see*—This important place was made an archbishopric, the capital of the Portuguese empire in the East, and the seat of their viceroys. It is advantageously situated for these purposes on the coast of Decan. It still remains in the possession of the Portuguese.

† *Malacca*—The conquest of this place was one of the greatest actions of Albuquerque. It became the chief port of the eastern part of Portuguese India, and second only to Goa.

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When patient under all the soldier stands,
Detested be the rage which then demands
The humble soldier's blood, his only crime
The amorous frailty of the youthful prime!
Incest's cold horror here no glow restrained,
Nor sacred nuptial bed was here profaned,
Nor here unwelcome force the virgin seized;
A slave lascivious, in his fondling pleas'd,
Resigns her breast—Ah, stain to Lusian fame!
('Twas lust of blood, perhaps 'twas jealous flame;)
The Leader's rage, unworthy of the brave,
Consigns the youthful soldier to the grave.
Not Ammon thus Apelles' love repaid,
Great Ammon's bed resign'd the lovely maid:
Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araspas' fire;
Nor haughtier Carlo thus assumed the sire,
Though iron Baldwin to his daughter's bower,
An ill-match'd lover, stole in secret hour:
With nobler rage the lofty monarch glow'd,
And Flandria's earldom on the knight bestow'd.
Again the nymph the song of fame resounds;
Lo, sweeping wide o'er Ethiopia's bounds,
Wide o'er Arabia's purple shore on high
The Lusian ensigns blaze along the sky!
Mecca, aghast, beholds the standards shine,
And midnight horror shakes Medina's * shrine;
The unhallowed altar bodes th' approaching foe,
Foredoom'd in dust its prophet's tomb to strew.
Nor Ceylon's isle, brave Soarez, shall withhold
Its incense, precious as the burnish'd gold,
What time o'er proud Columbo's loftiest spire
Thy flag shall blaze: nor shall th' immortal lyre
Forget thy praise, Sequeyra! To the shore
Where Sheba's sapient queen the † sceptre bore,

* *And midnight horror shakes Medina's shrine.*
—Medina, the city where Mohammed is buried.

† *Where Sheba's sapient queen the sceptre bore*—
The Abyssinians contend that their country is the

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Braving the Red Sea's dangers shalt thou force
To Abyssinia's realm thy novel course;
And isles, by jealous nature long conceal'd,
Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.
Great Menez next the Lusian sword shall bear;
Menez, the dread of Afric, high shall rear
His victor lance, till deep shall Ormuz groan,
And tribute doubled her revolt atone.
Now shines thy glory in meridian height,
And loud her voice she raised; O matchless Knight,
Thou, thou, illustrious Gama, thou shalt bring
The olive-bough of peace, deputed king!
The lands by Thee discover'd shall obey
Thy sceptre'd power, and bless thy regal sway.
But India's crimes, outrageous to the skies,
A length of these Saturnian days denies:
Snatch'd from thy golden throne* the heavens shall claim
Thy deathless soul, the world thy deathless name.
Now o'er the coast of faithless Malabar
Victorious Henry† pours the rage of war;
Nor less the youth a nobler strife shall wage,
Great victor of himself though green in age;
No restless slave of wanton amorous fire,
No lust of gold shall taint his generous ire.

Sheba mentioned in the Scripture, and that the queen who visited Solomon bore a son to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the present time, is descended.

* *Snatch'd from thy golden throne*—Gama, in this, his third voyage to India, only reigned three months as viceroy.

† *Victorious Henry*—Don Henry de Meneses. He was only twenty-eight years of age when appointed to the government of India. At his death, which happened in his thirtieth year, thirteen reals and an half, not a crown in the whole, was all the private property found in the possession of this young governor. A noble example of disinterested heroism.

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While youth's bold pulse beats high, how brave the boy
Whom harlot smiles nor pride of power decoy!
Immortal be his name! Nor less thy praise,
Great Mascarene*, shall future ages raise:
Though power, unjust, withhold the splendid ray
That dignifies the crest of sovereign sway,
Thy deeds, great Chief, on Bintam's humbled shore,
Deeds such as Asia never view'd before,
Shall give thy honest fame a brighter blaze
Than tyrant pomp in golden robes displays.
Though bold in war the fierce Usurper shine,
Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine
Drive vanquish'd; though the Lusian Hector's sword
For him reap conquest, and confirm him Lord;
Thy deeds, great Peer, the wonder of thy foes,
Thy glorious chains unjust, and generous woes,
Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's fairest fame,
And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim.
Thy generous woes! Ah, gallant injured chief,
Not thy own sorrows give the sharpest grief.
Thou seest the Lusian name her honours stain,
And lust of gold her heroes' breasts profane;
Thou seest ambition lift the impious head,
Nor God's red arm, nor lingering justice dread;
O'er India's bounds thou seest these vultures prowl,
Full gorged with blood, and dreadless of control;
Thou seest and weep'st thy country's blotted name,
The generous sorrow thine, but not the shame.
Nor long the Lusian ensigns stain'd remain;
Great Nunio† comes, and rases every stain.
Though lofty Calè's warlike towers he rear;
Though haughty Melic groan beneath his spear;

* *Great Mascarene*—Pedro de Mascarenhas. The injustice done to this brave officer, and the usurpation of the government by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, forms one of the most interesting periods of the history of the Portuguese in India.

† *Great Nunio*.—Nunio de Cunha, one of the most worthy of the Portuguese governors.

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All these, and Dio yielded to his name,
Are but th' embroidery of his nobler fame.
Far haughtier foes of Lusian race he braves;
The awful sword of justice high he waves:
Before his bar the injured Indian stands,
And justice boldly on his foe demands,
The Lusian foe; in wonder lost the Moor
Beholds proud Rapine's vulture gripe restore;
Beholds the Lusian hands in fetters bound
By Lusian hands, and wound repaid for wound.
Oh, more shall thus by Nunio's worth be won,
Than conquest reaps from high-plumed hosts o'erthrown.
Long shall the generous Nunio's blissful sway
Command supreme. In Dio's hopeless day
The sovereign toil the brave Noronha takes;
Awed by his fame the fierce-soul'd Rumien * shakes,
And Dio's open'd walls in sudden flight forsakes.
A son of thine, O Gama †, now shall hold
The helm of empire, prudent, wise, and bold:
Malacca saved and strengthen'd by his arms,
The banks of Tor shall echo his alarms;
His worth shall bless the kingdoms of the morn,
For all thy virtues shall his soul adorn.
When fate resigns the hero to the skies,
A veteran, famed on Brazil's shore ‡, shall rise:
The wide Atlantic, and the Indian main,
By turns shall own the terrors of his reign.
His aid the proud Cambayan king implores,
His potent aid Cambaya's king restores.

* The Turks of Romania and Egypt pretended to be descendants of the Roman conquerors, and obtained from the Indians the name of Rumes or Romans.

† *A son of thine, O Gama*—Stephen de Gama, a son of the discoverer of India.

‡ *A veteran, fam'd on Brazil's shore*—Martin Alonzo de Sousa. He was celebrated for clearing the coast of Brazil of several pirates, who were formidable to that infant colony.

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The dread Mogul with all his thousands flies,
And Dio's towers are Souza's well-earn'd prize.
Nor less the Zamorim o'er blood-stain'd ground
Shall speed his legions, torn with many a wound,
In headlong rout. Nor shall the boastful pride
Of India's navy, though the shaded tide
Around the squadron'd masts appear the down
Of some wide forest, other fate renown.
Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore
I hear the tempest of the battle roar!
Clung to the splinter'd mast, I see the dead
Badala's shores with horrid wreck bespread;
Baticala, inflamed by treacherous hate,
Provokes the horrors of Badala's fate:
Her seas in blood, her skies enwrapt in fire
Confess the sweeping storm of Souza's ire.
No hostile spear now rear'd on sea or strand,
The awful sceptre graces Souza's hand;
Peaceful he reigns, in counsel just and wise;
And glorious Castro now his throne supplies:
Castro, the boast of generous fame, afar
From Dio's strand shall sway the glorious war.
Mad'ning with rage to view the Lusian band,
A troop so few, proud Dio's towers command,
The cruel Ethiop Moor to heaven complains,
And the proud Persian's languid zeal arraigns.
The Rumien fierce, who boasts the name of Rome,
With these conspires, and vows the Lusians' doom.
A thousand barbarous nations join their powers
To bathe with Lusian blood the Dion towers.
Dark rolling sheets, forth belch'd from brazen wombs,
And bored, like showering clouds, with hailing bombs,
O'er Dio's sky spread the black shades of death;
The mine's dread earthquakes shake the ground beneath.
No hope, bold Mascarene *, mayst thou respire,
A glorious fall alone, thy just desire.

* *No hope, bold Mascarene*—The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this siege, one of the most memorable in the Portuguese history.

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When lo, his gallant son brave Castro sends—
Ah heaven, what fate the hapless youth attends!
In vain the terrors of his falchion glare;
The cavern'd mine bursts, high in pitchy air
Rampire and squadron whirl'd convulsive, borne
To heaven, the hero dies in fragments torn.
His loftiest bough though fall'n, the generous sire
His living hope devotes with Roman ire.
On wings of fury flies the brave Alvar
Through ocean's howling with the wintry war,
Through skies of snow his brother's vengeance bears:
And soon in arms the valiant sire appears:
Before him victory spreads her eagle-wing
Wide sweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king.
In vain his thundering coursers shake the ground,
Cambaya bleeding of his might's last wound
Sink's pale in dust: fierce Hydal-Kan in vain
Wakes war on war; he bites his iron chain.
O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' smiling vales
No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails:
O'er every field, O Peace, thy blossoms glow,
The golden blossoms of thy olive bough;
Firm based on wisdom's laws great Castro crowns,
And the wide East the Lusian empire owns.

These warlike chiefs, the sons of thy renown,
And thousands more, O Vasco, doom'd to crown
Thy glorious toils, shall through these seas unfold
Their victor-standards blaz'd with Indian gold;
And in the bosom of our flowery isle,
Embathed in joy shall o'er their labours smile.
Their nymphs like yours, their feast divine the same,
The raptured foretaste of immortal fame.

So sung the Goddess, while the sister train
With joyful anthem close the sacred strain;
Though Fortune from her whirling sphere bestow
Her gifts capricious in unconstant flow,
Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame
Shall ever constant grace the Lusian name.

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So sung the joyful chorus, while around
The silver roofs the lofty notes resound.
The song prophetic, and the sacred feast,
Now shed the glow of strength through every breast.
When with the grace and majesty divine,
Which round immortals, when enamour'd, shine,
To crown the banquet of their deathless fame,
To happy Gama thus the sovereign dame:
O loved of heaven, what never man before,
What wandering science never might explore,
By heaven's high will, with mortal eyes to see
Great Nature's face unveil'd, is given to Thee.
Thou and thy warriors follow where I lead:
Firm be your steps, for arduous to the tread
Through matted brakes of thorn and brier, bestrew'd
With splinter'd flint, winds the steep slippery road.
She spake, and smiling caught the hero's hand,
And on the mountain's summit soon they stand;
A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,
Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore
Had sported here. Here in the fragrant air
A wondrous globe appear'd, divinely fair!
Through every part the light transparent flow'd;
And in the centre as the surface glow'd.
The frame ethereal various orbs compose,
In whirling circles now they fell, now rose;
Yet never rose nor fell, for still the same
Was every movement of the wondrous frame;
Each movement still beginning, still complete,
Its Author's type, self-poised, perfection's seat.
Great Vasco, thrill'd with reverential awe,
And rapt with keen desire, the wonder saw.
The Goddess mark'd the language of his eyes,
And here, she cried, thy largest wish suffice.
Great Nature's fabric thou dost here behold,
Th' ethereal pure, and elemental mould,
In pattern shown complete, as Nature's God
Ordain'd the world's great frame, his dread abode;

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For every part the Power Divine pervades,
The sun's bright radiance and the central shades.
Yet let not haughty reason's bounded line
Explore the boundless God, or where define,
Where in himself, in uncreated light,
(While all his worlds around seem wrapt in night)
He holds his loftiest state. By primal laws
Imposed on Nature's birth, Himself the cause,
By her own ministry through every maze
Nature in all her walks unseen he sways.
These spheres behold*; the first in wide embrace
Surrounds the lesser orbs of various face;
The Empyrean this, the holiest heaven,
To the pure spirits of the Bless'd is given:
No mortal eye its splendid rays may bear,
No mortal bosom feel the raptures there.
The earth in all her summer pride array'd
To this might seem a drear sepulchral shade.
Unmoved it stands: within its shining frame,
In motion swifter than the lightning's flame,
Swifter than sight the moving parts may spy,
Another sphere whirls round its rapid sky.
Hence motion darts its force, impulsive draws,
And on the other orbs impresses laws:
The Sun's bright car, attentive to its force,
Gives night and day, and shapes his yearly course;
Its force stupendous asks a ponderous sphere
To poise its fury and its weight to bear:
Slow moves that ponderous orb; the stiff, slow pace
One step scarce gains, while wide his annual race

* *These spheres behold*—According to the Peripatetics the universe consisted of eleven spheres inclosed within each other. In their accounts of this first mentioned, but eleventh sphere, which they called the empyrean or heaven of the blessed, the disciples of Aristotle, and the Arab Moors, gave a loose to all the warmth of imagination. And several of the Christian fathers applied to it the descriptions of heaven which are found in the Holy Scripture.

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Two hundred times the sun triumphant rides;
The Crystal Heaven is this, whose rigour guides
And binds the starry sphere: that sphere behold,
With diamonds spangled, and emblazed with gold;
What radiant orbs that azure sky adorn,
Fair o'er the night in rapid motion borne!
Swift as they trace the heaven's deep circling line,
Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they shine.
Wide o'er this heaven a golden belt displays
Twelve various forms; behold the glittering blaze!
Through these the sun in annual journey towers,
And o'er each clime their various tempers pours.
In gold and silver of celestial mine
How rich far round the constellations shine!
Lo, bright emerging o'er the polar tides
In shining frost the northern chariot rides *:
Mid treasured snows here gleams the grisly bear,
And icy flakes incrust his shaggy hair.
Here fair Andromeda of heaven beloved:
Her vengeful sire, and by the gods reproved
Beauteous Cassiope. Here fierce and red
Portending storms Orion lifts his head;
And here the dogs their raging fury shed.
The swan, sweet melodist! in death he sings—
The milder swan here spreads his silver wings.
Here Orpheus' lyre, the melancholy hare,
And here the watchful dragon's eye-balls glare;
And Theseus' ship, Oh, less renown'd than thine,
Shall ever o'er these skies illustrious shine.
Beneath this radiant firmament behold
The various planets in their orbits roll'd:
Here in cold twilight hoary Saturn rides,
Here Jove shines mild, here fiery Mars presides,
Apollo here enthroned in light appears
The eye of heaven, emblazer of the spheres;

* *In shining frost the northern chariot rides*—
Commonly called Charles's wain.

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Beneath him beauteous glows the Queen of Love,
The proudest hearts her sacred influence prove;
Here Hermes famed for eloquence divine,
And here Diana's various faces shine;
Lowest she rides, and through the shadowy night
Pours on the glistening earth her silver light.
These various orbs, behold, in various speed
Pursue the journeys at their birth decreed.
Now from the centre far impell'd they fly,
Now nearer earth they sail a lower sky,
A shorten'd course: such are the laws impress'd
By God's dread Will, that Will for ever best.
The yellow earth, the centre of the whole,
There lordly rests sustain'd on either pole.
The limpid air enfolds in soft embrace
The pondrous orb, and brightens o'er her face.
Here softly floating o'er th' aerial blue,
Fringed with the purple and the golden hue,
The fleecy clouds their swelling sides display;
From whence fermented by the sulph'rous ray
The lightning's blaze, and heat spreads wide and rare;
And now in fierce embrace with frozen air,
Their wombs compress'd soon feel parturient throws,
And white-wing'd gales bear wide the teeming snows.
Thus cold and heat their warring empires hold,
Averse yet mingling, each by each control'd;
The highest air and ocean's bed they pierce,
And earth's dark centre feels their struggles fierce.
The seat of Man, the Earth's fair breast, behold;
Here wood-crown'd islands wave their locks of gold.
Here spread wide continents their bosoms green,
And hoary Ocean heaves his breast between.
Yet not th' inconstant ocean's furious tide
May fix the dreadful bounds of human pride.
What madd'ning seas between these nations roar!
Yet Lusus' hero-race shall visit every shore.
What thousand tribes whom various customs sway,
And various rites, these countless shores display!

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Queen of the world, supreme in shining arms,
Her's every art, and her's all wisdom's charms,
Each nation's tribute round her footstool spread,
Here Christian Europe lifts the regal head.
Afric behold, alas, what alter'd view!
Her lands uncultured, and her sons untrue;
Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,
Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife;
Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,
Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.
Lo, here enriched with hills of golden ore,
Monomotapa's empire hems the shore.
There round the Cape, great Afric's dreadful bound
Array'd in storms, by You first compass'd round;
Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,
By laws unform'd, unform'd by reason's sway:
Far inward stretch the mournful steril dales,
Where on the parch'd hill-side pale Famine wails.
On gold in vain the naked savage treads;
Low clay built huts, behold, and reedy sheds,
Their dreary towns. Gonzalo's zeal shall glow *
To these dark minds the path of light to show:
His toils to humanize the barbarous mind
Shall with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind.
Great Naya too † shall glorious here display
His God's dread might: behold, in black array,

* *Gonzalo's zeal shall glow*—Gonzalo de Sylveyra, a Portuguese Jesuit, in 1555, sailed from Lisbon on a mission to Monomotapa. His labours were at first successful; but ere he effected any regular establishment, he was murdered by the barbarians.

† *Great Naya too*—Don Pedro de Naya..... In 1505 he erected a fort in the kingdom of Sofala, which is subject to Monomotapa. Six thousand Moors and Cafres laid siege to this garrison, which he defended with only thirty-five men. After having several times suffered by unexpected sallies, the barbarians fled, exclaiming to their king, that he had led them to fight against God. See Faria.

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Numerous and thick as when in evil hour
The feather'd race whole harvest fields devour:
So thick, so numerous round Sofala's towers
Her barbarous hordes remotest Afric pours,
In vain; Heaven's vengeance on their souls impress'd,
They fly, wide scatter'd as the driving mist.
Lo, Quama there, and there the fertile Nile,
Curs'd with that gorging fiend the crocodile,
Wind their long way: the parent lake behold,
Great Nilus' fount, unseen, unknown of old,
From whence diffusing plenty as he glides,
Wide Abyssinia's realm the stream divides.
In Abyssinia* Heaven's own altars blaze,
And hallowed anthems chant Messiah's praise.
In Nile's wide breast the isle of Meroe see!
Near these rude shores an Hero sprung from thee,
Thy son, brave Gama †, shall his lineage show
In glorious triumphs o'er the Paynim foe.
There by the rapid Ob, her friendly breast
Melinda spreads, thy place of grateful rest.

* *In Abyssinia heaven's own altars blaze*—Christianity was planted here in the first century, but mixed with many Jewish rites unused by other Christians of the East.

† *Thy son, brave Gama*—When Don Stephen de Gama was governor of India, the Christian Emperor and Empress-mother of Ethiopia solicited the assistance of the Portuguese against the usurpations of the Pagan king of Zeyla. Don Stephen sent his brother Don Christoval with 500 men. The prodigies of their valour astonished the Ethiopians. But after having twice defeated the tyrant, and reduced his great army to the last extremity, Don Christoval, urged too far by the impetuosity of his youthful valour, was taken prisoner. He was brought before the usurper, and put to death in the most cruel manner. Waxed threads were twisted with his beard, and afterwards set on fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at last beheaded by the hand of the tyrant. The Portuguese esteem him a martyr, and say that his torments and death were inflicted because he would not renounce the faith. See *Faria y Sousa.*

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Cape Aromata there the gulf defends,
Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.
Illustrious Suez, seat of heroes old,
Famed Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold.
Here Egypt's shelter'd fleets at anchor ride,
And hence in squadrons sweep the eastern tide.
And lo, the waves that aw'd by Moses' rod,
While the dry bottom Israel's armies trod,
On either hand roll'd back their frothy might,
And stood like hoary rocks in cloudy height.
Here Asia, rich in every precious mine,
In realms immense, begins her western line.
Sinai behold, whose trembling cliffs of yore
In fire and darkness, deep pavilion'd, bore
The Hebrew's God, while day with awful brow
Gleam'd pale on Israel's wandering tents below.
The pilgrim now the lonely hill ascends,
And when the evening raven homeward bends,
Before the Virgin-Martyr's tomb * he pays
His mournful vespers and his vows of praise.
Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain
Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain
Yet fell from heaven; where never from the dale
The crystal rivulet murmured to the vale.
The three Arabias here their breasts unfold,
Here breathing incense, here a rocky wold;
O'er Dofar's plain the richest incense breathes,
That round the sacred shrine its vapour wreathes;
Here the proud war-steed glories in his force,
As fleeter than the gale he holds the course.
Here, with his spouse and household lodged in wains,
The Arab's camp shifts wandering o'er the plains,
The merchant's dread, what time from eastern soil
His burthen'd camels seek the land of Nile.

* St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr, according to Romish histories, was buried on Sinai, where a chapel which bears her name still remains.

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Here Rosalgate and Farthac stretch their arms,
And point to Ormuz, famed for war's alarms;
Ormuz, decreed full oft to quake with dread
Beneath the Lusian heroes' hostile tread,
Shall see the Turkish moons with slaughter gor'd
Shrink from the lightning of De Branco's sword *.
There on the gulf that laves the Persian shore,
Far through the surges bends Cape Asabore.
There Barem's isle †; her rocks with diamonds blaze,
And emulate Aurora's glittering rays.
From Barem's shore Euphrates' flood is seen,
And Tigris' waters, through the waves of green
In yellowy currents many a league extend,
As with the darker waves averse they blend.
Lo, Persia there her empire wide unfolds!
In tented camp his state the monarch holds:
Her warrior sons disdain the arms of fire ‡,
And with the pointed steel to fame aspire;
Their springy shoulders stretching to the blow,
Their sweepy sabres hew the shrieking foe.
There Gerum's isle the hoary ruin wears
Where Time has trod §: there shall the dreadful spears

* —— *De Branco's sword*—Don Pedro de Castel-Branco, obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined fleets of the Moors, Turks, and Persians.

† *There Barem's isle*—The island of Barem is situated in the Persian gulf, near the influx of the Euphrates and Tigris. It is celebrated for the plenty, variety, and fineness of its diamonds.

‡ *Her warrior sons disdain the arms of fire*—This was the character of the Persians when Gama arrived in the East. Yet though they thought it dishonourable to use the musket, they esteemed it no disgrace to rush from a thicket on an unarmed foe.

§ *There Gerum's isle the hoary ruin wears,*
Where time has trod—
Presuming on the ruins which are found on this island, the natives pretend that the Armuzia of Pliny and Strabo was here situated. But this is a mistake, for that city stood on the continent. The Moors, however, have built a city in this isle, which they call by the ancient name.

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Of Sousa and Menezes strew the shore
With Persian sabres, and embathe with gore.
Carpella's cape, and sad Carmania's strand,
There parch'd and bare their dreary wastes expand.
A fairer landscape here delights the view;
From these green hills beneath the clouds of blue,
The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,
And many a smiling field propitious lave.
Luxurious here Ulcinda's harvests smile,
And here, disdainful of the seaman's toil,
The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar;
Alike their rage when swelling to the shore,
Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force
The boiling fury of their gulfy course:
Against their headlong rage nor oars nor sails,
The stemming prow alone, hard toiled, prevails.
Cambaya here begins her wide domain;
A thousand cities here shall own the reign
Of Lisboa's monarchs: he who first shall crown
Thy labours, Gama *, here shall boast his own.
The lengthening sea that washes India's strand
And laves the cape that points to Ceylon's land,
(The Taprobanian isle, renown'd of yore)
Shall see his ensigns blaze from shore to shore.
Behold how many a realm array'd in green
The Ganges' shore and Indus' bank between!
Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore
With woeful penance fiend-like shapes adore;
Some Macon's orgies †, all confess the sway
Of rites that shun, like trembling ghosts, the day.

* *He who first shall crown thy labours, Gama*—Pedro Alvarez de Cabral is here alluded to, who had the command of the first expedition after the return of Gama from the discovery of India; after many engagements with the Zamorim of Calicut and the Turks, he succeeded in establishing the Portuguese power on a firm basis.

† *Some Macon's orgies*—Macon, a name of Mecca, the birth-place of Mohammed.

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Narsinga's fair domain behold; of yore
Here shone the gilded towers of Meliapore.
Here India's angels weeping o'er the tomb
Where Thomas sleeps *, implore the day to come,
The day foretold when India's utmost shore
Again shall hear Messiah's blissful lore.
By Indus' banks the holy Prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour-God;
Where pale disease erewhile the cheek consumed,
Health at his word in ruddy fragrance bloom'd;
The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
And to the cheerful day restor'd the dead:
By heavenly power he rear'd the sacred shrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.
The priests of Brahma's hidden rites beheld,
And envy's bitterest gall their bosoms swell'd.
A thousand deathful snares in vain they spread;
When now the Chief that wore the Triple Thread †,
Fired by the rage that gnaws the conscious breast
Of holy fraud, when worth shines forth confess'd,
Hell he invokes, nor hell in vain he sues;
His son's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrews;
Then bold assuming the vindictive ire,
And all the passions of the woful sire,
Weeping he bends before the Indian throne,
Arraigns the holy man, and wails his son:
A band of hoary priests attest the deed,
And India's king condemns the Seer to bleed.
Inspired by heaven the holy victim stands,
And o'er the murder'd corse extends his hands,

* —— *The tomb where Thomas sleeps*—St. Thomas, who converted the inhabitants of India and China to Christianity.

† *When now the Chief that wore the Triple Thread*—The Bramins wear three threads, which reach from the right shoulder to the left side, as significant of the trinal distinction in the Divine Nature.

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In God's dread power, thou slaughter'd youth, arise,
And name thy murderer; aloud he cries.
When, dread to view, the deep wounds instant close,
And fresh in life the slaughter'd youth arose,
And named his treacherous sire. The conscious air
Quiver'd, and awful horror raised the hair
On every head. From Thomas India's king
The holy sprinkling of the living spring
Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds
The God of Thomas every tongue resounds.
Long taught the holy Seer the words of life:
The priests of Brahma still to deeds of strife,
So boiled their ire, the blinded herd impell'd,
And high to deathful rage their rancour swell'd.
'Twas on a day, when melting on his tongue
Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng
Rising in madning tempest round him shower'd
The splinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd.
But heaven had now his finish'd labours seal'd;
His angel guards withdrew th' ethereal shield;
A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breast—
Ah heaven, what woes the widowed land express'd!
Thee, Thomas, thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd,
And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd;
O'er every valley where thy footsteps stray'd,
The hollow winds the gliding sighs convey'd.
What woes the mournful face of India wore.
These woes in living pangs his people bore,
His sons, to whose illumined minds he gave
To view the rays that shine beyond the grave,
His pastoral sons bedew'd his corse with tears;
While high triumphant through the heavenly spheres,
With sons of joy the smiling angels wing
His raptured spirit to th' eternal King.
O you, the followers of the holy Seer,
Foredoom'd the shrines of heaven's own lore to rear,
You sent by heaven his labours to renew,
Like him, ye Lusians, simplest Truth pursue.

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Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace,
To deck one feature of her angel face;
Behind the veil's broad glare she glides away,
And leaves a rotten form of lifeless painted clay.
Much have you view'd of future Lusian reign;
Broad empires yet and kingdoms wide remain,
Scenes of your future toils and glorious sway—
And low, how wide expands the Gangic bay.
Narsinga here in numerous legions bold,
And here Oryxa boasts her cloth of gold.
The Ganges here in many a stream divides,
Diffusing plenty from his fattening tides,
As through Bengala's ripening vales he glides;
Nor may the fleetest hawk, untired, explore
Where end the ricey groves that crown the shore.
There view what woes demand your pious aid!
On beds and litters o'er the margin laid
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave*.
Thus heaven they deem, though vilest guilt they bore
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.
There, eastward, Arracan her line extends;
And Pegu's mighty empire southward bends:
Pegu, whose sons, so held old faith, confess'd
A dog their sire; their deeds the tale attest.
A pious queen their horrid rage restrain'd;
Yet still their fury Nature's God arraign'd.
Ah, mark the thunders rolling o'er the sky!
Yes, bathed in gore shall rank pollution lie.
Where to the morn the towers of Tava shine,
Begins great Siam's empire's far stretch'd line.

* *Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave.*—As Camoens has observed, not only dead corpses are conveyed from distant regions to be thrown into the sacred water, but the sick are brought to the river side, where they

"——————————————— crave
"Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave."

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On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire
The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.
Malacca's castled harbour here survey,
The wealthful seat foredoom'd of Lusian sway.
Here to their port the Lusian fleet shall steer,
From every shore far round assembling here
The fragrant treasures of the eastern world:
Here from the shore by rolling earthquakes hurl'd,
Through waves all foam, Sumatra's isle was riven,
And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven
To this fair isle, the golden Chersonese,
Some deem the sapient Monarch plough'd the seas,
Orphir its Tyrian name*. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down these clasping shores!
High from the strait the lengthening coast afar,
Its moon-light curve points to the northern star,
Opening its bosom to the silver ray
When fair Aurora pours the infant day.
Patane and Pam, and nameless nations more,
Who rear their tents on Menam's winding shore,
Their vassal tribute yield to Siam's throne;
And thousands more, of laws, of names unknown,
That vast of land inhabit. Proud and bold,
Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold
The far spread lawns; the skirting hills obey
The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' sway.
Lo, distant far another mountain chain
Rears its rude cliffs, the Guios' dread domain;
Here brutalized the human form is seen,
The manners fiend-like as the brutal mien:
With frothing jaws they suck the human blood,
And gnaw the reeking limbs†, their sweetest food;

* *Ophir its Tyrian name*—Sumatra has been by some esteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures; but the superior fineness of the gold of Sofala, and its situation nearer the Red Sea, favour the claim of the latter. See Bochart. Geog. Sacr.

† *And gnaw the reeking limbs*—Much has been said on this subject, some denying and others asserting the existence of Anthropophagi or man-eaters.

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Horrid with figured seams of burning steel
Their wolf-like frowns their ruthless lust reveal.
Camboya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,
Mecon the eastern Nile, whose swelling waves,
Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime
In annual period pour their fattening slime.
The simple natives of these lawns believe
That other worlds the souls of beasts receive;
Where the fierce murderer Wolf, to pains decreed,
Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.
Oh gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore,
Long shall the Muse her sweetest offerings pour!
When tyrant ire chaf'd by the blended lust
Of pride outrageous, and revenge unjust,
Shall on the guiltless Exile burst their rage,
And mad'ning tempests on their side engage,
Preserved by heaven the song of Lusian fame,
The song, O Vasco, sacred to thy name,
Wet from the whelming surge shall triumph o'er
The fate of shipwreck on the Mecon's shore *,
Here rest secure as on the Muse's breast!
Happy the deathless song, the Bard, alas, unblest!
Chiampa there her fragrant coast extends,
There Cochin-china's cultured land ascends:
From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign
Of China's beauteous art-adorn'd domain;
Wide from the burning to the frozen skies
O'erflow'd with wealth the potent empire lies.
Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd †,
The cannon's thunder on the foe was pour'd:

* *On the Mecon's shore*—It was on the mouth of this river that Camoens suffered the unhappy shipwreck which rendered him the sport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our poet mentions himself and the saving of his Lusiads with the greatest modesty. But though this indifference has its beauty in the original, it is certainly the part of a translator to add a warmth of colouring to a passage of this nature.

† *Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd*—According to *Le Compte*'s memoirs of China, and

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And here the trembling needle sought the north,
Ere Time in Europe brought the wonder forth.
No more let Egypt boast her mountain pyres;
To prouder fame yon bounding wall aspires,
A prouder boast of regal power displays
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.
Not built, created seems the frowning mound;
O'er loftiest mountain tops and vales profound
Extends the wondrous length, with warlike castles crown'd *.
Immense the northern wastes their horrors spread;
In frost and snow the seas and shores are clad.
These shores forsake, to future ages due:
A world of islands claims thy happier view,
Where lavish Nature all her bounty pours,
And flowers and fruits of every fragrance showers.
Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face
Northward she sinks, the nether seas embrace
Her eastern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,
Illustrious Gama, shall thy labours bear!
How bright a silver mine †! when heaven's own lore
From Pagan dross shall purify her ore.
Beneath the spreading wings of purple morn,
Behold what isles these glistening seas adorn!
Mid hundreds yet unnamed, Ternat behold;
By day her hills in pitchy clouds enroll'd,

the relations of other travellers, the mariner's compass, fire-arms, and printing, were known in that empire long ere the invention of those arts in Europe.

* This amazing fabric, which was originally raised as a defence against the incursions of the Tartars, extends 1500 miles in length, and is carried over the highest mountains, and across the deepest vales. The materials of which it is formed consist of an immense mound of earth, faced on either side with brick, and is defended at certain intervals by massy towers of stone.

† *How bright a silver mine*—By this beautiful metaphor Camoens alludes to the great success which in his time attended the Jesuit missionaries in Japan.

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By night like rolling waves the sheets of fire
Blaze o'er the seas, and high to heaven aspire.
For Lusian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,
But Lusian blood shall sprinkle every grove.
The golden birds that ever sail the skies
Here to the sun display their shining dyes,
Each want supplied on air they ever soar;
The ground they touch not* till they breathe no more.
Here Banda's isles their fair embroidery spread
Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red;
And birds of every beauteous plume display
Their glittering radiance, as from spray to spray,
From bower to bower, on busy wings they rove,
To seize the tribute of the spicy grove.
Borneo here expands her ample breast,
By Nature's hand in woods of camphire dress'd;
The precious liquid weeping from the trees
Glows warm with health, the balsam of disease.
Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd:
Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant shade,
And in its crystal breast displays the bowers
Of sanders, bless'd with health-restoring powers.
Where to the south the world's broad surface bends,
Lo, Sunda's realm her spreading arms extends.
From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale,
A river groaning through a dreary dale,
For all is stone around, converts to stone
Whate'er of verdure in its breast is thrown†.
Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Samatra's skies
Another mountain's trembling flames arise;
Here from the trees the gum‡ all fragrance swells,
And softest oil a wondrous fountain wells.

* *The ground they touch not*—These are commonly called the birds of Paradise.

† *Whate'er of verdure in its breast is thrown.*—Streams of this kind are common in many countries.

‡ *Here from the trees the gum*—Benjamin, a species of frankincense. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called Petroleum or rock oil, a black fetid mineral oleum, good for bruises and sprains.

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Nor these alone the happy isle bestows,
Fine is her gold, her silk resplendent glows.
Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's tide *
From withering air their wondrous fruitage hide.
The green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowery dells,
Whose wondrous fruitage poison's rage expels.
In Ceylon, lo, how high yon mountain's brows †
The sailing clouds its middle height enclose.
Holy the hill is deem'd, the hallowed tread
Of sainted footstep † marks its rocky head.
Laved by the Red-sea gulf, Socotra's bowers
There boast the tardy aloe's cluster'd flowers.
On Afric's strand, foredoom'd to Lusian sway,
Behold these isles, and rocks of dusky grey;
From cells unknown here bounteous ocean pours
The fragrant amber on the sandy shores.
And lo, the Island of the Moon ‡ displays
Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays;
The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are seen,
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.

Thus from the Cape where sail was ne'er unfurl'd
Till thine, auspicious, sought the Eastern World,
To utmost wave where first the morning star
Sheds the pale lustre of her silver car,
Thine eyes have view'd the empires and the isles,
The world immense that crowns thy glorious toils.

* *Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's tide*—A sea plant, resembling the palm, grows in great abundance in the bays about the Maldivian islands. The boughs rise to the top of the water, and bear a kind of apple, called the cocoa of Maldivia, which is esteemed an antidote against poison.

† —— *The tread of sainted footstep*—The imprint of a human foot is found on the high mountain, called the Peak of Adam. Legendary tradition says, that Adam, after he was expelled from Paradise, did penance 300 years on this hill, on which he left the print of his footstep.

‡ *And lo, the Island of the Moon*—Madagascar is thus named by the natives.

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That world where every boon is shower'd from heaven,
Now to the West, by Thee, Great Chief, is given.
And still, oh Blest, thy peerless honours grow,
New opening views the smiling Fates bestow.
With alter'd face the moving globe behold;
Their ruddy evening sheds her beams of gold,
While now on Afric's bosom faintly die
The last pale glimpses of the twilight sky,
Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn,
And dawning rays another world adorn:
To furthest north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends.
Near either pole the barbarous hunter dress'd
In skins of bears explores the frozen waste:
Where smiles the genial sun with kinder rays,
Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze.
This golden empire, by the heaven's decree,
Is due, Casteel, O favour'd Power, to Thee!
Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide
Pursues the evening sun, his navy's guide.
Yet shall the kindred Lusian share the reign,
What time this world shall own the yoke of Spain.
The first bold hero who to India's shores
Through vanquish'd waves thy open'd path explores,
Driven by the winds of heaven from Afric's strand
Shall fix the holy cross on yon fair land *:
That mighty realm for purple wood renown'd,
Shall stretch the Lusian empire's western bound.
Fired by thy fame, and with his king in ire,
To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens aspire:
In all but loyalty, of Lusian soul,
No fear, no danger shall his toils control.

* *Shall fix the holy cross on yon fair land*— Cabral, the first after Gama who sailed to India, was driven by a tempest to the Brazils, a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the same fate. It is one of the finest countries in the new world, and still remains subject to the crown of Portugal.

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Along these regions from the burning zone
To deepest south he dares the course unknown.
While to the kingdoms of the rising day,
To rival Thee he holds the western way,
A land of giants * shall his eyes behold,
Of camel strength, surpassing human mould:
And onward still, thy fame, his proud heart's guide,
Haunting him unappeased, the dreary tide
Beneath the southern star's cold gleam he braves,
And stems the whirls of land-surrounded waves.
For ever sacred to the hero's fame
These foaming straits shall bear his deathless name.
Through these dread jaws of rock he presses on;
Another ocean's breast, immense, unknown,
Beneath the south's cold wings, unmeasured, wide,
Receives his vessels; through the dreary tide
In darkling shades, where never man before
Heard the waves howl, he dares the nameless shore.
Thus far, O favoured Lusians, bounteous Heaven
Your nation's glories to your view has given.
What ensigns, blazing to the morn, pursue
The path of heroes open'd first by you!
Still be it yours the first in fame to shine:
Thus shall your brides new chaplets still entwine,
With laurels ever new your brows enfold,
And braid your wavy locks with radiant gold.
How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!
The halcyons call, ye Lusians, spread the sail!
Old ocean now appeased shall rage no more,
Haste, point the bowsprit to your native shore:
Soon shall the transports of the natal soil
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every toil.
The goddess spake †; and Vasco waved his hand,
And soon the joyful heroes crowd the strand.

* *A land of giants*—The Patagonians.

† *The goddess spake*—We are now come to the conclusion of the fiction of the island of Venus, a fiction which is divided into three principal parts. In

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The lofty ships with deepen'd burdens prove
The various bounties of the Isle of Love.
Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,
In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd;
Fair as immortal fame in smiles array'd,
In bridal smiles, attends each lovely maid.
O'er India's sea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whisper'd peace, soft swell'd the steady sails:
Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,
When to his eyry cliff he sails the skies,
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,
So smooth, so soft, the prows of Gama glide;
And now their native fields, for ever dear,
In all their wild transporting charms appear;
And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat
The sounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.
With orient titles and immortal fame
The hero band adorn their Monarch's name;
Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,
And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian sway *.

each of these the poetical merit is obvious, nor need we fear to assert that the happiness of our author, in uniting all these parts together in one great episode, would have excited the admiration of Longinus. The heroes of the Lusiad receive their reward in the island of Love. They are led to the palace of Thetis, where, during a divine feast, they hear the glorious victories and conquests of the heroes who are to succeed them in their Indian expedition, sung by a Syren; and the face of the globe itself, described by the goddess, discovers the universe, and particularly the extent of the eastern world, now given to Europe by the success of Gama.

* *And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian sway*— Thus in all the force of ancient simplicity, and the true sublime, ends the Poem of Camoens. What follows is one of those exuberances we have already endeavoured to defend in our author, nor in the strictest sense is this concluding one without propriety. A part of the proposition of the Poem is artfully addressed to King Sebastian, and he is now called upon in an address, which is an artful second

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Enough, my Muse, thy wearied wing no more
Must to the seat of Jove triumphant soar.
Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires
Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.
Yet thou, Sebastian, thou, my king, attend;
Behold what glories on thy throne descend!
Shall haughty Gaul or sterner Albion boast
That all the Lusian fame in Thee is lost!
Oh, be it thine these glories to renew,
And John's bold path and Pedro's course pursue *:
Snatch from the tyrant Noble's hand the sword,
And be the rights of human-kind restored.
The statesman prelate, to his vows confine,
Alone auspicious at the holy shrine;
The priest, in whose meek heart heaven pours its fires
Alone to heaven, not earth's vain pomp, aspires.
Nor let the Muse, great King, on Tago's shore,
In dying notes the barbarous age deplore.
The king or hero to the Muse unjust
Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust.
But such the deeds thy radiant morn portends,
Aw'd by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends
His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields
Expect thy sounding steeds and rattling shields.
And shall these deeds unsung, unknown, expire!
Oh, would thy smiles relume my fainting ire!
I, then inspired, the wondering world should see
Great Ammon's warlike son revived in Thee;
Reviv'd, unenvious of the Muse's flame
That o'er the world resounds Pelides' name.

part to the former, to behold and preserve the glories of his throne.

* *And John's bold path, and Pedro's course pursue*—John I. and Pedro the Just, two of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

THE END.

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